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EDITED BY
GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

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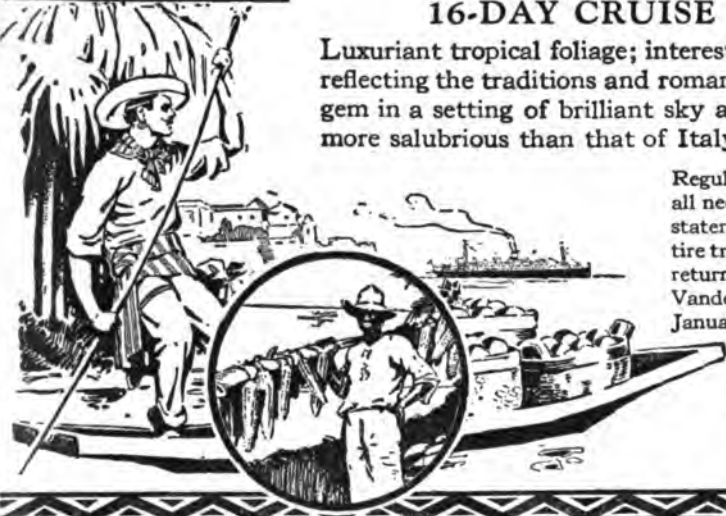
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The Forum

JULY, 1921

THE SOVIET USES THE ALLIES

By COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

IF I were asked, "How can the folly of Bolshevism be maintained in Russia and how can this epidemic be spread all over the world," I would say:

"Let the Allies continue their policy; let them do what they did during these past three years, and Bolshevism will be alive; and soon—very soon—it will spread its murderous wings all over Europe, all over the land. Keep Russia blockaded, fight her whenever you can, and Russian Bolshevism will flourish."

If I were asked, "What is the way to destroy completely the civilization of Europe?" I would say:

"Continue what you have been doing these last years and you will promptly succeed. The material ruin of Europe has already been accomplished. Now comes the moral decadence. The antecedent of decay is already working. Chauvinism has already blinded and demented some of the most progressive nations of the world, and the great words of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality have become synonyms of egotism and selfishness. The ultimate ruin of Europe will come sooner than you even think. It will come when the alliance with Germany and Russia will have been

achieved. It can become an aggressive alliance. A social revolution is easily staged, and under the guise of Bolshevism such an alliance will sweep out the whole civilization of the world."

It may yet be possible to prevent the disaster. Let us hope that it is not too late. But, in order to prevent it the whole policy of the rulers of this world must be changed, the policy of the Allies entirely and of America in part. It has to be understood that the world cannot return to normal conditions until Russia is stifled under the dictatorship of the Soviets. Russia is the key to the solution of all the social and political problems. As long as Russia will be ruled by a group of mutineers, as long as she does not get a government of the people, mutiny will threaten the whole world.

Bolshevism is dreadful because it gathers around itself all the merely discontented elements of a nation. Such elements can be found in any country, and there is no doubt that they are now numerous throughout Europe. They are lifting their heads and are becoming bolder and bolder. They are waiting only for an opportunity to act. They are looking around for a banner, under which they will be able to gather. This banner is Bolshevism.

Let me quote from the last article of the Russian writer Andréev, which he wrote a few days before his death. I cannot find a stronger definition of Russia than the one he gave. Speaking of pre-revolutionary Russia, he says:

"A powerful country, talented but as yet undeveloped, and badly ruled, Russia was the first country that turned the destructive fires of the war into the consuming flames of the red revolution. This was in 1917, and then Russia was still a great Empire. What is she now? Today Russia is a heap of ruins—rubbish without a name—a bloody chaos of fratricidal war. Here are tears and ruin and the wreck of millions of lives; the Hell of Dante incarnated in the life of the actual present.

"What is responsible for this terrible crime? Many say

the Revolution. No! This outrage has been committed by Mutiny, which was born simultaneously with the Revolution, which assimilated itself with the Revolution; which stole her mottos and perverted them; which deceived the people and strangled freedom of life!

"The struggle of the Revolution weakly defending itself against the savage offensive Mutiny—this is what was going on during the summer of 1917, until in October the sun of the Revolution was dimmed forever and Mutiny got into absolute power.

"Who are they—the Revolution and the Mutiny! They are children of the same mother. They are twins. When they were born in the beautiful halo of the fire burning the throne of the Romanoffs, everything seemed beautiful and joyful; both these children seemed so innocent that it was difficult then to find out that they were Cain and Abel; it was impossible then, looking at these innocently playing children to foresee that the fatal moment would come when Cain would slay Abel, and would leave on this earth his damnable progeny.

"Liberty, the generous mother of these two children, like Eve, was mistaken, nursing them both. This origin of Revolution and Mutiny, both being projected from the same root; this striking resemblance that they had in childhood, the resemblance that does not allow one to discern the future murderer from the victim—this is the greatest danger of every Revolution. The fatality of the fraud, preventing the discernment of the deadly poison as distinguished from the healing medicine, is further increased by the fact that Mutiny has no language of its own. When Mutiny comes alone it can develop only as a miserable, infuriated, wild beast; but when Mutiny is born together with Revolution it appropriates the language of the Revolution, its mottos, and even its political programs. It has the same flag, cries the same battle slogan, 'Liberty,' claims for all the same equality and brotherhood. And this always deceives Revolution. In those who yesterday were silent or could only

stammer, and who are today repeating her speeches, she sees her followers, her friends and her brothers; and she does not understand that the name of this brother is Cain, and when she discovers his name it is already too late—so much too late! Being deprived of thought, Mutiny does not consider the future; it is limited to the present. Its law and its desire are: 'At once and at any cost!' Being devoid of any rational idea, it does not show any impulse other than its own narrow, egotistical wish, even if the fulfilment of this wish should threaten the whole world with misery and ruin. When Mutiny feels strong it is wild and cruel. But this same Mutiny, when power is not on its side, is infinitely base and cowardly. And no one can so easily change from arrogant pose to humble slavishness as Mutiny. It has no shame and no care for the judgment of the future."

Speaking of the elements which compose the Bolsheviki Andréev says:

"No other national party ever succeeded in gathering under its banners so many thieves, murderers, wicked degenerates; such a tremendous army of dullards and beasts!

"Call whom it wishes, it gets only thieves, among whom one can see but a very few honest but foolish dreamers and doctrinaires. If it cannot be said that every Bolshevik is a rascal, yet there is no doubt that every rascal in Russia is now a Bolshevik. Just as truly as these same rascals belonged before, and will belong in the future, to the Black Hundred—just as truly are they now ready to become anything that will give them a living and protection."

Such is the terrifying definition of Bolshevism and its tools, made by one of our greatest Russian writers, and I must say that I could not think of a better description. And here naturally comes the question: How much of the population of Russia is infected with this contagious disease? Is it a national movement or is it forcibly grafted on and forced upon the Russian people?

When the Bolsheviki seized power, first in Petrograd and then in the army, the movement was confined exclu-

sively to the laboring classes of the cities and to the army. The villages took no part in it. The peasantry were then busy getting into possession of the land that was left to them by the bourgeoisie, and as long as the Bolsheviks allowed them to do so, the peasantry remained quiet. They were passive as regards all political and social questions. The prices of their farm products were increasing, a tremendous volume of paper money was flowing into their hands, and for a certain time the peasantry seemed to have no reason to complain.

But such a state lasted only a few months. Soon the peasant found out that his money had completely lost its purchasing power. The Bolsheviks began to invade his home, depriving him of his crops. A new administration that was inconsistent with his mode of life was imposed on him, and he found himself oppressed by the new rulers as he had never been before. At the same time soldiers were drafted, and he was told that Russia was now fighting for the sake of her liberty against foreign invaders who wished to restore to Russia the former government of the Czar, and who would take away from him his land and all the liberties that he now enjoyed. When this same peasant tried to buy a scythe or an axe, or a pound of salt or sugar, he was told that such things could not be gotten as Russia was blockaded by the Allies. He was made to believe that the Soviet government was doing everything in its power, but was helpless because of foreign wars. The peasant then returned to his village and remained secluded. He learned to accommodate his life to the new state of affairs, returning to the primitive condition of his ancestors. He produced his own cloth, linen and leather, his wooden plow and axe. When they were compelled to elect a soviet, the peasants appointed people to perform this duty by turns, just as they would appoint their nightwatchman or shepherd, and when they were invaded by a raid of commissaires from outside, who came for the confiscation of their crops, they hid their wheat in the ground and fought for it.

The gap between the country and the city is gradually widening, and the whole of Russia is now divided into two parts and two parties—the agricultural villages and the Bolshevistic cities. These two are absolutely disconnected, the only link still joining them being the occasional invasions and robbery practised by the hungry Bolsheviki. The peasantry, as a whole, are violently opposed to the government of the Soviets, and if a few of them are in favor of it that merely signifies that rascals and thieves can be found in all classes. What we see in Russia now is the economic war of the starving cities against the only producer of the country, the peasantry. Having robbed the bourgeoisie of all the wealth possible, having destroyed all the industry of the country, threatened by starvation, the Bolsheviki are now savagely and cynically robbing the only remaining vital element of the country, the Russian peasantry.

Many devices have been used by the Bolsheviki for the purpose. They tried first to convince the peasants of the benefit of the nationalization of their land and wheat. Naturally they failed. The peasant had agreed to take the land of the former land owners when he had been allowed to do so, but he now wished it for himself and refused to give up his crops. The policy of forcible confiscation had taught him to hide his wheat, and it often resulted in regular battles with the red soldiers. Then the Bolsheviki had recourse to that most wicked device of arranging the so-called "pauper" committees in the villages, which gave all power to the poorest peasants, hoping thus to arouse discord, using the paupers as spies and betrayers of their more fortunate brothers. This appeal to the basest human instincts also failed. After that, a new law was passed, permitting each peasant to keep as much wheat as he needed for his own family, allowing him forty pounds a month per capita, but compelling him to give to the government all the surplus. The result of this has been that much of the land now lies unused, the peasant not raising more food products than he needs for himself. Should there be a surplus, he sometimes

barter with a starving citizen for a bag of flour, a piece of furniture, a pair of shoes, or a piece of cloth or jewelry. But there is almost no surplus.

Next comes the question: Is all the population of the cities in favor of Bolshevism?

I believe it be a generally acknowledged fact that it is not. All the best intellectual forces of the country are helpless victims of a cruel dictatorship imposed on them by violence and terror. Many of these, pressed by hunger and prosecutions, fled to the villages where they live on the land; many of them fled abroad and are scattered in all the countries of the world; and the rest of them are driven into submission to the Soviet by the worst of all tortures, by starvation.

"We are suffering from apathy, loss of will, moral despair. What energy can one have if one is preoccupied, day and night, like a starving animal hunting his food?"

Such are the remarks that I hear from those who are compelled to endure the rule of Bolshevism in Moscow and Petrograd.

At the same time the civilization of Russia is gradually perishing. Most of the factories of Russia are closed; railroads are disabled; the little wealth that Russia had before the revolution is disposed of; and the complete ruin of urban Russia is already a fact.

Now naturally comes the question: How is it, that in spite of the complete failure of the Soviet government in all departments of life, in spite of the opposition of the overwhelming majority of the population, the Bolsheviki have spread and so long maintained their power over all Russia?

It is generally believed that the Soviets are holding their power by terror which they maintain with the help of their army. This is only partially true. No soldiers in the world can be compelled to support a government, to fight for it and to risk their lives unless they have an incentive that holds them together. Let this stimulus be unworthy, delusive, or

pernicious, but as long as it exists the army is in being. Take it away, and any army will fall to pieces.

Some incentives have been maliciously devised by the Bolsheviki. The first one was given to the Russian army in the summer of 1917. This was the abolition of wars forever. The power had to be transmitted to the Soviets in order to liberate the world from wars forever. What a cruel irony! And since then the Bolsheviki have been fighting continually! Next came the abolition of capitalism. This was easily done. No army was needed for this purpose. The bourgeoisie gave up all at once. The nobility left their lands to the peasantry.

We now come to what is, for America and her recent allies, by far the most important matter of all. If Russia were left alone, no new incentive for the existence of the army could be found. But here came the "help" of the white generals and their allies—the opposition of Kolchak, Denekine, Udenich and Wrangel, all of them backed by the Allies, giving a new and powerful incentive to the Russian soldiers. They were told that these "counter-revolutionaries" were fighting for the restoration of the old order, including the Romanoffs. They were told that all the capitalistic countries of the world were invading Russia in order to restore the reign of capital, and that if victorious they would take the land from the peasantry and give it back to its former owners. No better way to strengthen the spirit of the Bolshevik army could have been found. Being enlisted from the peasant class, the soldiers were now fighting for their land and for their personal freedom. The blame for all the privations, all the misery, into which the country was thrown, was now placed on the shoulders of the Allies, and the Soviet government was entirely justified.

Then came the Polish invasion, and the people saw the enemy invade half of European Russia and take her ancient capital, Kiev. After that, the last doubts were removed, and all the elements of the country, without regard to party, joined the Bolsheviki in expelling the invaders from their

fatherland. The Polish war gave the Bolshevik government that which it had completely lacked before—it gave it the aureole of Patriotism. Nothing else could have strengthened them so much as this unfortunate war!

The other “help” of the Allies is the blockade in which Russia has been held for three years. Being just as cruel as the first one, this kind of “help” was just as favorable to the Bolsheviki. Bottled up by the blockade, the Bolsheviki were left free to organize their country in their own way without any obstacles at all, and they were given an easy excuse for all the defects for which they are held responsible. The cities are starving. Who is to blame? “The blockade of the Allies,” they say. The railroads are disabled, again “the blockade”; there are no manufactured goods on the market—“the blockade”; no tea, no sugar, no salt, no tobacco—“the blockade.” Everything that goes wrong is attributed to this and nothing else. The blockade justifies the Soviets and puts all the blame on the Allies. The blockade also confirms the idea of the Russian people that all the Allies are enemies of Russia and are contemplating her utter ruin! If France, England, Italy and America are the enemies of Russia, then naturally Germany, Austria and Turkey must be her friends!

Another thing favorable to the Soviet government is the lack of direct information about Russia and the suppression of mail. A few days ago, I got hold of a book of true stories of Russian life, written by a Russian writer who is still in Russia, and recently published in Paris. It is a nightmare to read this book. One little episode out of it can do more to show the terrifying conditions of Russian life than any amount of generalities. Allow letters from Russia to be unhindered and true pictures of real life there will disgust all the world with Bolshevism forever.

The purpose of this article is to suggest to those whom it concerns most the outlines of a new policy towards Russia. This policy must be based upon the eternal moral standards, and is therefore the most practical and conceiv-

able. This is the renunciation of every kind of military measure and the entire rejection of any interference in Russia's internal affairs.

Two solutions of the Russian question are offered. One of them is against Bolshevism, the other in favor of it. The first is—*Not to recognize the Soviet government; to fight it with every possible means; to keep Russia blockaded for an indefinite time.* The second is—*To recognize the Soviet government; to lift the blockade, and to open trade relations.*

All the world is divided on these two alternatives—countries and political parties, as well as individuals. It seems as though these two solutions are the only ones possible, and nobody even endeavors to think that a third plan, different from these, is possible. As if the life of the nation was confined to a narrow path on which one can move in two directions only—forwards and backwards! I see great disasters and dangers ahead, not only for Russia, but for the entire world, at both ends of this path.

Let us analyze the situation. Can the government of Lenine be recognized? Certainly not. It is a fact that nobody now denies—that the Soviet government is the dictatorship of a small group of people who have seized power and are holding it by violence and terror against the will of the overwhelming majority of the country. No government, other than an autocracy, can be moved to recognize such despotic rule. Next comes the question of armed intervention and of the blockade, the dangerous policy which I have already touched upon. No aggressive acts against the Bolsheviks should be undertaken, and the blockade of Russia should be lifted at once.

Give the Russian people an opportunity to find out at last that it is not the Allies who are to be blamed for their sufferings, but their own criminal government. Does the lifting of the blockade mean the opening of trade relations? Yes and No. Yes—in the sense that nobody will be prevented from trading with Russia on his own risk if he finds

anybody in Russia with whom he can trade. No—in the sense that no country can guarantee to her subjects the endorsement of any agreements with the Russian people.

Let Russia be open to all countries. Very soon it will be found out that in her present state Russia has nothing to offer for the goods that she needs, as she has no manufactured goods at all, and absolutely no surplus of any kind of raw product. The lifting of the blockade and freedom of trade may not aid much directly. Indirectly it will open the eyes of the people of Russia and undoubtedly effect the prompt downfall of the Soviets.

The Soviet government realizes that very well, and this is why the negotiations of the Bolsheviks with England will never bring any result. They will prolong them as much as they can, and again, as before, they will place the blame on the Allies. Trade relations with Russia can be resumed in a regular way only after the downfall of the Bolsheviks, and after the power is given to the people themselves. This will be possible after the Russian people begin to produce, *i. e.*, after they get the incentive to resume their work. After that a considerable money loan will have to be advanced to the Russian people, and on the basis of this loan a new monetary system must be created. The country that will do this will get the Russian market, and with it the possibility to exploit the vast natural resources of Russia. There is an unlimited field for action. Here is the arena for the future activity of America.

The oldest democracy of the world will stretch her powerful hand to her youngest sister and these two largest and most powerful countries, united in a peaceful, constructive alliance, will then easily defy any aggressiveness of any other nation, and will help the material and moral reconstruction of the nations of Europe, partially destroyed, depraved and infuriated by the recent fire of hatred and war.

This article was written when the cable brought news of a powerful anti-Bolshevik movement in Russia. Nobody can prophesy the outcome of this outburst. Perhaps it will

still be suppressed by the mercenary troops of the Soviets, but in this revolt I see omens of a better future for Russia. There is no doubt that this is the beginning of the end. As soon as Russia was left alone, for a time, the true Russian spirit arose, and is now struggling for freedom. The friends of Russia must be ready to extend their help to the Russian people, not by sending them armies and ammunition, but by giving them food, clothes, and other supplies of which they are now in such terrible need.

FOOTPRINTS

By EUGENE C. DOLSON


Only yesterday
I traced your footprint
On the shore of the sea ;
But the tides flow,
And the tides ebb.
Today there is no track
In the sand.

Once you stept lightly,
Very lightly,
Over my heart.
It was long ago,
But the footprint lingers.

THE KISS

By EMILE MALESPINE

"Kisses belong to the shadows but they shine
in the night like stars."—*Remy de Gourmont.*

AVE you ever stopped to question why we kiss? Strange question! As well ask, why do we love? For in the rush of emotions that assail us in the act of loving, the kiss and love are inseparable. We kiss because we love.—It is an expression of nature, and, impossible that there should be any people who do not kiss.—But are we sure? There are countries where the practice is different from ours. And thus, if it is not universally the same, it may be a social development from customs and education.

To settle our doubts, perhaps History and Travel can give the answer, as we search briefly through the ages, and observe how at the present time it is manifested among different races.

The kiss seems to have existed since the most remote antiquity. The pagans who worshipped the heavenly bodies, paid them obeisance with a kiss of the hand. Open the Bible and at every page witness the embraces of sacred persons. Relatives kiss as they meet:

"And it came to pass when Laban heard the tidings of Jacob, his sister's son, that he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him, and brought him to his house."

In Genesis, Jacob embraces Rachel, his love and his steadfast companion:

"And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept."

And in the Song of Solomon we find the kiss of love in its most suave expression:

"Thy lips, O my bride, drop as the honey comb;
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of
Lebanon."

It was known among the Greeks; relatives, friends, chance companions of a voyage, cordially embraced each other, and the kiss of salutation was generally given on the mouth.

Homer speaks of it. In the *Iliad*, Thetis embraces the knees of Zeus. Priam starts to kiss the homicidal hands of Achilles. And Hector kisses his son, the little Astyanax, who is frightened by the warlike accouterment of his father:

"Then Hector quick put off the ponderous crown
And laid the casque and nodding horse-hair down,
Relieved the infant from its late alarms,
And clasped him, blooming, in his raptured arms,
Him kissed, and fondled dear . . ."

In the *Odyssey*, Penelope kisses the forehead and the eyes of Ulysses. Even in the legendary times of the Greeks, the kiss existed. Later, in all their writings, one finds it mentioned at each line. Aeschylus speaks of the "kiss of Lebanon." Euripides evokes the "cohorts of kisses."

In the following centuries, however, the kiss did not remain the same. Jean Psichari in a lecture delivered at Athens, then at Paris in 1894, sought to prove that the ancients did not know the kiss such as we know it:—the union of the lips, attended by a great crowding of sentiments and sensation, love, desire, fear, respect, modesty, the intoxication of abandonment. But here a distinction should have been made, for palpably the civilization of the Greeks in the time of Homer was not the same as in the time of Plato.

Thus the kiss is a mirror of civilization. It is rough and simple among primitive people where ungovernable and barbaric natures seek to satisfy only the brutality and violence of desire. Then as customs are milder, the kiss is

more subtle. It alone can be the epitome of love; it becomes spiritualized; it expresses the ever growing complexities of a soul more and more civilized and social.

And observe how the kiss gains in importance with the refinements of customs. There is an attempt to give it the maximum of voluptuousness. Among the decadent Greeks, the hetaerae in the schools of Melos and Lesbos teach all its varieties. There is an epoch of banquets and orgies. To the primitive caress, succeed the refinements of the Lesbian Sappho, or the Socratic kiss. In the festivals and public ceremonies, it holds an important place; at the festival of Apollo Philerian, a prize is awarded to the youth most adept in its subtleties.

The Romans, as well as the Greeks, knew all its perfections. Their philological wealth in this regard, is an added proof. Without counting the diminutives, they had three words for specifying the kiss: the "osculum" corresponds to what we should call the kiss of friendship; the "basium," more tender, was the kiss of relatives, and of husband and wife; finally, the "savium" applied to the kisses of lovers.

When at Athens and at Corinth, the Romans of the period of the Empire knew all the sublimities of voluptuousness. Virgil, Ausonius, Ovid, Horace, sang of the kisses of the young, more delicate than the perfumes of the Orient. The Falernian wine and the wine of Alba lost their savor if a kiss had not been left in the cup.

It is not until the middle ages that the kiss is fully idealized. At that epoch, it became sentimental, resolving in itself all of love and of complete self-abandonment. If Jean Psichari is authority enough, Dante was "the father of our kiss." In the *Inferno*, Canto five, where we read the story of Francesca and Paolo, we find:

"La bocca mi baccio tutto tremante."*

This is to be their whole existence—the two lovers eternally folded in the poetry of their kiss.

*My lips, all trembling, kissed.

It is possible that at this epoch only, the idealistic conception of the kiss was expressed; but it is probable that it existed long before. A people have first, epic poets and historians. It is not until an advanced period of their civilization that they have psychologists. They begin with recording events and no more; it is not until later that they analyze sentiments. And thus in the history of literature, the kiss of love which seems to be the natural act par excellence and the foundation of all others, does not appear until the last; it is not described until the epochs where civilization attains its zenith.

The first manifestations of the kiss encountered in literature are those which are furthest removed from the kiss of love. Thus the religious kiss, and the kiss of homage, appear rather as ceremonies, than as natural and spontaneous expressions of sentiment. The Bible shows us pagans kissing their idols. The Greeks and Romans had a special veneration for statues: there was at Agrigenta, according to Cicero, a marvelous statue of Hercules, of which the lips and the chin were completely worn away by the devotions of the faithful. Among the Christians, the religious kiss existed also. In the primitive church, before the communion of saints, the faithful gave one another the kiss of peace, until Pope Innocent the third abolished it because of the abuses to which corruption of the custom had led. The kiss was even matter for heresy. In the third century, the Gnostics, according to Saint Epiphanius, measured the degree of their faith by the voluptuousness they felt in the exchange of kisses. At present in the ceremonies of the Catholic church, the priest kisses a little silver plate called "paix," and during the celebration of the mass, kisses the altar on several occasions. The faithful kiss the slipper of the Pope, the ring of a bishop, and holy relics.

The kiss of homage also has existed since the most remote times. The kings of Israel ordained that in appearing before them, all should prostrate at their feet and kiss the ground. With the Greeks, kissing the knee was employed

particularly by suppliants. The Roman citizens marked with a kiss their respect for the principal magistrate, and the soldiers thus gave assurance of their fidelity to their leader. In the middle ages, the kissing of the hand, was homage that a vassal must pay to his lord.

So in different epochs and in different localities we can find in Europe the kiss in all its forms and with all its variations: everywhere, the kiss of love, the kiss of friendship, the kiss of homage, and the religious kiss.

But is it the same in other countries? Or does it exist among primitive people?

Darwin says that it is unknown by the Maoris, the Tahitians, the Papuans, the Australians, the Somalis of Africa, the Laplanders, the Eskimos. It would seem, therefore, not a universal expression. But if they do not embrace as we do, their mimicry reveals their sentiments. They rub noses, they tap each other on the abdomen. The Fiji Islanders, as a friendly greeting "hug like the grip of a bear." Billardière in the relation of his voyage of discovery, tells us that he has seen friends among the native islanders kiss with the tip of the nose.

Among the Chinese, says Paul d'Enjoy, in an article in "*La Revue Scientifique*," the kiss has a strictly voluptuous significance, and is formed entirely of olfactory impressions. Never in China does the father kiss his child, who, on the other hand would not think of kissing his parents. Among the Mongolians, the social kiss—the kiss of salutation and the kiss of homage—does not exist. It is strictly an act of love, consisting essentially of the inhalation of the delicate effluences from the skin. They do not kiss; they breathe the perfume of the beloved. Analyzing this briefly: they apply their nose to the cheek; for a long time they inhale, lowering the eyelids; then they lightly smack their lips, without touching their mouth to the cheek. Evidently, in this kiss the olfactory impressions above all are brought into play. There is no contact, no tactual impression. For them, our custom of kissing full on the lips is odious. "They show a

profound aversion for the repugnant act which consists, they say, in applying in a voracious fashion, like cannibals, two cupped lips, which from an instinctive salivation have become humid, and finally smacking this mouth with the sound of the sucking of soft things." They think that our kiss is really a suction. "The Europeans bleed a woman with their kisses," said the vanquished Annamese after the conquest of Cochin-China by the French. This belief soon vanished in the colony, except as a saying among the natives, who to quiet their children, threaten them with a white man's kiss.

But their idealization of their custom is only apparent. The Chinese kiss is not as they pretend—an ideal contact of love. Closing the eyes and smacking the lips, while inhaling,—they say—proves to the beloved, that the subtle emanations of her skin cause a fine frenzy of passion. To them this practice of olfaction is profoundly adoring. But the Chinese kiss, like our own, is at base psychological, instinctive.

Mantegazza tells us that he had a long discussion with a noble and intelligent Javanese painter, Baden-Saleh. Like all the Malays, this painter found more tenderness in the contact of noses than in that of the lips. "It is by the nose that one breathes," he said, "it is by the nose that we sense the breath of the one we love; it seems to us that we mingle our soul with hers." Mantegazza pleaded for the lips, but as he says, "We could have argued the whole day without reaching an agreement."

So in this rapid excursion through the ages and among different peoples, even though we have seen that the kiss is not everywhere the same, we should not be led hastily to conclude from this that it is an acquired act. I believe on the contrary that it is basically instinctive, that it is a natural expression—a mimic. And mimicry is the one, truly universal language. To explain: all our thoughts and all our sensations, tend to express themselves by action. These actions are spontaneous, automatic, and are the direct evidence of what we have experienced. But education modifies these gestures: we learn to be self-conscious, to moderate our movements, and of necessity to dissimulate them.

Moreover, according to locality and the influences of education, these gestures tend to vary a little, though the fundamental is always the same. This basic mimicry, in matters of affection is identical in all countries: the sentiment of well-wishing, or of love, tends to draw people closer to each other, resulting in contact. And it is in this desire of drawing close, of contact, that one must search for the psycho-physiological origin of the kiss.

I have demonstrated in a previous study which appeared in the "*Mercure de France*,"* that the analysis of the sense of touch is at the base of the study of the kiss. I shall not repeat the psycho-physiological reflections contained therein; but I wish, nevertheless, in a few words to explain how the kiss, an instinctive act, has been able to be transformed into a social custom, and take according to locality, different forms.

Beginning with a simple gesture, the kiss becomes self-conscious. By reason of the association of ideas, it produces in the mind an intimate connection between the mimic expression and the corresponding sentiment. A certain movement becomes the sign of a certain sentiment to such an extent that a man, in order to show that he approves,—or perhaps, that he disapproves,—will make the mimic gesture corresponding to the sentiment.

However, the true instinctive base is to be found in the sensation of touch, which Bain has said "is the alpha and omega of the affections". In turn, this sense is complex, being composed of three elementary sensations:—the sensation of contact, the sensation of hot or cold, the sensation of pain—each of which play a part.

According to the contact, the impression varies: the velvetness and the softness of the skin, can of themselves render a kiss more agreeable. Pathology shows this rôle of contact exaggerated, grown out of proportion, in the fetishism of furs. Heat generally augments the acuteness of our sensa-

*"*Mercure de France*," "*Le Baiser, Essai de Psycho-Physiologie*," 1e No. 1920.

tions. On the other hand, a cold and frigid contact is more apt to be disagreeable and inhibitive. The story of Chariclea and of Pygmalion, who are taken with a passion for a statue, shows us that there are, nevertheless, exceptions; the cold of the marble, says the legend, did not diminish in the least their ardor.

As to pain, it seems paradoxical at first to consider it as one of the elements of the kiss, which, so it would seem, is an agreeable sensation of variable intensity, possible of attaining voluptuousness. How then can one speak of pain in a kiss? I believe, however, that this element of touch is not to be neglected. Mantegazza admits there are for him "agreeable pains." Voluptuousness and cruelty are seen often associated together. Indeed, they have a great psychophysiological correlation. The kiss that is a bite, is nevertheless a kiss. In his "Penthesilea," Heinrich von Kleist shows us his heroine, who, taken with a fury of voluptuousness, wounds Achilles whom she pursues. Then sobering, she cries: "Have I kissed him, dead? No, I have not kissed him. Have I wounded him? Then it is enticing. Kissing and biting are the same, and whoever loves with the whole heart, can confuse them."

De Musset in one of his poems, *L'Andalouse*, also speaks of this voluptuousness of the kiss:

"Qu'elle est superbe en son désordre
Quand elle tombe les seins nus
Qu'on la voit béante se tordre
Dans un baiser de rage et mordre
En hurlant des mots inconnus."

This love of pain is to be seen above all among the degraded. Only a strong excitant can give to their weary and worn out nervous systems a sensation. They are the victims of irritable desires. All strong excitement produces pain. Thus one can imagine in the kiss, the voluptuousness of pain.

These sensations of touch awake in us mental images

which render even more complex the sensation. And the touch is not the only sense which participates in the formation of these images, for the other sense organs can also play a part. In the first place, the visual and auditory sensations have an indirect rôle: soft and languorous music causes our lips to open and increases the worth of a kiss; the sight of beautiful eyes can make a kiss supremely voluptuous.

The other two senses of smell and taste are more direct. We have seen that among the Mongolians, the rôle of the olfactory sensations can become of even first importance. The gustatory sensations seem also to play an active part, and to taste a kiss is not always a simple metaphor, for of all the senses, that of taste differs the least from that of touch.

But nevertheless, it is to the touch that the most important part returns. And if the lips, as I have shown them to be, are in a particular way "the organs of the kiss," it is because, due to a special vascular development, the sensitiveness at this gathering point is far greater than at any other part of the body.

Further, we should observe that with children, the instinctive act appears towards the end of the first year, and with them the kiss derives suction.

Miss Shinn in "The Biography of a Baby," published in New York in 1900, has shown that an infant responds with sucking to all touching of its lips, and that this contact produces a real pleasure. The first smile, she says, that she could conscientiously record, was provoked by a touch of the fingers on the child's lips. Mantegazza cites the case of a baby, who to show his affection to people that he liked, would lick them with his tongue; but his mother, who found a real tactile satisfaction in caressing the satiny skin of her child, modified by her caresses this instinctive evolution of the kiss, and the baby soon associated the gesture with love.

This child kiss can, from early youth, have a sexual character—the observations of the Viennese psychologist Freud, have proved this—but as a rule, it is not until ado-

lescence that the real kiss appears, the kiss of love which contains something the others do not have.

Kipling in "The Light That Failed" describes well this particular point. We see two children, Dick and Maisie, who up to now have been chums, kiss each other:

"'Oh, Dick, don't! please don't!' It was all right when we said good-morning, but now it is all different!' . . . Considered as a kiss, that was a failure, but since it was the first, other than those demanded by duty, in all the world that either had ever given or taken, it opened to them new worlds, and every one of them glorious, so that they were lifted above the consideration of any worlds at all, especially those in which tea is necessary, and sat still, holding each others' hands and saying not a word."

We see then how education can modify the primitive character of this act, basically instinctive. A mirror of civilization, the kiss will vary with it.

At the present time it is one of the sweetest joys of love, and its usage is universal in civilized countries. As an ordinary manner of greeting, it has a large place in the social life.

Too large a place! say the hygienists. Numberless diseases are transmitted by the kiss; it must be forbidden. A few years ago, Mr. Ware, member of the Virginia legislature, formulated a law tending to limit the practice of kissing to those citizens of sound lungs and perfect general health.

There is the practice of kissing the Bible. Dangerous practice! again said the hygienists, and they manufactured a hygienic Bible while waiting for the era of antiseptic mouths.*

All of which, is trouble wasted. In spite of all the rules of the Draconians, in spite of all the dangers—the kiss persists, and will persist, for it is part of our very nature.

It is one of the manifestations, mysterious as life and the soul, which grow and flourish together before us a little while, then pass without revealing their intrinsic secret.

*"Journal of American Medical Association," 1899, "An Antiseptic Bible."

A NEW SPIRIT IN LITERATURE

By FELIX GRENDON

MARIE BASHKIRTSEV, in her diary, tells us how the reading of a single book by Tolstoy converted her then and there from a life of idle dreaming to one of enthusiastic work. Since the latter part of the nineteenth century this sort of experience has not been uncommon. One may frequently hear people say that a novel like Galsworthy's "Fraternity," or a play like Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," has changed their whole lives. Such an experience is a religious experience, not recorded in the case of older books and plays, though these may have been quite as notably or artistically written as the works of Galsworthy or Shaw.

What is the element in contemporary literature that gives it this special regenerative force? Briefly put, the answer is to be found in a study of the evolution of religious feeling. Up to the early Renaissance, as long as a belief persisted in a Divine power—a Divine power outside man—literature and religion were one. At the crest of the Renaissance, whilst a deep-seated atheism prevailed beneath the trappings and the suits of orthodoxy, literature and religion were divorced. In recent times, since the resumption of faith in a Divine power—a Divine power within man—literature and religion have joined hands again.

This evolution is by no means peculiar to the English-speaking peoples. Do not the Hebrew scriptures furnish examples of every stage of it, particularly of the first and the last stage? Listen to St. John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was

God." Biblical citations like this might be multiplied indefinitely to show how keenly the ancient Jews felt that literature and revelation are alike begotten of the divine fire and that the Jewish literary man and the Jewish prophet is one and the same person.

Any literary expert of adequate modern training could demonstrate this identity with the greatest ease. He would characterize the opening books of the Old Testament—Genesis, Exodus, Kings, etc.—as historical chronicles (in parts, thinly disguised blood-and-thunder shockers) which read as thrillingly as the historical essays of Macaulay and share all Macaulay's picturesqueness, all his vivid imagery, all his furious partisanship, and all his supreme indifference to scientific detail. Nor would the Pentateuch exhaust the list of possible parallels.

Our expert would classify the Gospels as biographies less intimate than Boswell but far more readable and fascinating. He would describe the book of Jonah as a short social allegory in H. G. Wells' early fantastic manner; Daniel and Esther as historical romances; and the "Song of Songs" as a rapturous love poem which, in the absence of ecclesiastical sanction, our chaste librarians would surely consign to the forbidden shelf along with Baudelaire and the "Leaves of Grass." Ruth, again, would clearly be set down as a feminist novelette; Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and Psalms as religious lyrics in free verse; Job as a modern miracle play; and Amos and Micah as impetuous radical tracts packed with the ferocity of Swift and the moral earnestness of Carlyle.

In contrast to biblical times, the modern western world has rarely furnished literary artists who were also prophets, or prophets who were also literary artists. Baring a few exceptions like Langland, Milton, Bunyan, and Blake, our Doctors of Literature have functioned chiefly as professional amusers. Their specialty has been the manufacture of voluptuous sense impressions, and the annihilation of

serious thought, on the principle that, with

“A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou,
The wilderness were Paradise enow.”

But these verbal opiates, quick to narcotize, but powerless to cure what weaklings called the great disease of living, eventually lost their charm. Men began to suspect that the human mind had been developed for a purpose nobler than that expressed in the injunction to eat, drink, be merry, and otherwise to gamble with death. But what purpose?

This question, a profoundly religious question, was the cue for the modern author to step upon the scene and sweep away the old literature of sweetmeats, roses, and wine. The new writers were brimful of three ideas. The first was that, the human race having reached a degree of maturity which qualifies it to look the facts of life straight in the face, an attitude of realism is not merely possible but imperative. For, in the walls of man's earthly house the most alarming cracks are appearing, and the old business of nicely papering over these cracks, bids fair to land him in disaster.

The second idea was that the race must cease to sacrifice the new and sinuous rhythms of life to the stiff formalism perpetuated by class warfare. Men being interdependent, creative beings, the highest social satisfaction of any one man depends inexorably upon the free exercise of the creative faculty by all men.

The third idea was that man is the only earthly being that can, to some extent, forecast his own future. Also, that this prophetic power imposes on every person a supreme social obligation, namely, a partnership in the enterprise of fashioning a new social order, an order as far superior to the existing one in point of habits and ideas as the giant telescope and airplane are superior to the simple eye and leg.

From these three ideas the best modern imaginative writing may be shown to spring. The modern master of language who can inspire men with this message—a message not of their glorious heritage, observe, but of their glorious

destiny—perpetuates the old biblical revelation, and stands in the great religious tradition of Jesus and John; Wiclif, Luther, Milton, and Bunyan; Shelley, Blake, Tolstoy, and Samuel Butler.

We can now look more closely at the change which the new spiritual ferment has wrought in modern writing. Bernard Shaw long ago called attention to the savage humor that runs through English fiction, from Jack Wilton or Peregrine Pickle, to Mr. Midshipman Easy, or Dickens' apprentice novels of the Pickwick stage. If we dip into the best novels of this pre-Dickensian time, we shall find that any number of things which immediately repel or disgust us, are treated by the earlier writers as jokes. A poor man in rags is a joke; a yellow fever patient is a joke; a one-legged man is a joke; a drunkard is a joke; kickings, floggings, frights, fits, bunco-steerings—all are jokes, and in fact, "practical" jokes. The hen-pecked husband and the shrewish wife are jokes. So are the infirmities of age and the inexperience of youth. And it is capital fun for a magistrate or a public official of any sort, to insult and torment all those who come his way on business or for help.

To the modern writer these jokes have lost their flavor. Smollett's readers might split their sides over Humphrey Clinker shaking with chills and fever. But once you associate malaria with the mosquito, and the mosquito with filth or disorder, and the swamp in which the mosquito breeds with a crime for which you are as much responsible as your stricken neighbor—the side-splitting joke becomes mirthless folly.

Usually, the first result of facing the facts is a profound disenchantment. So it was at the end of the last century when the initial shock of discovery was followed by an explosion of muck-raking amidst which Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," and one or two other rockets went sizzling sky-high. After the atmosphere had been cleared, something like a fresh start was attempted. Crime began to be

treated as an infectious social disease, and disease as a preventable social crime, quite in imitation of the most daring ironies of Samuel Butler's "Erewhon." New theories of sex education, of woman's independence, of the emancipation of the working classes, were canvassed on all sides: every swallow twittered them. Soon, no institution was safe from a challenge to justify its right to exist by proving that it was helping man's progress, and not hindering it. The bolder analysts, Havelock Ellis, Ellen Key, the English school of fictionists, and Brieux, undertook a searching re-examination of social sanctions in the light of which most of the old Noachian jokes entirely lost their point.

One of the most ancient of these jokes or rather, joke cycles, dealt with the relations between men and women. When President Lincoln entered the White House, the youthful Shakespeare's view of women was still acceptable to an overwhelming majority of Englishmen and Americans of both sexes. According to this view, woman was a unique and separate species of mammal. And, oddly enough, while the female was rated more deadly than the male when she lived in a wild or unwedded state, she was thought to be quite tender and tractable when kept in captivity. The classic way for a woman to get a husband of any spirit was to turn the trick by which Beatrice landed Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing." The classic way for a man to treat a wife of any spirit was to use the masterful hand with which Petruchio subdued Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew." Both devices were held to be prime jokes, especially if you were an onlooker or a matchmaker, though it is true that, if you chanced to be one of the principals, you were suspected of laughing on the other side of your face.

Shakespeare himself developed a maturer view of the woman question, as more than one hint in his tragedies and in such comedies as "All's Well That Ends Well," betrays. But our western authors and readers did not catch up with Shakespeare until Ibsen and the great Russian realists woke them up. In all the English novels up to Dickens' middle

period, a woman's chief business in life is to get some man to marry her. The man may drink, flirt, loaf, gamble, be a thorough-going parasite or a complete moral idiot. Small matter. There is but one searching question that a woman puts in regard to a man. It is: Will he make a good provider? If the answer is yes, she cheerfully stoops to conquer any coy reluctance he may betray towards a state of wedlock. And the farther she stoops the more she is held fitted to inspire playwrights and poets to deathless masterpieces!

This patriarchal view of family life was not merely a convention of the professional fictionists of the last three centuries. It was, and still is, accepted as a grim or humorous reality by probably the larger portion of western mankind. And the situation has lost none of its oddity since Strindberg showed that the woman question is every bit as much a man question, and that the chivalrous protection of women by men in public is a mockery no hollower than the devoted service of men by women; the fact being that the helpless condition of the weaker sex in the market place is perfectly paralleled by the defenceless condition of the stronger sex in the home.

The sex romancers gnashed their teeth at Strindberg's alleged hominism as wildly as they had torn their hair at Ibsen's alleged feminism. But they could not crush the new idea. After the "Doll's House," intelligent people asserted that different sex conventions no more made men and women into two different species than, as Diderot long ago pointed out, trousers and petticoats, or the double standard of refinement did. The modern writers, feeling their instinct, honor, and deepest purpose involved in the creation of a new and freer world, adopted the spirit, if not the letter, of the Scandinavian tradition. They said, in effect: "If a man-made country leads unavoidably to the kind of public life so savagely and so justly satirized in Martin Chuzzlewit, and if a woman-made home leads unavoidably to the kind of slacker household presided over by Dora Copperfield, or by Mrs. Caudle of the Curtain Lectures, then the sooner

these dangerous sex-distinctions are demolished and the equal humanity of men and women recognized, the better for all concerned and the better for the future of the race."

This preoccupation with the future runs like a golden thread through all the best imaginative literature of our day. If we brush aside the artists of the sham picturesque, the trick arrangers of light and shade and color, the strikers of eccentric attitudes, the twisters of a false knowledge of Nature into a falser presentment of life, what remains? The men whose profession of art is more than the mere art of profession, in short, the men who have joined Havelock Ellis in putting their God at the end of the world instead of at the beginning.

In this temper the later, more specifically literary essays of William James are conceived. The same temper gives depth to the best work of Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells, and to virtually all the work of Bernard Shaw. Mr. Wells, for example, has spent a lifetime making spiritual dashes into the future with the same courage and the same gallant indifference to ridicule that sends a Peary to the Pole, or an Alcock through the vast stretches of the trans-Atlantic sky. Or, take the case of Bernard Shaw. At a gathering in London, the present writer heard Mr. St. John Ervine say to Mr. Shaw:

"You have written a play about every subject under the sun, but not about God—I wish you would write a play about God."

Mr. Shaw promptly retorted:

"It is evident that you don't understand my plays: all of them are about God."

He might as emphatically have affirmed that all of them were about the future. For he is a towering instance of the modern purposive artist who uses all the force of his unrivaled genius to stir his fellow men to a point where they will desire to create the supermanly race which Ibsen majestically predicted in "Emperor and Galilean."

These maturer English writers, and likewise the younger British Guildsmen, Bertrand Russell, Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, and a few brilliant German fictionists in the Revisionist circle, are all widening the trail blazed by the earlier Russian and Scandinavian authors. A formula of Voltaire's sounds the keynote of the dominant mood in which they work. Voltaire said: "Society will be an interchange of wickedness and hypocrisy until all men have full liberty." Modern artists repeat the assertion in a more positive form, and with a greater emphasis on its social and industrial application.

But the new spirit has influenced even those writers who, lacking the specific religious sense, are entertainers pure and simple, however high their rank in this capacity. Mark what has happened to the Kiplings, the Barries, and the Conan Doyles of 1900, of the period when "Soldiers Three," Sentimental Tommies, and White Companies took two continents by storm. Where is the old rollicking faith in this best of all possible worlds, in this epoch of bullets and beer? Where is the skittish assumption that social evil is, at worst, a negligible by-product of a community of nature's noblemen and, at best, a sort of moral dumb-bell for the hero to get spiritual muscle by? Not but what Kipling, Barrie, and Conan Doyle are still past masters of the arts of romance and illusion; but they are no longer the men they were. And something more than age or experience has overtaken them, as a reading of their recent "Diversity of Creatures," "Mary Rose," and "Fires of Fate," will speedily prove. Their earlier plots and leading ladies begin to look like last night's tinsel and confetti seen in the sober dawn. And their confident optimism has yielded to a somewhat uneasy belief in an unseen life and an unseen kingdom in which man—part mortal, part God—may carve out a future of almost unlimited possibilities. Thus do even the old bottles accommodate themselves to the new wine.

The change in these men, often a purely superficial change from a state of spiritual doubt to a state of doubtful

spiritualism, was foreshadowed in the evolution of Dickens' work. There is a whole world of difference between the young Dickens who showed the comic-supplement side of sex relations in the case of *Pickwick* and Mrs. Bardle, or Bumble and Mrs. Corney, and the later Dickens who drew the family life of the Joe Gargerys with Strindbergian pitilessness and, in the portrait of Miss Havisham in "*Great Expectations*," gave a picture of sex inversion, more monstrous, repulsive, and cynical than anything in Strindberg's maddest *Chamber of Horrors*.

Still, pointedly reformatory as Dickens became in his later works, he never actively got away from the St. George-and-the-Dragon notion of good and evil. In the Dickensian philosophy, evil remained a special visitation of Providence, and good people (like his readers) were not bound to assume responsibility for it. The presumption was, it is true, that they would combat it as good citizens and Christian gentlemen, or merely as a point of magnanimity or chivalrous humor. But they were not held to be under any moral compulsion to do so or to adopt the responsible attitude sublimely voiced by Aloysha in "*The Brothers Karamazov*," when he says: "We are *each* responsible for *all*."

That is, Dickens' social background never exhales that essence of human fraternity and interdependence which simply saturates the setting or atmosphere of any contemporary author who approaches Dickens in stature. Arnold Bennett, for instance, will write you a novel with a *Pretty Lady* in the leading part. But when you put the book down, you do so with a conviction that the *Pretty Lady* is a mere peg on which to hang Society, in more ways than one. Everyman and Everywoman are implicated. And though Mr. Bennett does not aim trip-hammer blows at the sore spots in our consciences as pitilessly as Ibsen or Tolstoy, he leaves scant comfort to those who resort to the infamous question of Cain as a refuge from final accountability.

The modern author, then, tars all our consciences with the same stick, or charges us all with a voltaic current of social responsibility. Herein lies the explanation of the hypnotic grip with which modern literature holds the younger generation. The new writers come preaching through the wilderness of industrialism, saying: "Repent, for the Kingdom of Hell is at hand—unless you create the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, by preparing for the future along godlike instead of diabolic lines." This call has acted on the nerves of our time like the rat-tat of a drum in a sick man's room. And the sharp shock it gives may well explain why many people condemn all modern literature as extremely unpleasant. But the frailty is in the passenger and not in the ocean, the ship, or the fog-horn, as Mark Tapley pointed out to his sea-sick and complaining fellow traveler. So the artist-prophet summons us to stop breaking the dead leaves or pursuing the dry stubble of the present, when we ought to be working for a rise in the value of the future. In effect, this is a summons to the spirit of man, a summons the like of which literature has not trumpeted abroad since the palmiest days of the Lollards and the Puritans.

Not the same summons, however. The Renaissance persuaded men that the earth was theirs and the fullness thereof. The Puritans strove to repudiate this gift by breathing anathema on the pomp and circumstance of Vanity Fair. Their failure demonstrated that we can no more disown the world than we can disown the flesh or the devil. But if we cannot repudiate, can we not redeem this scarlet trinity? Here is the clue to the radical difference in attitude between the Puritan artist and the modern one. The Puritan writer said: "A man cannot save his own soul, unless he lose the whole world first." The modern writer says: "A man cannot save his own soul, unless he *save* the whole world first."

In other words, modern literature is making reformers of us all. The responsible literary artist does not deny that

men can, if they so will, turn the earth into a sort of international Coney Island or continuous Broadway musical show of world-wide dimensions. But he warns us that, if we want a new world, a world that is neither a Purgatory of Pleasure nor a Paradise of ghastly Make-believe, we must get beyond the honey-dew school of literature with its dainty, sweetish pabulum of the "How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night" variety. We shall have to take to ruggedier fare. Our intellectual entertainment must make us experience the keenest joy of living, the consciousness that we are active in creating a finer, intenser social life. This is the New Word in literature—and the word is with God, and the word is God. It is the New Word with which the modern writer tunnels to the spiritual realities behind material facts, and accomplishes such startling conversions amongst the young men and women of our time.

THE CITY'S FACE


By OSCAR WILLIAMS

There is a dumbness in the city's face
Taut with the speechlessness of tragedy;
If there be One Who flaunts the winds in space
O surely from His window He must see
People slip down the city's face like tears,
The stony city crying silently;
The dark hills huddle low, shutting their ears,
Thinking to hear wild screams of agony.

If there be One, He surely must behold
The boulders startled, suddenly alert
Under a windy night of crystal gold
To see the city move in lust and dirt,
To see the city struggle in her bars,
And lift a tortured face against the stars.

A COMMITTEE OF NOVELISTS

By N. P. DAWSON

T used to be the easiest thing in the world to tell the rare good book from the thronging bad ones. It was almost as if you were walking down a crowded avenue, thinking you knew no one, when someone suddenly touched you lightly on the arm, and said, "Well, here I am!" And sure enough, there he was!

It was in some such unpretentious way as this that William De Morgan, for example, announced his "ill-written" autobiography some years ago, called "Joseph Vance," with its remembered opening taproom quarrel over who had the right to "crock the hinseck" in the pot of ale. For more reasons than one, it is pleasant now to remember these things.

But a novelist to-day, hell-bent on success, is likely to surprise you, and almost knock you over, with a resounding thwack on the back, while he twists your arm out of its socket, and paralyzes your hand in a vise-like grasp. "Here I am," he seems to say, "and I shall not let you go until you have bought (not borrowed) my book." The evil chances are he will also introduce a friend, or several friends, whom he insists upon your knowing—and likewise buying (not borrowing) their books. If you should succeed in escaping and be able to barricade yourself somewhere, the novelists will clamor at your doors, like the correspondents at Versailles, when Lloyd George likened them to "stones rattling on the roof."

This is how literature is being made and marketed to-day. It is difficult to read the books, because of the noise that is made about them. It is difficult to see the books,

because of the constant intrusion of the authors. They are everywhere in print and in picture and on the lecture platform. They lecture about themselves and each other. They are interviewed on the subject of themselves and their fellow writers. They dedicate their books to each other, in retail and wholesale. Sinclair Lewis dedicates his novel to two; Mr. Cabell to an even half dozen of his brothers in art. The novelists write poems about each other, or prose portraits, touched up beyond recognition, except to themselves. Some poets look like poets, it has been said; but all the novelists of a certain intimate group look like poets and geniuses to each other. They salute each other in published reviews, and are quoted in praise of each other in published advertisements. They could have taught even the Germans some of the sweet uses of propaganda.

But it should not be assumed that the modern novelist has usurped the critic's role, or the humanitarian's. He has simply added to his art of writing the greater art of publicity. The novelists have formed themselves into a Committee on Literary Information — not unlike the famous Creel Committee on Public Information during the war — to furnish information to the public about themselves. Publicity first, Amy Lowell said, and poetry would follow. The novelists have apparently adopted the same working plan, and have selected for their battle cry Disraeli's words to Queen Victoria, author of a lonely volume about a royal tour in the Scottish Highlands, "We authors, ma'am, must stand together." And how they stand! One of the novelists may speedily be dumped on the bargain counter, while another goes marching on. But they hold together. They see the wisdom in standing united lest they fall; in praising as they would be praised. "Review as you would be reviewed," as an amiable literary editor said.

Last fall, within a few weeks of each other, three novels appeared, of which we have since heard much. No one in the entire country could hardly fail in an Edison test to name the three. All together now: "Main Street," "Moon Calf,"

"Poor White;" with perhaps as a tiger, Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett;" and as a prayer, Mrs. Wharton's "The Age of Innocence." The first three novels, particularly, have been recited in our ears as a litany, until the titles themselves can never be forgotten, even after we may have forgotten what the stories are about. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say they have been shouted in our ears with the booming insistence of a demoniac and frenziedly directed college yell in the last half of a football game. The titles were apparently selected with a view to easy and rapid-fire repetition—two sharp and crisp one-syllable words: "Main Street," "Moon Calf," "Poor White." We can hardly repeat them too often. Mrs. Wharton was careless in selecting her title. "The Age of Innocence" does not shout well.

The three novels all had a middle-west background, which is apparently America's dark hinterland. All were located not far from the Main Street that is in every American small town. And the idea in each of the novels was that life on Main Street is unspeakably mean and narrow, and that Gopher Prairies and Mudcat Landings are places to flee from, and not to look back to—except for literary material. Perhaps Lot's wife wanted to write a novel about Main Street in Gomorrah.

However this may have been, Mr. Lewis' heroine makes a futile, and therefore tragic, effort to escape to Washington. Mr. Dell's "Moon Calf" escapes to Chicago, where his next story will follow him. The boy in Sherwood Anderson's story thinks that if he could only leave Mudcat Landing on the Missouri, and take one of the lighted trains that pass in the night, and go to one of the towns further east, everything would be happier there. Owing to the different endings of the book and play of "Miss Lulu Bett," we are uncertain whether she escapes to Savannah, Georgia, or another place, or stays at home.

The philosophy of escape is so tritely false, it is hardly worth discussing. However far Sherwood Anderson's hero might travel eastward, we may be sure he would find the

same hungry eyes of women gleaming through the shutters, men slinking around corners on illicit errands, and boys and girls disappearing down shadowy streets with their arms about each other—all on one amorous thought intent. Mrs. Wharton in her story strikes the sensible note, when the man having urged the woman to go away to some delectable spot where they can be freer and happier, the woman says she has known many who have tried, but who have always got out at some way station, where life was found not to be so different from what they had left.

Stefansson, the explorer, describing his life among the Eskimaux, told that always "to the eastward," there were barbarous and uncivilized folk, with no chins, and eyes in the middle of the forehead, and who not only ate with their knives, but ate strangers. Wherever he arrived, however, Stefansson says, he was treated with kindness and a hospitality entirely free from cannibalism. Although he always heard of the murderous crew living just beyond.

So we may imagine that like a child's ever receding horizon of hills, the places and people that are essentially different from the places and people we know, we seldom arrive at or see. They are always eastward, among the unknown. Mr. Chesterton, writing about Sinclair Lewis' novel, "Main Street," said that the march to Utopia and the New Jerusalem has always been the march to Main Street. He was, therefore, surprised on his recent visit to this country to find everybody apparently gloating over a story which told how perfectly wretched it was to live on Main Street; and who regarded it as an ugly and realistic, and, it follows, most artistic touch, for the story to end with an inquiry about so prosaic a household article as a screw-driver. Men have taken up the sword, and perished by the sword, Chesterton said, in order that a poor gentleman might live in his own little wooden house on Main Street, and be permitted to ask for his own screw-driver.

Because of their gloomy views, these novelists have been dignified by being called pessimists, or as they themselves

prefer to be named, revoltés. But far from being pessimists, they are Boy Scouts, doing a good deed every day for themselves and their little comrades in letters, doing, in short, as they would be done by. They are Tiny Tims, piously uttering "God-bless-us-everyone"—even Willa Cather and Mrs. Wharton, whom they graciously include in their company.

To choose good novels from the bad is also further complicated by the present-day almost inevitable accompaniment of movie and play. It is like trying to follow the three-ringed circus, to say nothing of the preliminary sideshow of serial publication. And when endings are juggled, as in the dramatized version of Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," confusion is thrice confounded. It is all as difficult as the case of the three pairs of arms, which the girl artist in "Huckleberry Finn" painted in her picture, but who fortunately died before she was compelled to make a decision, and therefore left them all in: one pair of white arms uplifted tragically to heaven; another pair stretched forth imploringly in front of the distressed lady; and the third pair hanging down in complete dejection. In the same way, the three endings are put into Miss Gale's published play for posterity to choose. It is a bit spidery, as Huck said.

More than formerly, we must believe, it is assumed that a book that makes a fortune for its author, must inherently and of necessity be a work of genius. Money, and two shirts, and dinner jackets, and trips to Europe talk. We do not seem to recognize what Joseph Conrad has called "the shame of undeserved success." Yet such shame is seen almost every year. The late Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter for nearly three years was a top best-seller. Yet who would say that "Pollyanna" was as great a work of fiction as Mrs. Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," or Miss Cather's "My Antonia"? Sinclair Lewis has been magnanimous enough on the lecture platform to acknowledge that Mrs. Wharton is a greater novelist than he is, even if her novels have not sold as well as "Main Street."

It was a curious whirligig of chance, by the way, that brought Mrs. Wharton recently into the intimate company of a best-seller. She must feel like Dr. Johnson when Topham Beauclerk called him up in the middle of the night and told him to come out and have a "frisk." It is gratifying to know, however, that Mrs. Wharton has not lagged far behind in the frisking. Some novels succeed in spite of their worth; others despite the lack of it.

"Main Street" doubtless owes a good deal of its phenomenal sale to a lucky start. It had an excellent title, and it photographed in much realistic detail a familiar scene. But Mr. Lewis lacks the sympathetic understanding, the artist's detachment and taste. He is clever, but he is not fine. His types are burlesqued in a way to be amusing to those who laugh when the "Rube" on the stage makes his first acquaintance with a deep-cushioned and springy chair. While his Cultured Carrie is, of course, absurd. We cannot laugh at Gopher Prairie, because we are made to see it through the eyes of Carrie, and we have to stop to laugh at her. She is so "sensitive" and "beastly supercilious" and "difficile," that if she had not been also noble, she could hardly have borne it when Gopher Prairie said "Gents' Furnishings," instead of the more elegant Haberdashery, or when Doc, her husband, chased the fish around his plate with his knife.

When Mr. Lewis' friends discovered that his readers were enjoying Cultured Carrie, even more than Gopher Prairie, they valiantly rushed to his aid, and testified that the novelist, of course, intended his heroine to be as amusing as the rest. But this was manifestly not so, and in the play version, it will doubtless be seen that Carrie is the most charming and sympathetic of heroines, as her admiring creator intended her to be, when he tenderly introduced her gazing wistfully at her new home from the car window, "the arched fingers of her right hand trembling on the sill, the others at her breast."

As to what Sinclair Lewis and his Committee on Literary Information will do in the future, it cannot now be told. The witty Somerset Maugham, in his brilliant novel "The Moon and Sixpence," said of the younger writers:

"Their youth is already so accomplished, it seems absurd to speak of promise."

But one thing is sure. The method of boosting each other's books does not hold out much promise of permanent and honest success. A boom too often ends in a boomerang. If we were an author, we would cross our fingers and pray very hard and fast every time our friends started to shout for us. We would preferably risk a Nobel prize or a poet laureateship.

William McFee, who wrote "Casuals of the Sea," in a preface to his first book now reprinted—and whose latest novel, by the way, "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," is an infinitely better story than any of these stories more widely advertised—says he has a furtive notion that the people who gather in groups and coteries, and trumpet each other's wares, "are of no importance whatever." It is even an unsettled question in McFee's mind whether "any genuine artist loves his fellows well enough to cohabit with them on a literary basis." Genius generally works best alone—and quietly. That is the reason McFee stays at sea.

After wading through the muck so carefully raked up by some of our contemporary novelists, it is encouraging to find a really great man like Joseph Conrad saying that what surprises him about the "declared pessimism" of certain writers is "just its arrogance." It seems as if the discovery, made every now and then that there is much that is evil and ugly in the world, were a source of proud and unholy joy to the discoverers. "That frame of mind," Conrad says, "is not the proper one in which to approach seriously the art of fiction. It gives an author, goodness knows only why, an elated sense of his own superiority."

But Conrad knows that pessimism often pays, and that

revolt is popular. In a letter to Dr. Garnett, quoted in his volume "Notes on Life and Letters," he writes:

"For you know well, my dear Edward, that if you had Antinous himself in a booth of the World's Fair, and killed yourself in protesting that his soul was as perfect as his body, you couldn't get one per cent. of the crowd struggling next door for a sight of a Doubleheaded Nightingale, or some weak-kneed giant grinning through a horse-collar." For some reason or other the sunny side of Main Street is romantic and sentimental; while the shady side alone is tragic and real.

So perhaps we shall have to wait until all the shouting is over before there can be final judgment on some novels that have recently been so widely heralded. If Sinclair Lewis were a little more sophisticated, and a little less unbelievably naive about women; if Floyd Dell had more depth and sincerity, and less smooth and surface pose; if Sherwood Anderson would not keep up his sex tom-tom as incessantly as the drumming in "The Emperor Jones"—then perhaps we might be able to believe that the great and authentic American novel was in truth started on its way.

MUSIC

By JO FELSHIN

Who has seen the music of painted lips,
Painted lips of a pretty, wasted lady?
Somewhere

I have seen a pot of faded flowers,
Shot with tiny streaks of red and white.
And I am minded of a little painted lady
With lips of brave, but O such sad, music.

Come, I will sing to you a song of dying,
Of painter lips, and faded flowers,
Dying.

A UNION OF UNIVERSITIES

By JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

"The universities of America and the universities of Europe form the link between the past and present which preserves our civilization. Unless we can preserve the continuity of education there will be little hope for the recovery of the world."—Herbert Hoover, speaking in New York City, Jan. 7th, 1921.



THE founders of the American University Union in 1917 laid no claim to the gift of prophecy, but if they had foreseen the distracted state of the world which was to follow the Armistice, they would have been more than ever convinced of the need of the organization which they set on foot as a war activity. As a war activity, the American University Union did excellent service in London, Paris, and Rome in promoting the physical and moral welfare of thousands of young university men on their way to or from the front, and in helping to organize the educational opportunities offered by British and French universities to members of the American Expeditionary Force in the disturbing interval that came between the conclusion of the Armistice and their return home. The Union at its foundation had stated that its general object was to serve as a bond between the universities of the United States and those of European countries, and with the gradual return of

the European universities to normal conditions on the cessation of hostilities, the scope of the Union's work was expanded rather than diminished, although the moderate income it had controlled during the war was necessarily reduced. The first step was to substitute more modest permanent offices for the temporary quarters in London and Paris occupied during the war, and thanks to the zeal and business ability of the directors in charge, this difficult transition was swiftly and safely accomplished. The center of operations in London was moved from Trafalgar Square to the more academic neighborhood of Russell Square, and that in Paris from the Royal Palace Hotel to a charming and convenient situation on the west side of the Luxembourg Garden.

This change in location was accompanied by the further development of connections between the American universities and those of France and Great Britain which had already during the war been placed upon a firmer and friendlier basis than ever before. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, the American universities, then engaged in the development of graduate work, had acquired the habit of looking to Germany, not because they underestimated the universities of France and Great Britain, but because the latter at that time offered less encouragement to American students in search of opportunities for advanced work, and they had drawn up their regulations for degrees in strict regard for their own academic traditions and national needs, without considering the desires or interests of the few Americans within their gates. The first efforts of the officers of the Union on service in London and Paris were directed to remedying this state of things, which was the result of accident rather than of design, and their efforts met with a cordial response both from the British university authorities, who established, under suitable regulations, a Ph.D. degree intended mainly for American students, and from the French authorities, who modified the requirements for the licentiate and doctorate so as to make them more accessible to American candidates. Pamphlets setting forth the oppor-

tunities for advanced study in France and Great Britain respectively were published, with the co-operation of the Union, by the Institute of International Education, and have been widely circulated among American university students and officials.

The American universities, like the British and the French, had developed their higher educational institutions without much regard to the interests of foreign students, and as it was intended that this international academic intercourse should not be one-sided it was evident that here too some adjustment was necessary. It was undertaken by a Committee of the American Council on Education (again with the co-operation of the Union), and after consultation with leading academic authorities, a general agreement was obtained as to the admission of holders of British and French degrees to graduate study in American universities. As a rule it is thought inadvisable to encourage undergraduates to divide their collegiate education between two countries. Those interested in the movement for international education have no desire to create a hybrid product—one half American and the other half British or French; their desire is to enrich the mind and enlarge the outlook of a genuine American student by encouraging him to see something of European life and education after he has taken his degree. Collegiate education is naturally planned to suit the needs of the community which has created and developed it, and the student who takes his undergraduate education abroad not only misses these advantages but loses the opportunity of making many youthful friendships which would be of great value to him in after-life. The committee, therefore, which had in hand the matter of credits for British and French students practically restricted its recommendations to cases worthy of admission to graduate study, and the same practice has been followed with reference to American students encouraged to continue their education on the other side of the Atlantic.

In assisting Americans to study at British and French

universities, and vice versa, various plans have been followed and various agencies have been established to attain an end which was obviously in the general interest. The Rhodes Scholarships did much to familiarize the public on both sides of the Atlantic with the idea, and the heroic struggle of France during the war stimulated American generosity to the provision of similar opportunities. The first band of French girls who accepted the hospitality of the American colleges which undertook to provide them with free board and tuition, came out in 1918, and in return the French universities offered similar privileges to American students, both men and women. The nomination of the latter was assigned to different American educational organizations, among them the American University Union, but after a time it was found expedient to entrust the whole business, by mutual consent, to the Committee of the American Council on Education, on which the other organizations interested are duly represented. A small committee of American ladies goes over early each summer to select the boursières in France in consultation with the French authorities, and the Office des Universités et Ecoles Françaises maintains a representative in New York to watch over their interests in this country and to promote French-American educational relationships generally. The American Field Service Fellowships for French Universities have sent a considerable number of American students for advanced work in French universities and promise to send even more in the future.

A similar interchange of Belgian and American students is being carried out with the balance remaining to the credit of the Comité National after the Hoover work in Belgium was finished.

The international exchange of professors began before the war and has been changed in character as well as developed in extent by war's vicissitudes. American professors go more to England and France and less to Germany and Austria than of old, and visiting European professors

at the American universities are mainly from the Allied nations. The fact that the British and the Americans speak the same language makes the transference of an American professor to an English university (or the other way about) a comparatively simple matter, though interchange in the strict sense of the word—i. e., an exchange of work between an American and a British professor—is by no means easy, on account of the different ways and the different scale of the organization of teaching in American and in British institutions of higher education. Thanks to the disinterested efforts of the late Sir William Osler, the opportunities for medical research in London are now systematically thrown open to American professors and practitioners, and in other subjects the British have taken the lead in organizing conferences on methods of teaching and research. The London office of the American University Union made it possible for the authorities of the University of London to carry through successfully last summer a conference of Professors of English from the United States and the British Dominions all over the world. A similar conference of Professors of History is to be held in London during the coming summer with the co-operation of the American Historical Association. In the summer of 1922 the Anglo-American Professors of English will meet in New York on the invitation of the President of Columbia University, and a conference between specialists in American and in British primary and secondary education is projected, to be held in this country, probably in the late summer or early in the fall of this year.

All these facts show that the need for intellectual interchange across the Atlantic has been realized by the Americans most directly concerned, those engaged professionally in higher education, and that they have done their utmost by simple and inexpensive organizations to meet the demands of the situation. The American University Union in Europe and the American Council on Education have been organized and sustained by the American universities,


at a time when their resources were strained to the utmost for their own needs.

If the world is ever to get out of the tangle of conflicting interests, prejudices, distrusts, and recriminations which just now afflict us in their most extreme form, it must be by the slow process of mutual understanding and appreciation. National differences of character, of ideals, and of achievement, there must always be, and no one in his senses would strive to do away with them; but when ignorance and prejudice inflame these differences to promote international dislike and distrust, we are living in a dangerous atmosphere which threatens not only every civilized nation, but civilization itself. The war brought the world close enough to the brink of disaster for everybody to realize this. Of the many influences which make for a better state of things, education is the most potent, and no set of people are more influential than those who are to have the training of American youth. An educated American who has seen with his own eyes what the British or French are like, will be able to dissipate many a mist of misunderstanding in his own community, and thus repay the debt of intellectual stimulus he has incurred by his residence abroad. The inheritors of European civilization on this continent—we owe little to the North American Indians—need to refresh their minds and spirits by visiting the homes of their fathers and coming into contact with recent developments of European science and art, just as the Europeans need to enlarge their vision by acquaintance with the achievements and purposes of the vast new civilization which has grown up on this continent. It is an intellectual interchange by which both sides are the gainers.



BOLSHEVISM IN THE THEATRE

By E. JEROME HART

 HE insurgent movement in the theatre has its chief centre in Italy, where it may be said to have been taken by Gordon Craig some two score years ago. It is developing into something so anarchic and grotesque withal that it would be hardly necessary to deal with it here were not its theories and practice extending to the American stage. We are getting what is called the expressionist play, the synthetic drama of Marinetti, Ricciardi's theatre of color, the grotesque theatre, and Scardonai's dramatic polyphonism, or new dramatic unity, in which last we are told dialogue is to be deprived of its supremacy and made to fuse with other elements of the play—the pauses of silence, the words, the gestures, lights, colors, all of which will combine to establish "a cosmic zone."

The last idea was to a large extent exemplified in Mr. Arthur Hopkins' much talked of production of "Macbeth," while Mr. and Mrs. Maxfield Armfield gave a synthetic performance of Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale," the main features of which seemed to be insistence on puerile details and almost complete neglect of the broad, general principles of dramatic production. Now, we are not going to contend that out of some of these ideas and extravagances good may not come, but when their apostles and advocates contend that they must supercede all other accepted methods of stage production, that colors will entirely take the place of scenery of any and every kind, that the human face will no more be seen unmasked upon the stage, and that the human voice will no longer be heard, but will be replaced by silent action, then it is time to join

issue and utter words of protest and warning against extravagances which tend to throw back the stage rather than to advance and develop it.

A striking example of the insurgent movement in play producing was afforded by the Arthur Hopkins production of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," which caused many animadversions as well as reopened the old controversy on the right and proper method of staging a Shakespeare play. It was obvious in the production referred to that those responsible took several hints from Ricciardi, using color not solely as a decorative element but as a psychological agent. The strongly prevailing color was red; the witches wore red cloaks, Macbeth's dull red cloak in the first act became a vivid scarlet robe when he was king, while Lady Macbeth's gown was the brightest crimson. This would have been well enough if there had not been other and more obscure elements in the staging which diverted attention from the play and puzzled and offended.

Now it is obvious that Shakespeare's plays live today, and will continue to live, because of their poetic and dramatic value, and one would think that there would be an agreement that the best way to produce them is that which preserves their poetry and drama. But the stage director and scenic designer are asserting themselves to an unexampled degree, and are experimenting and playing all sorts of tricks with the greatest of all playwrights. The actor is being to a large degree suppressed, according to the theory of Scardonai; and the person who controls the lighting effects is virtually the hero of the piece. Weird, disharmonious sounds, miscalled music, accompany the voices and actions of the performers, and it would appear that everything possible is done to distract attention from the play itself and to attract it to the staging and accessories.

Clearly it is not at the moment a question of the authentic manner of producing a Shakespeare play, of the preservation of any tradition from the days of the poet himself, when his works were given at the old Globe and Fortune

theatres. Nor is it a matter of presenting them with excessive literalism and over elaboration of scenic and sartorial details, such as now and then called down on the heads of Kean, Irving, Tree and other actor managers the denunciations of those who preferred, or said they did, their Shakespeare presented with what someone styled "ostentatious simplicity." The tendency of the moment is rather towards meagreness of stage *décor*, while an attempt is made to symbolize the play by eccentric details, to substitute impressionism of an obscure character for realism, to blot out the background altogether, and apparently to suspend the actors in space by flooding them with light and surrounding them with almost inky blackness.

These things might be tolerated did they not so palpably hinder the actors and prevent due appreciation of the drama itself. When, however, a producer of a Shakespeare play deliberately and obviously sets out to assert himself, to push his own work into the foreground and that of the playwright into the background, and when his apparent object is to surprise and shock or, as the French say, *épater le bourgeois*, it is time to protest.

A few years ago we used to hear a great deal of grumbling about the tyranny of the actor-manager, his unwarranted assumption of principal parts and monopoly of the limelight, and so on. Today we are witnessing a complete revolution. The actor-manager is overthrown and in his place reigns the play-producer. It is something much worse than the old autocracy. It may, in fact, be compared with the substitution of Bolshevism for Czarism. Stage revolutionaries are endeavoring to overthrow all our accepted ideas and to shatter our most cherished imaginings. They are deliberately attempting to crush our affection for fine verse eloquently delivered, for strong drama effectively played, and fierce passions movingly portrayed, and are substituting for them bright lights, profound shadows, weird shapes and freak costumes.

The last thing which the modern Shakespearean producer seems to think of is the play itself. As for the unfortunate actors, they only get "a look in" when it suits the new stage tyrant. They are compelled to adapt their readings or conceptions of their parts to their depressing and occasionally startling surroundings, to modify their interpretations to suit the views of the person who arranges the stage draperies, designs the costumes, and manages the lamps. They must carefully modulate their voices to suit the theories of a stage director who holds that the play is not the thing, and that a great medieval tragedy should be played in the method and tones of modern society, that individuality on the part of the actor is a thing to be suppressed, that the only "high spots" permissible are the spot lights, and the only color which can be tolerated is that of the curtains and clothes; who contend that a drama, however movingly written, should be static rather than dynamic.

The result of this new stage tyranny when applied to a Shakespeare play is that nearly all the poetry and drama and the contrasts and interplay of character are lost. While anticipated and essential stage effects are missing, a number of unessential and often distracting details are stressed, until the audience, at first puzzled, becomes bored and ultimately angry. Undoubtedly the producer has succeeded in creating a mood, but it is the wrong sort of mood. All is on a dull and depressing level of uniformity and obscurity. There are no moments of beauty and exaltation, as well as thrilling tragedy or high comedy, such as one recalls in connection with certain memorable Shakespearean productions by Booth, Sothorn, Mansfield or Irving.

There can scarcely fail to be a strong reaction against the theories and practices of these new stage tyrants, these Bolsheviks of the drama, and it may be hoped that their rule will be as brief though not as disastrous as that of most extreme revolutionaries. Better a hundred times reversal to the old literal and realistic methods, even the anachronisms of Garrick and others, than this stupid and almost

meaningless impressionism and ultra-symbolism of extravagant and reckless insurgents. One at any rate was not distracted from thoughts of the drama or appreciation of its poetry by the scenic representation of a wood which really resembled a wood, or a castle which looked like a castle and not a gigantic molar. Nor did a few more or less awkward supernumeraries prevent the enjoyment of the performances of the more skilful and better-graced principals. Today, while the principals are converted into mere mumbling and posturing accessories to the scenic production, the supernumeraries are rendered absolutely static, giving the whole thing a rigid and unreal effect.

Shakespeare wrote his plays with a view to his own theatre and its resources. There was little scenery in his time, and use was made of the front or apron stage and the curtained back stage, which permitted of a certain amount of scenic setting while the acting was proceeding. Many experiments have been tried since, and experience has shown that the best method is the adoption or adaptation of the apron stage, by which means the plays can be given much as they were originally written, that is without mutilation of text or unduly changing the sequence of scenes. Where the apron stage is unavailable, such a method as that adopted last season at the Plymouth Theatre for the production of "Richard III" seems as good as any, that is the use of draperies, with occasional elaborate set scenes. By this means there is sufficient spectacle and variety to please those who like that sort of thing, while none of the drama and poetry need be lost.

Doubtless Shakespeare would have been glad to have availed himself of some of the resources of the twentieth century theatre, though the modern proscenium and single stage are by no means an improvement on the arrangement at the old Globe. On the other hand, he would never have tolerated some of the experiments and alterations which have been made in his plays, unless, like too many modern

playwrights, at the mercy of some tyrannic managerial producer.

Perhaps it is beside the question to indulge in such suppositions. At any rate it can be asserted that the public will not tolerate productions of Shakespeare's plays in which the producer works his wicked will and destroys most of their poetry and drama. They would much prefer the old actor-manager *régime*, which gave them elaborate and not infrequently beautiful productions and memorable impersonations. Hazlitt tells us much about the great actors of his day in Shakespeare's plays—how they looked and acted; but he says nothing about the productions or the producers, if such gentry existed in those times. The less we see or hear of some of them nowadays the better. At any rate let them reserve their experiments for plays less known and regarded than those of Shakespeare.

We want to get back, if possible, to the days of grand acting, by which is not meant mere mouthing and ranting or excess of gesture, but acting which dominates the scene and thrills the audience. Better an excess of emotion than the spiritless anemic performances which the modern producer forces on the public. If it be a case of pleasing the eye or satisfying the heart and the intellect in drama, then let it be the latter. The extremely modern producer often offends all three. We do not want Shakespeare mangled and emasculated, nor do we wish to see his plays presented as a series of tableaux vivants. Simplicity and dignity of *décor*, combined with occasional elements of richness and detail, should be aimed at, but the trappings should never be permitted to interfere with textual values and obstruct the actor's impersonation. The less one realizes the scenery and dresses and the more one realizes the poetry and drama the better. The mood should be created by the actor rather than by his surroundings, although such things can be made to assist very materially.

It is time in fact to put the producer where he belongs, in the background, and to restore the actor to his rightful

place. In doing this with respect to Shakespeare's plays we shall be effecting a stage reform of the first importance.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

By FLORENCE ADA REID


Dark portals of the Past that lead alway
 Into the shadows of the things that were,
Where phantom castles tower, cold and gray,
 Beckoning fearful minds with strange allure
Of ancient halls of myth and mystery,
Where dwelt the revered thoughts of history.

Windows of the Future, that peer afar,
 Seeking the misty dawn with dim, strained eye,
Unmindful of the world and things that are,
 Impatient, weary, stifling a sigh,
Her glories linger on the distant hill,
And take thy scrutinizing gaze but ill!

The Present lies around us and the light
 Of day comes filtering from above,
Naught in the Future lies, or Past of might—
 Only the Present lives; only that love
Which can endure the sun of day can give
Beauty to make the Past and Future live.

MYSTICISM AMONG JEWS

By M. GASLER

 HE history of the Jews stretches back so far across the ages that any movement that arises within a century or so from present times may be deemed to be modern, especially when it is still a living force, and exercises a deep influence upon a large number of people. Such is the case with the Chasidic movement, which might rightly be translated "the mysticism of the Pietists or Quietists." The origin of the movement is difficult to trace; though mysticism is not alien to the Jews, neither is it alien to other races. It lies at the root of all speculation concerning faith. All the problems of human life are inextricably intertwined with these esoteric speculations. Even such an exact science as Mathematics in its highest form cannot dispense with mystical speculations. Mysticism however, in its closer relation to human life, presents some features which are of the highest interest for the study of the human soul. Erratic though its manifestations seem to be, a closer investigation reveals some peculiar features which indicate that even there where everything seems to be arbitrary and chaotic, the movement follows certain definite rules.

Mysticism seems to be marking the parting of the ways; it seems to lead from one era to another between sunset and night, and between night and the morning there is always a certain twilight which leads insensibly from one to the other. It is the very period in which according to ancient Jewish tradition the ghosts and demons were created. It is the water-shed which marks the place from which the two rivers Science and Faith begin their flow, and when

both are beginning to dry up, man tries to follow them up to their ultimate source, and there he meets mysticism. Or to put it in another simile, it is the fourth river flowing from Paradise which seems to be lost; it flows under the ground. Some ears better attuned are able to follow its murmuring under the soil, at certain times however, it bubbles up and comes to the surface, and then people drink of it, and get drunk with the ecstasy of Paradise. Again it dries up and sinks into the ground, to re-appear elsewhere when it has precisely the same effect.

We are living in a similar period just now when Faith is waning, when Science is beginning to lose its hold. Moral disintegration on one side, and the failure of science to keep its promise of finding the key to the final problems, have profoundly shaken the world. Minor details have contributed towards this decay; a wild criticism of the sacred Scriptures has sapped the belief, and the use to which Science has been put in destroying humanity and civilization, has robbed the world of all happiness and joy.

It is the period known in Teuton Mythology as the twilight of the gods. We are in an epoch of transition, and who can say whether it is for better or for worse? This is precisely the time when mystical speculations arise, and mystical practices re-appear. They had apparently long been forgotten or assigned to the lumber room of what is called the Middle Ages. Yet it is quite natural in the light of historical investigation that we should again be face to face with them, and try to understand the riddle of the Sphinx which they present. Essenes and Gnostics, and other Hellenistic mystical schools and speculations flourished at the time when Christianity was born, and all the practices recorded of that period, magical conjurations, the appearance of ghosts, the casting of nativities, palmistry, and astrology, all re-appeared at the break up of the Middle Ages.

With the end of the eighteenth century, an era again begins to set in which has not yet reached its culminating

point, and the old familiar spectres flit across the human stage.

It was towards the end of the eighteenth century when the French Revolution was at its height, that Reason in the shape of a beautiful woman was enthroned as the new Goddess, and the people ordered to worship her instead of an ancient god that had been banished. It was precisely the same time that in the forests of Podolia the love of God was enthroned and the echo of the enthusiasts chanting hymns of divine inspiration reverberated among the Carpathian Mountains of Bucavina and Maldivia. The flaming passion of Revolution scorched and destroyed everything that it touched; the flaming love of God warmed and illuminated and vivified thousands of hearts. This parallelism is symptomatic. They were the premonitory signs of a new era, the world travailing to give birth to a new conception of life which would break on the one hand the political and social bondage in which nations had been held, and on the other a kind of spiritual bondage which weighed heavily upon the masses in the near East; in both cases the desire of seeking new freedom.

Yet while there is this parallelism, there is also a profound difference, for in the one case it affected a nation which had reached at that time the highest form of civilization in art and science, in the other it affected a nation that lived in its world into which it had spun itself in the course of centuries. The dull despair of the masses in the west, groaning under the tyranny of court and aristocracy, church and state, kindled the flames of the revolution. The dull despair of the masses in the east, groaning under continued persecutions and pogroms, engendered that mystical love which helped to raise them above the miseries of their daily life. Joy, happiness, and contentment, long banished from the midst of the Jews in Podolia, Galicia, Poland, etc., entered again into their hearts. The extinguished lights were again kindled. It was as if the lost river of Paradise had

bubbled up; and the people drank the waters with the ecstasy of divine exaltation.

The human soul yearns for light and love. It tries to reach out beyond the temporary uncertainty to something certain, and beyond temporary weakness to everlasting strength. Mysticism then takes a double course. The mystic turns his back upon the world; it has nothing to offer him. He retires to his cell and gives up his life to deaden all passion.

The world is dead to him, and he concentrates upon blissful speculation, and esoteric illumination brings him nearer to the source of all good. This contemplative life leads to asceticism and to the life in the cloister. It is a corollary to the morbid notion of the world being a vale of tears, and that man has to mortify his flesh if he is to save his soul.

Others turn to less exalted speculations. They cannot tear themselves away from the world and its temptations. They would like to find the riddle of life by appealing to some unseen power, imaginary or real. Amidst a world that is rocking on its foundations, they are anxious to lay hold of something which will save them from the universal cataclysm. A blind unreasonable belief in the practice of magic veils the serenity of faith, and induces people to mock at the results of assured scientific investigation. Hence the stupendous outburst of superstitious practices at the time of the French Revolution, and almost at every period when the life of man is seemingly led into new channels.

In the checkered life of the Jewish nation, it sometimes came to pass that all the three rivers of Faith, Science, and Mysticism were flowing side by side, according to the circumstances under which the Jews lived and the countries in which they happened to be. Moreover, philosophic rationalism often ended in mystic speculation. In the Kabbalah, the reputed mystical tradition of the past into which all the manifold systems of speculation had been blended, seemed to open new avenues to the baffled spirit. Yet in one

point the Kabbalah differed from any other esoteric teaching. It never led man out of the world, but on the contrary, it led him into a world and taught him to find in it the wisdom and the love of God. A new connection was established between man and his Creator; a kind of interdependence as it were, between his actions and his thoughts, and the divine grace and favor.

This was the lesson which a man, who up to the time of his appearance as a new teacher had been totally unknown, spread among the masses. He was not reputed as a scholar, nor famed for his earthly riches; not connected with the great of the land, but a man living in humble circumstances—a certain Rabbi Israel, who came to the people who had been the victims of numerous pogroms, and brought to them the message of salvation by love of God. Unbounded confidence in that love was the only means to obtain in this world all the happiness and joy, and become hereafter worthy of the bliss in the world to come. Each act which a man performs must be done not as a duty imposed by legal prescription, but with a devout intention of manifesting thereby the deep attachment to the all abounding love of God.

It was the Kavanah, the mental and spiritual disposition alone, which counted, and not the deed itself. And this principle assumed many forms. It led even to the neglect of some of the religious duties, for what did it matter whether a man neglected to say his prayer for some days, if on one day, carried away by spiritual exaltation, he felt himself immersed in a prayerful mood, and uplifted by that sentiment, he knew that he was approaching his Maker; that he had drawn nearer His Throne by the outpourings of his soul. Piety, meekness, and above all self-effacement, were the cardinal virtues which saved man from temptation and misery. This secrecy of action as it were, was one of the prominent features of this new doctrine. Man is not to be judged by his outward appearance or even by the outer forms of life. It is the outward simplicity which as such

claims neither for honor nor for any recognition, which is one of the characteristics of the real "Zaddik"—the pious and righteous man. He is the true pillar of the world, the very foundation upon which rests human society, which he saves by this retired pious and devout life.

Many a wonderful story is then told both of the founder and his first disciples as to the way in which, wandering about unrecognized, they exposed themselves often to ill-treatment, to neglect, and even brought trouble upon themselves by their extraordinary manner of life. Yet it was in this guise that they were able to perform miracles, and then to win the hearts of their numerous followers.

These were the mediators between God and man, for by their life and by their meditations they were able to ascend above and commune with the angels, and their own actions re-acted upon the Divine Favor and brought down abundance of grace. It is through their merit that the world is able to exist, and those who follow them and put their faith in them share in their merit. It is a kind of apotheosis of the poor and the meek, and it places the action of the spiritually exalted far above the teaching of the scholar who is guided only by cool reason, and who, while he cultivates his mind, may allow his heart to starve. In one form or another one could find parallels more or less closely resembling this teaching among the founders and leaders of other faiths, notably in Christianity and Buddhism, but the difference is profound, inasmuch as the individual element of the founder, his personality, plays no rôle whatsoever. There is no worship of the Zaddik among the Chasidim; he is human and remains human, and no apotheosis has even been hinted at. Moreover in the former cases the mystical part of the teaching led the people away from the world, whilst among the Chasidim this doctrine of the love divine which reached the votaries through the intermediary of the Zaddik, reconciles him not only to the troubles of this world, but causes him to realize in it all the human happiness of which he is capable. Yet there are strong parallelisms, which however

are not the result of direct borrowing. They must be part of the very essence of mysticism, and of the forms in which it manifests itself whenever it re-appears as a living force. Such for instance is the very remarkable fact that the Chasidic doctrine has been propagated mostly by parables and allegories. "The master told the tale," applies with equal force to Israel as to Buddha, and many a conversion of great men, even scholars, has been attributed to the effect which these stories and allegories had upon them.

Slowly the number of apostles grew, some profound scholars, some deep thinkers, who have carried the message of the Master far and wide.

To the people, the world was transformed. The impossible became henceforth possible, for there was nothing which a Zaddik could not accomplish, as he was specially favored by God. Was he not heir to the great Merit of the Master? Did he not commune with the powers above? This was not a magical performance, but it flowed out direct from that abundant grace for which he became the selected vessel. His prayers reached direct the Divine throne. There was no occasion and no reason for despair. Whatever trouble would beset a man, an appeal to the Zaddik would remove it; even the difficulties of daily life could easily be encompassed if only the Zaddik so willed it. It was a wonderful transformation which took place. It brought back gaiety, satisfaction, and hope to men and women who had only learned to weep and to deplore the miserable uncertain life they were leading.

The Chasidim followed therein also a direction given by the Master, inasmuch as they filled life with music. Where only birds had been singing or wolves had been howling, human voices also began to ring out in tuneful melody. It was a curious sight to behold the Chasidim accompanying all their ceremonies, the usual services, with music and even dancing. The rhythm appealed to them also as a means toward that exaltation so necessary for the true spiritual fervor of their worship. These tunes are very characteristic,

and they carry us back to the East, and to olden times, when every religious ceremony was accompanied by dancing and music, again with the difference that with the Jews and the Chasidim, it never reached the frenzy of the Bacchanalia and certainly not the orgies of the Dionysia, but there is mirth and song and joy and happiness in it. For those who feed on the countenance of the Zaddik, are often as poor as dormice, but are sustained by hope and faith. There is one more feature which is reminiscent of olden times, yet there is no historical connection between them, but from a psychological point of view it is of the deepest interest. The Agapae, the friendly conviviums, first round the sacrifice, then round the common table graced by the master, find their counterpart in the convivial assembly presided over by the Zaddik on Sabbath and festivals. There he divides the remnants of the meal of which he has partaken among the followers, and it is the height of bliss to obtain a morsel of that sanctified food. This is a special feature of the Sabbath meals, and is the culminating point in the life of a devoted Chasid. To have partaken of the same food is an inspiration—a certainty of the Divine Favor, which will be bestowed upon him through the intervention of the Adored Master.


In more modern times there has arisen among the Chasidim a peculiar theory of inherited Merit. The Divine spark lit up chosen souls of the Master and his first pupils, who were selected originally by Grace in order to become the carriers of this new mystical message of fervor and zeal, exultation and devotion, coupled with simplicity, which uplifted the lowly and strengthened the weak. According to the new doctrine, these sparks can only be re-incarnated in the direct descendants of the first teachers. Thus the number of wonderful Zaddikim, and wonder-working men who have reached that position, not by selection, but by birth, has grown very considerably, and not a few of them have proved unworthy clay vessels for a sublime soul.

On the other hand, the opposition of the scholars has now given way to a more sympathetic understanding. The two sections have begun to draw closer to one another. The holy flame is beginning to burn low, and the waters of the river from Paradise are beginning again slowly to sink into the ground. Yet for all that, that work of spiritual emancipation and of spiritual exaltation, which was aroused by the Chasidic movement, has left indelible traces in the life of the modern Jews. It has freed them from morbid introspection; it has saved them from despair. In the face of unparalleled suffering, it has deepened the natural optimism of the Jew. It has proved the unlimited power of unquestioning faith in the love of God for His creatures; and of the possibility of man to reach the Divine by humility, piety, and above all, by serving God with a joyful, gladsome heart.

This Chasidic movement, regarded from an historic point of view, started just at the parting of the ways. A new era was coming of political emancipation when the Jews would be called to participate to the full in the modern life of the nations of the world. It was the real parting of the ways, and to some extent it prepared the mind for the new changes which were coming. It is a question whether the Jews themselves were conscious of that fact, or whether they realized the effect of that movement in the manner described—but looked at from the historic point of view, there cannot be any doubt that it had a fructifying effect in its positive and negative aspects. On the one hand, it prepared them for changed conditions of life, and it put a check on the growing legal sophistry; and on the other hand, it was a warning against exaggerated spiritual exaltation and mystical aberration, which might lead them away from that moral sanity so characteristic of the Jewish faith.

ANTI-COMBINATION LAWS RUIN

By MATTHEW WOLL

 **THE** fundamentals underlying the problems of industry today do not differ greatly from those of several centuries past. Then industry was of a simpler form, less extensive, less complex. Today we have a highly organized and extensively developed system of industrialism and commercialism of international magnitude. Necessarily our present day problems are more numerous and more complex, but the underlying fundamentals are alike to a very large degree.

Likewise our methods of dealing with and in finding a solution for existing industrial problems do not vary greatly from the measures and policies applied several centuries past. Indeed our greatest difficulty in the solving of existing problems is because of our insistence to adhere to old methods, tried and found wanting. Industry now and then is entangled and entailed in a network of restrictions and regulations which exercise a very important influence over our inner and outer industrial life. Then as now we had laws intended to express ideas common to both workmen and employers, and regulations intended for the guidance of workmen and employers alone which found expression in their application contrary to the original purpose for which they had been designed.

Industry is conducted no longer on an individual basis. Corporate entities, large and small, creations of the State and endowed with attributes not possessed by the individual, are dominating our industrial, commercial and financial life. Organization and combination is the new order of the times.

The power and growth of corporate activity has been tremendous. No manifestation of life is unaffected by its influence and sway.

In the formative period of large and powerful combinations of wealth and corporate bodies, great apprehension was felt. Much opposition was voiced against the new order that was being ushered in. The fear of overpowering mastery by large capitalistic corporate combinations expressed itself in varying forms of legislation intended to retard, to check, to prevent the operation of economic laws and tendencies.

All these efforts have been in vain. Like the ancient laws to regulate trade by corporations, our present anti-trust and anti-combination laws have diverted but have not checked this rising tide of organization and combination. In spite of all legislative restraints the world abounds with corporate life. No nation has attempted so vigorously to prevent the formation and growth of combinations as America; no nation can boast today of such large and powerful combinations of industry, commerce and finance. The industrial and commercial development of our nation is the highest tribute that can be paid to the monumental fallacy of our legislators in trying to hold in check by legal edict the mighty forces of economic progress.

The pages of history reveal not only puerile attempts made by legislative power to check the forces of combinations of wealth and of employers—they disclose likewise dark pages of ignorance, of prejudice, of futility in attempting to prevent by legislative and judicial decrees the development of social forces amongst the workers, and the combinations of workmen, made essential in an ever-growing life of industrialism.

Most conspicuous amongst these attempts were the combination laws and conspiracy doctrines—laws and doctrines making it illegal for workmen to combine to raise wages or to strike.

"We have no Acts of Parliament" said Adam Smith, "against combinations to lower the price of work, but many against continuing to raise it." In another passage he describes a strike as ending "in nothing but the punishment or ruin of the ringleaders." Cobbet said the same thing in more vehement language. "There was a turn-out last winter," he writes, after a visit to the clothiers of the west of England some half century after the period in which Adam Smith wrote, "but it was put to an end in the usual way; the constable's staff—the bayonet—the gaol."

Practically the same objective is aimed for today. Like methods, modernized of course, are used in the attempt to prevent organizations and combinations of workmen to raise wages, to lessen the hours of toil, to improve the conditions of work, to raise the standards of life. The law of individual contracts, conspiracy and anti-combination laws, injunctive decrees, the policeman's club, the constabulary's rifle, the private gunman, all these devices are in constant operation and are used under sanction of law to prevent the overpowering currents of social forces and mighty streams of economic laws and tendencies from proceeding uninterrupted on their way. In this field of endeavor we find erected also a huge monument designating a desuetude state of mind of centuries past and which our modern legislators and juridical emancipators would now revive and resurrect. Despite all the powers of government and of organized industrial commercial and financial forces our nation abounds with trade union organizations, combinations and federations of labor. All these attempts, like the efforts of the past, to restrain, to hold in check these mighty forces of organization are like attempting to prevent the rise and fall of the tides.

It is well that we should recognize facts and tendencies and deal with them intelligently. Nothing is gained in whittling away time in a useless effort to bolster up a broken and ill-founded dam that can never be made to check the onward currents of growth and progress. All attempts to

check or restrain by law what economic forces have always commanded to proceed, are doomed to failure from their inception. While individualistic in character, we are living today in an era of organization and combination. Individual effort has given way to group action. Co-operation is fast taking the place of competition. If we are to grow and prosper as a people it is first essential that legal equality and independence shall be accorded to workmen and employers alike, and that the state shall no longer attempt to be the arbiter, but the co-operator in our industrial life.

Industrial freedom, too, and protection in the exercise of collective bargaining between associated employers and workmen, organized into trade unions, is of the highest importance to our national well-being and prosperity. The political rights of man enumerated in the Declaration of Independence must be extended to include the economic and industrial rights of workmen. The right to industrial organization must be as freely accorded to workmen as the right to political combination, if the Declaration of Independence is not to be a hollow mockery and a shield for industrial insubordination.

Grave apprehensions are expressed, pictures of disastrous consequences are drawn, should we now recognize as truth what is actually going on. To permit associated employers and organized workmen to combine and agree how the industry, in which they have given the service of their lives, shall be operated, is still erroneously looked on with awe and horror. Combinations between associated employers and united workmen to save an industry from destruction, from bankruptcy, to assure employers a fair margin of profit, to workers a fair compensation for services contributed, to benefit the public by elimination of waste, unfair competition in production, distribution and sale, and to inculcate a mutual spirit of economy, efficiency of production and helpfulness, are still viewed from the single standpoint that combined avarice may develop, and that the great public may be impoverished.

As a matter of fact, combinations do now exist within and without the law. The difficulties of preventing such combinations are clearly pointed out in the latest report of the Federal Trade Commission recently made public by President Harding. Perhaps the most intelligent governmental expression ever made upon these great problems is the recommendation of the Federal Trade Commission, that not the greatest good will come through prosecution or driving combinations to operate under cover of some seemingly legal device, but to make public all vital statistics of every basic industry, including ownership, production, distribution, cost, sales and profits. To compel men to struggle individually for survival in a life of organization is to arouse hatred, resentment, contempt. Subordination to legal laws in conflict with economic forces is driving men to disrespect and to disregard the law and to find means, legal or otherwise, to rise with the economic tide.

Large scale production is an inevitable phase of industrial evolution of human progress. Co-operation will no more return to competition having once learned the superior advantages of combination, than a child will return to crawling once it has learned to walk. Competition, said to be "the life of trade" is more often "the death of trade," and works an irreparable injury to industrial communities. More often it results in fluctuations of prices, lowering of wages, loss of investments, lengthening of working hours, depression in business and unemployment. Reasonable stability in prices, payment of an adequate wage commensurate with the service rendered, and improvements in production, are the basis of a prosperous trade and a successful industrial nation.

Association among employers, organization among workers, and co-operation between these two elemental forces in industry will render possible economies in production, distribution, and sale not attainable in any other way. Rightfully applied, such an arrangement and combination will make possible the utilization of by-products, steadier

employment, higher wages, lessening of accidents, lowering of costs with a proportionate decrease in the prices of necessities and commodities, and will secure for our people a more effective command of international trade.

Large scale production, organization of employers and workmen, and co-operation between these forces are the foundation stones for a successful modern industry—a fact recognized by all the great nations of the world, with the exception of our own country. Under the *cattel* system of Germany, employers may associate, workmen may form into trade unions, and both may combine and agree upon wages, hours, working conditions and the fixing and enforcing of agreed prices. Under the *cattel* system, industry is left to those best qualified by fitness and experience—the government merely reserving the authority to supervise prices and prevent abuses of combined organized power.

In England all laws against combinations, intended to perpetuate competition, failed utterly. The Trade Union Act is a legislative recognition of the fallacy of all former attempts to restrain the operation and development of economic laws. This act confirms the right of organization to employers and workmen, and permits co-operation between these groups for the purposes of improving the conditions of work and promoting the interests of industry.

Before the passing of the Act of 1876 there might have been some doubt as to whether a society imposing restrictive conditions with regard to the transaction of business was a trade union. This doubt led to the passing of Section Sixteen of the Act of 1876, specifically permitting employers' associations and trade unions to combine for the purpose of "imposing restrictive conditions on any trade or business."

The terms of the statutory definition are very wide. In order to show a combination does not come under its provisions, it is not sufficient to prove that the regulations imposing restrictive conditions on any trade are only such as are necessary to secure results beneficial to such trade. Thus

combinations which fix the rate at which companies federated to the association may charge for their goods, are held legal as coming properly under the provisions of the Trade Union Act.

In Australia, only such agreements and trade combinations as operate "to the detriment of the public" are prohibited. Combinations between associated employers and organized workers are permitted, not to fix wages, hours and conditions of work alone, but may also regulate and enforce prices which shall not operate "to the detriment of the public." In other words, combinations to regulate the industry are not illegal per se. Only the abuses of combinations are prohibited by law.

Under this act, an arrangement between mine owners and the mine workers' union was worked out consisting of two agreements, called the vent agreement and the shipping agreement. The one provided for the fixing of uniform prices for coal taken from the field, allotting the total trade between the members in certain proportions, and limiting the output of various collieries to the allotted proportion. The shipping agreement was entered into between shipping companies and the collieries, making the former the selling agents of the collieries for interstate trade with exclusive agreements on each side and with certain price limiting provisions. The court, in passing judgment on these agreements, taken separately or together as part of a single scheme, decided not only that these agreements were legal, but pointed out clearly and forcibly the recognized advantages to industry, commerce and the public in certain agreements in restraint of trade, especially in the form of trade unions.

The court continued and said:

"It was also strongly urged that in the term 'detriment to the public' the public means the consuming public, and that the Legislature was not contemplating the interest of any persons engaged in the production or distribution of articles of consumption. Their Lordships do not take this view, but the matter is really of little importance, for in considering the

interests of consumers it is impossible to disregard the interest of those who are engaged in such production and distribution. It can never be in the interests of the consumers that any article of consumption should cease to be produced and distributed, as it certainly would be unless those engaged in its production or distribution obtained a fair remuneration for the capital employed and the labour expended."

In our own country the officers of the United Mine Workers of America have been indicted under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law merely because of their insistence upon collective agreements with associated employers relating to wages, hours and working conditions. Here we find that anti-combination laws and conspiracy doctrines, originally intended to check and curb combinations of wealth and associations of employers in regulating industry, have and are being used successfully only against trade unions of workmen—a purpose wholly foreign to those laws when originally enacted.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was never intended to apply to trade unions. They have been the only organizations successfully prosecuted under it. The Sherman Law was intended to restrain combinations of wealth and of employers. Today we have a greater concentration of wealth and more effective associations of employers than ever heretofore. The labor sections of the Clayton Law were specifically enacted to exempt labor organizations from the operation of the Sherman Law. This exemption has been almost entirely destroyed by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Duplex Printing Machinery Company case.

In New York State the courts ruled that the photo-engravers did not come under the provisions of the Donnelly Anti-Business Law, and that this craft rendered a service and did not create a commodity of common use. The court held that the organization of workmen, of employers and their co-operative effort to protect and promote the craft were not only legal but laudable in that they had brought harmony and stability into the craft where formerly chaos,

contention and disorder were found. At the solicitation of a small but powerful group of newspaper and trade publishers, a suppliant legislature was appealed to. As a consequence the advanced view of the courts of at least one state has been recalled because of old prejudices and misconceptions upon those great problems.

The American wage earners have long experienced the dangers of all anti-combination and conspiracy laws and doctrines. They are fully familiar with the economic laws and tendencies which govern industry and the development of industry. They have come to recognize the fallacy of attempting to stem the tide of progress and advancement by law. They have come to know that old methods for the solving of present day problems are no more effective today than they were yesterday. They have declared that in the light of existing economic laws and industrial tendencies we must leave behind us a system of law, of court decisions, and decrees of a decadent age, annul our existing anti-combination and conspiracy policies, and substitute in place a system of co-operative effort between associated employers and workmen organized into trade unions.

It must be clear to every student of the history of our industrial development that after all, it is the men and women in industry who are best able to solve the present day industrial and commercial problems, and that there is a field of human activity where the intervention of the government, whether it be through the legislative, judicial or executive branch, will cause more harm than good. What is thus apparent to all right thinking people should be clearly and forcibly impressed on all who attempt to express the mandates of the government through law. If we are to progress and to prosper as a nation, the people of our time must free themselves from the jungle of laws and doctrines founded upon and suitable only to a simple and primitive system of industrial organization.

AUSTRIA'S PLEA TO AMERICA*

By MICHAEL HAINISCH,
President of the Austrian Republic

WHILE I am penning these lines in compliance with your invitation, the delegates of the Finance Committee of the League of Nations are at work in Vienna deliberating together with the Austrian government about a scheme the ultimate aim of which is to get Austria international credits for the re-establishment of an equilibrium in her public budget. We are hopeful that the efforts of the League of Nations will succeed. In any case, we gratefully acknowledge the fact that the attitude of the victorious Great Powers towards Austria has undergone a fundamental change. They have ceased to be our enemies not only technically, but they are evidently sympathetic and have our welfare at heart.

This change of feeling in the authoritative quarters is probably due to the growing realization of the actual position of Austria, and the fact that the peace of St. Germain matured effects which we are safe to assume were not intended by the victorious Great Powers.

To understand these effects it is well to consider the history of the late Austria.

The former Austro-Hungarian monarchy was one of the most singular formations of history. Not natural geographical conditions, not sameness nor similarity of nations, but a peculiar coincidence in the dynastic succession welded this

* This important article on the historic elements that went to make up that part of Europe that was known before the war as Austria-Hungary, and on the economic conditions there today, has been written especially for *THE FORUM* by Federal President Dr. Michael Hainisch, chief executive of present-day Austria, and one of the leading statesmen of Europe.

monarchy. In 1526 the King of Hungary fell in battle against the Turks, and, as fate willed it, he was the same man who, owing to a chain of circumstances, had been also the King of Bohemia. Now the medieval covenants of succession which puzzle us to-day resulted in these two countries, which were inhabited by two nationalities absolutely divergent in race and civilization, becoming the inheritance of the Hapsburgs. The Hapsburgs owned a loose group of mountain territories which were largely inhabited by Germans, but in the south, also by Slavs and Italians. This was the origin of that most curious phenomenon, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, to which, in consequence of the disastrous dismemberment of Poland (which, by the way, the wise empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, strongly opposed), parts of Poland were added. The last acquisition of the Hapsburgs, who were always on the lookout for new lands, was Bosnia and Herzegovina, a country which had formerly belonged to Turkey, for the most part inhabited by Serbs, situated at the meeting point of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and the Balkans. This territory became, from its occupation by Austria-Hungary in 1879, the apple of discord between Serbia and the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and it was here that the Hapsburg Crown Prince fell a victim to a Serbian assassin—the well-known immediate occasion of the world war.

Variegated as Austria-Hungary was in its racial composition, heterogeneous as was her geographical configuration, she had, in other respects, conditions of vitality, a fact unfortunately overlooked in the Peace Treaty. She was economically a close-knit body, having almost all the raw materials as far as they are produced in Europe and thus forming a well-balanced economic unit, with Vienna as its business center and commercial capital. Vienna was the seat of all the great banking houses and limited companies, Vienna was the head of that stream of capital which fertilized all the nations, especially the Slav countries. It is a fact that most commercial and industrial enterprises had their centers

in Vienna, while a large number of factories were situated in those countries which, at present, are separated from Austria.

The way of provisioning Austria was also peculiar. Vienna, the big center of commerce and industry, lived comfortably and easily on the surplus production of the vast plains which surround it to the north and east. The Alpine regions whose inhabitants made a living by their own industries or by accommodating the many strangers who came there as to a summer resort, were hardly able to provision themselves and were absolutely unable to spare anything for Vienna.

Of the large monarchy with its fifty-two million inhabitants, no more than six million are left. The vast, fertile plains, where the coal deposits and the oil springs are, have been allotted to Poland, Hungary, Jugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. The Austria of to-day is composed of rough, not very fertile mountainland (in part high peaks with bare wide-stretched masses of rock and glacier), and of Vienna with its two million inhabitants. Now, it is true that Vienna has kept its big banks, its commercial centers, and its trade; yet a large number of factories that belonged to the Viennese are now situated in other states; trade is crippled, owing to a whole system of prohibitions and duties originating with the neighboring states which interfere with the transports to Vienna, and owing to the lack of transportation. To this must be added the facts that the population is exhausted in consequence of several years of famine and its efficiency greatly reduced, that the most vigorous men perished in the war or in captivity, and that the Austrians had to offer homes to refugees who, on account of their German nationality, were expelled from the States of Succession.

It is easy to see that the severing of millions of threads which unite people into a common state must needs be followed by an enormous dislocation of the economic life. This dislocation is the more drastic, when a country poor in itself is robbed of its former resources, and is, at the

same time, burdened with the largest part of those charges which the unprecedented war had entailed on a state four times its present size.

For the late great empire to readjust itself to a small state of six million inhabitants requires time, and is unthinkable without the help of countries rich in capital. A large portion of our population has pinned its faith to the dogma of joining a new economic area, and is eager to coalesce with Germany, not only from national, but also from economic reasons. This movement points to the fact that Austria, since the dawn of her history, that is, since 972, until 1866, constituted a part of the German empire.

From this brief survey the American reader will be able to form an opinion of the political and economic position of the Austrian republic—of the enormous difficulties which its government has to overcome—and of the distress prevailing among large sections of its population. In this our distress the relief afforded us by the Americans on truly American lines has been a wonderful consolation. The name of Herbert Hoover is, in Austria, one of the greatest recorded in history. The whole American nation, by its innumerable acts of charity, has not only saved the lives of a very great number of Austrian children, but has also saved a great many adults from death by slow starvation.

I cannot, therefore conclude an article for an American periodical of high standing more appropriately than by forwarding to our American benefactors through this channel our heartiest thanks.



DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

JAMES BRYCE AND MODERN DEMOCRACIES*

By JOSEPH HAMBLÉN SEARS

THERE and there throughout history there appears a man with a mind so simple, and at the same time so profound that nothing is too unimportant for his attention and nothing is too abstruse for him to make clear to others. At whatever period, in whatever country, he lives he approaches the vital questions of his day with an immense capacity for detail and a profound wisdom which separates or combines these details and produces conclusions that are not only intelligible to any reader, but that influence mankind thereafter to new and other standards.

Anyone can list these minds to his own satisfaction, but few would omit King David and Julius Caesar, Plato and Aristotle, Gibbon and Hume. David fought as generals have seldom fought in history. He governed as it has been given to but few to rule. What he wrote stands today amongst the greatest writings in any literature of any period. Caesar fought a campaign in Gaul which is hardly equalled in the history of warfare, and in the nights between his battles he wrote their history in a form so clear, so simple, so profound that his story is the best example of all Latin literature, is given to the young to read because of its simplicity, and is studied by the student of military operations, of government, and of literature. Plato laid the basis of all philosophy in his writings. Thousands of years have passed ;

*"Modern Democracies," by James Bryce; The MacMillan Company, 2 Vols., \$10.50.

thousands of wise men have written since his day; the world has changed as neither he nor any other human being could in his wildest dreams imagine it would change. And yet his writings are still the foundation of what we call philosophy, as much today as when he wrote them in Greece. Gibbon has drawn a picture of the greatest empire that ever existed filled with myriads of men great and good, mean and base, through a thousand years of the life of practically the whole civilized world amidst changes in manners, customs, government and religion such as had not taken place before and have not taken place since; and he makes it as clear and simple as if it were a text book for children, yet so profound in its conclusions that nothing of the sort has equalled it before or since.

So others might be included, the men whose writings would be given in a list of the great works of all time, the five-foot bookshelves, the hundred best books, whatever they might be called, but all alike bearing the argument that if these writers are studied and absorbed there is after all little else that is necessary. They are the prime colors of the world; the rest is but a collection of shades made from them. They are the foundation of the house; the rest is only paint and plaster and decoration.

These rare minds have the same characteristics. They are always simple and straightforward; there is never an attempt to befog an issue; it is seldom that they permit themselves the luxury of a didactic settlement of any question; there is invariably an immense capacity for the accumulation of detailed information before any opinion is offered, and an appalling exhibition of concentration day by day throughout years. And there is finally a rare wisdom that assembles all these collected facts, these innumerable details, and digests them for the benefit of those who come after into conclusions so simply stated that one is only too apt to forget how profound they are.

Viscount Bryce has a mind of this character; and his writings take and will doubtless hold their place amongst

the works of such men. His "Holy Roman Empire," his "American Commonwealth," and now this new contribution on "Modern Democracies," form a group of conclusions having to do with the rights of the individual in his relations to other individuals, of the growth of the government of the people, by the people, for the people, throughout history—that is without its equal in any literature. These three works give to any reader, therefore, a comprehensive view of the history of democratic government in simple yet complete form—the results of a long life of study in books and amongst men so thoroughly digested that any one may understand, though only the best informed can guess at the amount of time and labor and brains their accomplishment has entailed. It is more than interesting that in this day of ours when men, as always, strive for power and wealth for what these will produce in immediate comforts, there should appear a man who cares for neither, who has governed Ireland, who has been a member of the House of Commons for thirty-five years, who has held positions in the British Cabinet, been ambassador of the British Empire, who has traveled the world over not for the power and influence which such positions might bring to him, but merely for the purpose of acquiring information and first-hand knowledge as to the life of his kind in different parts of the earth; so that with the assistance of his immense reading he might set down in books the conclusions he had reached. And now at the age of eighty-three, still hale and hearty, he publishes a work that takes its place as a standard the moment it appears.

Somebody a short time ago called this new work on democracies a great piece of reporting. That is unfortunate. It suggests that he who wrote the criticism has missed the didactic conclusions which he perhaps expected, and which frequently appear in the works of writers who know less, and therefore feel less doubt as to the correctness of their own conclusions. It suggests, too, that the critic may have been misled by the simplicity of Lord Bryce and failed to absorb the isolated sentences which here and there in the text

suggest conclusions reached after three quarters of a century of study. Perhaps it would be committing as grave an error to attempt an analysis of these two volumes. In order to avoid this danger it may suffice to speak only of some of the portions of the work which refer to our own country.

The author has divided his subject into three parts: the consideration of pure Democracy itself, a discussion of the democracies of antiquity coupled with separate chapters on the United States, France, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the South American Republics, and finally a third section which comprises conclusions and reflections upon the foregoing. The general note struck in the work seems to be that democratic government in the different forms it assumes now and has assumed in the past has been and will be successful only when the people who compose its citizenship are sufficiently educated and sufficiently conscious of their responsibility to their state as voters to make it so; that when the average of education is not sufficiently high, or the individual's sense of responsibility is weak, or both, then democracy is and will be a failure. The democracies supposed to be existing in Central and South America are in fact not democracies at all, or only so in a partial sense, because the education of the average man is not sufficient, nor is his interest in and sense of responsibility to his government sufficiently aroused. It appears also that in our own country a democracy can scarcely be said to exist when we consider that in the southeastern portion of the United States some millions of citizens are not permitted to vote any more than were the slaves of Rome. Furthermore it is a matter at least for discussion as to whether we are in reality governed by a democracy at all when it is borne in mind that the voters in the United States are only given the power to choose one from amongst perhaps two or three candidates who have been selected for any particular office by an oligarchy of political leaders.

Modern democracies vary, therefore, as the quality of their citizenship varies. They thrive or perish, move for-

ward or backward as the individual progresses or deteriorates. And it would not be safe to say that Democracy as represented by existing republics under more or less universal suffrage has made a greater success of government than have monarchies, or oligarchies, or autocracies.

That is a somewhat startling conclusion for a man to reach who has given more study and is better fitted to reach a correct estimate upon the subject than anyone else alive today. It arrests the attention of those of us who go about our daily business here in this country in the year 1921 under the impression that we are carrying on the most enlightened government the world has ever known.

There is furthermore much interest and some surprise for many of us in following the author in his careful and unbiased examination of the facts connected with some of the characteristics of democracies. The basis of the American Republic, for example, was laid by those who emigrated from Europe and settled in Jamestown and Plymouth in order that they might govern themselves and worship as they were not permitted to do in Europe. In time the United States was created by a revolt from the mother country because amongst other things the American colonies objected to taxation without representation. One of the first tenets of the American Constitution thus evolved was therefore the statement that all citizens should have the right to vote. That was in 1789. In the year 1921 there is a measure proposed to the Federal Congress requiring any man or woman who fails to vote to pay a fine of five dollars. In the short space of one hundred and thirty-two years it appears that in this democracy of ours the attitude toward the vote has changed. It is a long stride from being willing to give one's life in a struggle to secure the right to vote, to discovering that that vote is so lightly held in public esteem that we must impose a fine upon the citizens in order to get them to come to the polls at all!

Another instance is perhaps still more interesting to us here in America. Next to the right to vote as to how he

shall be taxed, the citizen of the United States considered the right of free speech his greatest step towards freedom and self government. For centuries man had been subjected to the censorship of his more powerful neighbors in some form or other. The right of free speech, therefore, the freedom of the press, was and perhaps still is the second great benefit which modern democracies have bestowed upon mankind. Even this was secured only after many a struggle and much bloodshed. But it was at last achieved and the press became free.

Now, after a hundred years or more, it is again a question for discussion as to whether the liberty of any man to say what he likes in the press has produced or is producing what those who fought and died for that privilege fondly hoped for and thought they foresaw. Today under the right of free speech any man may, for example, purchase a dozen or two dozen newspapers and, by reiterating statements daily in all of these, create public opinion upon any one subject which may be contrary to the spirit of the times or to the sober second thoughts of a majority of the people. Or again, a group of business interests may purchase one or more newspapers for the sole purpose of advancing some candidate for high office in order that through him they may expect to secure special advantages to themselves. This process of creating public opinion has become so common on account of the right of free speech that there exist at the present moment concerns called publicity agents, or bureaus, whose sole business it is to create public opinion on any subject for so many dollars. During the European War this method was used for promoting the sale of Liberty bonds and for other perfectly proper purposes as well as for distinctly improper purposes, and was known as "propaganda." It has often been maintained since the day when Cato kept repeating that Carthage must be destroyed, that if any one made a statement often enough and long enough, somebody would eventually believe it, whether it happened to be true or not. And the right of any one to say what he likes in and

out of print, provided such statements are not treasonable, has led to the use of modern newspapers in our day for molding public opinion in many instances for the benefit of individuals or groups of individuals, at the expense not only of truth but of the common good. While a discussion of the subject is impossible here it is interesting to consider, under the guidance of the philosophic author of "Modern Democracies," as to how far after all the right of free speech has accomplished, or is likely to accomplish in the future, just what those who struggled to attain it believed it would accomplish; and on the other hand whether a censorship would correct these modern abuses, or create a situation less endurable.

Still again, the basic law that once a question has been discussed it shall be settled by a majority vote, comes under Lord Bryce's notice in a somewhat new light. The town meeting, or any other form of local government which may exist in a democracy, conducts its business in that fashion and has done so since Plato and Aristotle lived. There has never been a doubt in the minds of believers in democracies that the majority shall rule and that the minority shall accept the will of the majority as controlling. Nevertheless in our own country at the present moment minorities are not only claiming the right to have their views enforced upon the majority, but are willing to kill one another to maintain that right, to very much the same extent that their ancestors fought and killed their fellow beings in order to establish the right of majorities to control. All labor unions are minorities demanding the right to rule. All associations of corporations in the same business are minorities endeavoring to rule. All appeals to the so-called "direct action" on the part of any body of men, the demand of a group that the government shall take certain action or they will fight, are minorities demanding the right to rule.

Finally, not to go too far into a discussion of the different features of this remarkable work, it has been in many instances the first statement of documents relating to the

government of democracies that all men are born equal. It is the opening sentence of our own Declaration of Independence. And yet there can scarcely be any one of intelligence who would maintain this in our day. Could it be possible any one would assert that as a rule the son of three generations of mental defectives, or criminals, or totally ignorant, uneducated ancestors could be the equal of the son of three generations of educated, intelligent, normal human beings? And if not, is it really right and proper that each of these descendants should have exactly the same power in deciding how the country which their ancestors founded shall be governed?

It would appear, therefore, that the success of a government in accomplishing its purpose of giving citizens or subjects the greatest opportunities for the pursuit of happiness, has not in history depended so much upon its form as upon the character of the individuals who constitute the nation which it serves. There have existed monarchies, oligarchies and autocracies, as well as democracies, which have been for a time what may be called successful; and yet all these forms at one time or another have proved to be disastrous failures. Theoretically a democracy blessed with equal and universal suffrage wherein the people govern themselves by means of a decree of the majority would seem to promise most for all concerned. And yet the abuses to which democracy has been and is today subjected in different parts of the world are as evil in their effects as any of the abuses that have taken place under other forms of political organization. The character of the government does not seem so much to control as does the character of the citizens living under it. If their sense of personal and public responsibility is high, the government will be of a high order, whatever its form.

Judging from the history of democracies, it is safe to say that this form of government has not proved itself a panacea for the evils which flesh is heir to, nor has it shown itself proof against selfish and immoral attacks by selfish

and immoral tendencies among its citizens. Wars are not over; bribery and usury still exist; dishonesty in high places has not disappeared. Democracy at its best today is, therefore, probably not the last word, though whether from its form or from the character of those who live under it there appear to be more chances for its success than for other known systems of government. It is perhaps also safe to say that the standard of government under a democracy reflects the standard of the people more effectively and more accurately than does any other yet attempted.

Such are some of the suggestions absorbed from a reading of these volumes. Altogether "Modern Democracies" is an epochal work, and comprises with the author's other two books a library upon the philosophy of government that is unsurpassed. It is of course to be read and studied; but far more than either reading or studying is the importance of the peculiar stimulus one gets from it that suggests individual consideration of the changes and developments in our own land and our own time. It is somewhat difficult to state this peculiar stimulus in proper language; but perhaps it is best explained by saying that the association created by communion with the greatest of modern political philosophers through these volumes raises the reader to a better sense of his own responsibility to his government and stirs him on to do his little part towards the healthy development of his native land.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THE TRUTH ABOUT M. ANDRE TARDIEU

Paris, June 1, 1921.



HEY say here in Paris that the evil genius of Georges Clemenceau was André Tardieu—that Clemenceau who won the war was led into losing the peace by his friendship for Tardieu. These are sharp and bitter things to say, but when we read M. Tardieu's book as we did on the journey from New York to Paris, it is easy to conceive that a man who so thoroughly misunderstands Americans after years of opportunity to know them, might very readily misunderstand his own people.

It is all quite extraordinary—these books about the peace—men writing apparently out of a suffering consciousness that they alone have encompassed the truth. The Truth about the Treaty is the title that M. Tardieu gives to his book, and as if to encourage him in this assumption, that eminent literary critic, Col. E. M. House, declares in a foreword that if you want the truth, “here it is told by him who knows.” Not having forgotten Col. House’s delightful biography of himself as taken down by his worshipping amanuensis, D. Howden Smith, we realize that here is one superman acting as a pedestal for another—Pelium on Ossa.

M. Tardieu has written interestingly—but has he told the truth about the Treaty, in the sense of all the truth? We think not, nor do we think the truth about the treaty will be told or can be told by any of the fair gentlemen who participated in that singular disaster. Perhaps it was inevitable that men who had gone through years of war strain should have been unsuited to sit down and calmly rearrange the world. What is amazing is their enormous immodesty, their gigantic self-confidence, and sublime ignorance of their own deficiencies. It was a pure carnival of egotism for which the world is still paying a pretty penny. What has seemed most striking about the men who participated in the making of the Versailles Treaty is their lack of historical sense, as they reveal themselves in their writings about the treaty. Dazed and yet self confident, they behave like fairy children, flitting from mountain crags over deep gorges, and apparently mystified and certainly sometimes angry, that the world has not followed them in their transcendental flights.

M. André Tardieu is the latest one to write the truth about the Treaty, and valuable as his book is as a document, and readable and important because of the prominence of the author, it will disappoint those who hoped for a calm dispassionate analysis.

M. Tardieu is affected with the same megalomania that brought about the downfall of Woodrow Wilson. He understands the whole situation—any other interpretation is false and malicious. On page 79 he gives the reasons for the other nations entering the war:

“Serbia, having made every possible concession, cannot tolerate the substitution of another Power for her own on her own soil. Russia, refusing to renounce the Slav gospel by abandoning Serbia to Austria’s extortion. Belgium spurning the cynical offer to betray her word and her friends. Great Britain, too, accepting the challenge to keep faith with a ‘scrap of paper.’ Group these facts, link them to the past, compare them with Germany’s aggression and her methods, ‘Necessity knows no law.’ It is a conflict between two opposing principles. On one side the nations who put their faith in Might, on the other those who believe in Right. On one side the peoples who seek to enslave, on the other the free peoples who, whether they defend themselves against aggression or whether they come to

the assistance of those attacked, are ready to sacrifice their lives to remain independent, masters of their own affairs at home and of their destinies abroad. . . . In 1915 Italy joins the Allies after laying down the conditions on which she leaves the Triple Alliance. Why? Because from Trentino to Trieste she has heard the voices of the Irredenti calling. In 1916 Roumania comes in. Why? Because from beyond the plains of Transylvania the lament of Magyarized Roumanians had crossed the Carpathian Mountains. In 1917, Greece comes in. Why? Because on the borders of Macedonia, of Thrace, and of Asia Minor she had felt—despite the German leanings of her King—the soul of ancient Hellas stirring.”

Again this is what he says of America entering the war: “When she entered the struggle, her war aims were indefinite, but in a few weeks she too understood and had a clear conception of what she was fighting for.” Could anything be more contemptuous?

M. Tardieu complains of Keynes, who he maintains has addressed in his book insults to France, her representatives, and her policy. It would be well for him to read John Stuart Mill on liberty of discussion. Surely he cannot assume that there is any reason why the people of America are not free to criticize M. Tardieu and his work. We know of no sacred obligation to accept his dicta as holy writ. He defends the commissions and resents any criticism of them. “It is the conscientious effort of these men that Mr. Keynes has sought to ridicule in his book on the Conference,” writes Tardieu. . . . “Rarely was a political undertaking more honestly and more scrupulously prepared. I may add that despite the heat of certain debates all those who took part in it have retained one for another a great mutual esteem, the esteem of men of good faith and good will who, in ‘a great adventure,’ as Mr. House used to say, had dedicated their minds and their hearts to the most difficult of tasks.”

As far as our own representatives are concerned, we knew at the time they were ridiculous, and they have since demonstrated their unfitness in general—with a few exceptions.

Tardieu answers the question as to why all the Powers summoned to Paris did not take part in the elaboration of the Peace, in the following manner:

“There were twenty-seven Allied Powers and four Enemy Powers. The admission of the latter to the preparatory discussions was not even suggested. There remained the Allies. Could they all be asked to sit? Evidently not. First because it would have been a regular parliament, the debates of which would have been interminable; then also because the positions of the various countries were not equal.” Reasons none of which are very satisfactory, extenuating a diplomacy that was far from open. Why should there not have been “a regular parliament,” the debates of which could have been limited? At least there would have been some discussion.

Tardieu's only criticism of the peace negotiations lies, he says, in the fact that at times things were done too quickly. He speaks of the irritation that was aroused in the minds of the leaders when the press was able to obtain certain information regarding the negotiations which they were not yet ready to divulge to the general public.

"Mr. Lloyd George complains of insinuations published in certain French newspapers. President Wilson goes even further, and although representing a country in which censorship had been abolished immediately following the Armistice, asks that the French censorship should be exercised not only over the French newspapers but also over despatches sent to foreign papers. M. Clemenceau opposes a friendly refusal and the next day, as a hint for forbearance, lays upon the table an extract from the New York Tribune even more lacking in exactness and courtesy. Such incidents reappeared frequently. Towards the end of March, following the publication of articles in *l'Echo de Paris*, *le Journal* and *le Temps*, Mr. Lloyd George indignantly denounced these 'leaks,' and demanded condign punishment. He added:

'If this kind of thing is to go on, I shall cease to take part in the work of the Conference.'

Tardieu calls this book "The Truth about the Treaty," and yet all he has to say of one of the really vital problems before the commissioners he says in one sentence. "So the Russian question was taken up, with what naive hopes later events have shown."

This is a summary dismissal indeed for so great an international tangle as the Russian situation. Perhaps a great folly of those who have seen the faults of the treaty, is that they have refused to see its virtues. Worse still is to ascribe sinister motives to the men who made it. The splendid figure of the occasion was Clemenceau. Sincere, rugged, appealing, he fought the battle for France in a way that must always endear him to humanity. That the table was not balanced was not his fault. A man as practical as he, of as vigorous a mentality, and as well grounded in history and statesmanship, speaking for America and her ideals would have evolved a treaty that might have ended the war, instead of continuing it in its most tedious and dangerous form.

Tardieu laments the failure of other nations to understand France—yet it seems easy for him to misunderstand America. He says:

"On the American side, the break with the past was no less worthy of note. Since Washington's Farewell Address, the United States had remained unswervingly faithful to the policy of aloofness from European affairs which the Father of His Country laid down when leaving office. The Monroe Doctrine a few years later gave form and substance to this policy. Mr. Roosevelt often expressed his regret that his fellow countrymen were unable to grasp the significance of world politics. That they

were indeed unable is abundantly proved by the first years of the war. It needed Germany's accumulated provocations and President Wilson's firm decision to enlighten their minds."

An equally absurd judgment of Americans, is his idea of the American view of the Alsace-Lorraine question, to support his conclusion of which he quotes the personal opinion of one man. He writes:

"How often Americans have expressed to me the hope that France would be content with an independent and neutral Alsace-Lorraine! . . . I remember a long discussion I had in August, 1917, with Mr. Walter Lippmann, a member of the Inquiry Office, the official bureau established for the advance study of peace questions. The idea of a plebiscite was so deeply rooted in his mind—the idea of Alsace and Lorraine forming an integral part of France was so perfectly foreign to him—that he had concocted a system of voting by fragments under which the two provinces would be divided into a dozen sections."

The following incident recorded in the book is amusing, though discouraging, typifying as it does the pettiness of the attitude of mind taken at times by Mr. Wilson in this most momentous of all conclaves. He had presented a note which proposed the setting up of a commission of arbitration to settle the differences between the French mines, and the German government. M. Clemenceau refused to consider it. Of this situation, Tardieu writes:

"No conclusion is reached. The atmosphere is tense. Since March twenty-seventh the minor officials at the Hotel Crillon are nervous. The Chief of the Press Service, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, is particularly active in spreading pessimistic reports. On April sixth, he accuses M. Clemenceau of 'claiming annexations.' The following day, the seventh, the rumor spreads that the President, discouraged, has ordered the George Washington to Brest. The hour is critical."

Referring to the proposition of the cancellation of all war debts, M. Tardieu says: "This cancellation would have been a first step towards thoroughgoing financial unity. Others would have followed. America unanimous in not demanding for the time being either the repayment of our debt of three billion dollars, or even the interest thereon, was quite capable of taking such a step, if its consequences had been fully explained. That is what Mr. Wilson intended to undertake immediately after his campaign for the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. We all know what happened. The illness of the President, stricken down for ten months; the rejection of the Treaty by six votes, the triumph of an opposition which favors American isolation. The result is that in 1920 we are further from our goal than in 1919."

Where M. Tardieu is absolutely correct is in his statement that: "France victorious—I ask my British and American friends never to forget it—has placed under her sovereignty no single human being who was not French body and soul. Within the frontiers of new Europe ethnic minorities have here and there been included for reasons of necessity I have already stated. France consented to forego any such thing, and in a district like the Sarre, considerable parts of which had been French for centuries, she accepted a plebiscite. France has taken no undue advantage of her power. France has claimed only her rights. She issues from war bleeding and weakened, but true to her high ideals."

Where he is absolutely incorrect however is in his statement that "in the United States as elsewhere, everyone at first believed in German victory."

The truth about M. Tardieu is not unlike the truth about Col. House, who was as partial to the mistakes of his master as to his virtues, and perhaps even a little more so. Were their relations merely those of friends, this would have been attractive, but Col. House gave no evidence in his period of power that he represented only Mr. Wilson, and *not* the people of America. Had he been a real, vigorous friend, not only of the President but of the country—had he possessed the stuff of which statesmen are made, what a different page might have been written! But his biography shows that the mad egotism of the master had spread to the suppliant messenger, and that the series of tragic blunders that began with the insulting of Col. Roosevelt was to be carried through to the bitter end with fawning selfishness.

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The Forum

AUGUST, 1921

IRISH WAR AND ENGLISH PEACE

By SIR SAMUEL HOARE

T was once foolishly said by an English politician that "in Ireland there are no facts." I also am an English politician, but I wish to say in the first line of this article that the problem of Ireland is like every other international problem a question of hard and ascertainable facts. It is because these facts have been submerged in a flood of rhetorical generalizations and historical reminiscences that the problem has remained insoluble for so many centuries. Moreover like all ancient controversies it has accumulated around it a mass of political deposit. If the Irish case is to be judged on its own merits, this crust of generations must be removed. Englishmen, and perhaps Americans, have fallen into the habit of inheriting from others rather than of forming for themselves their views about Ireland. The old stories are handed down from father to son and the ancient prejudices transmitted as family heirlooms. The result is the curious atmosphere of antiquarian unreality that

makes the Irish question seem some strange phantom of unique and bewildering shape. The first need is to let the cold air of the real world into this confused mist. Ireland is a country like most other countries whose population is racially divided, cause and effect play much the same part in its life as they play elsewhere, and across St. George's Channel facts are just as hard and definite as in England or the United States. Let me therefore attempt to apply to the Ireland of May 1921 the acid test of undiluted reality.

It should be clearly remembered in the first place that the Irish problem is neither uniform nor unchangeable. Although its background may keep its colour, its features are constantly changing. In 1798 it was Ulster that raised the cry of a republic and the standard of revolt—in 1921 it is Ulster that clings to the Union Jack. In 1886 it was the Conservative Party that defeated Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill—today it is the Coalition, of which the majority is Conservative, that has put a Home Rule Act into operation. In 1914 Sir Edward Carson organized an Ulster army in defence of the Union—in the week during which I am writing he is blessing the new Belfast Parliament, while the Nationalists, the time-honored party of Irish self-government, are boycotting throughout Ireland the new Home Rule. These facts I do not emphasize for the purpose of proving the inconsistency of Irishmen—they can all of them be intelligently explained by the history of the last century. I mention them rather to show that the Irish controversy, although its battle cries remain monotonously the same, is constantly changing in its essential features.

The first three Home Rule Bills were destroyed by two very definite causes, that whilst mutually distinct, acted simultaneously. The first was the impossibility of devising any scheme of finance that could at the same time secure the approval of the British elector and satisfy the needs of an insolvent Ireland; the second, the linking of the two great British parties to the rival factions in the Irish battle.

For the whole period of the Home Rule Bills—that is from the eighties until the outbreak of war—Ireland, judged by the standard of the revenue collected and the expenditure undertaken within its borders, showed a heavy annual deficit. Finance was and is the key to the political problem, and as long as Ireland was financially bankrupt, it was impossible to lay a sound foundation for Irish Home Rule. Today the financial situation has entirely changed. Since 1914 as a result of the increase in the amount of our indirect taxation and the high price for agricultural produce, there has been a large surplus of Irish revenue over Irish expenditure. If Ireland were a self-governing unit entirely dependent upon itself for its own resources, it would today enjoy the position held by no other European country of having a large surplus in its annual budget. Of the many implications of this change one is especially important. As long as Ireland was dependent upon grants in aid from the British Treasury, British control of Irish administration was inevitable. With a solvent Ireland there is no such need for British interference. To the extent, therefore, that the financial obstacle of Irish insolvency has been removed, the path of Home Rule has been made smoother by the events of the last seven years.

So also has it been in the field of British party politics. There again the obstacle of the British party machine has been pushed aside. Up to 1916, when the first Coalition Government was formed under Mr. Asquith, Home Rule had for a generation been the chief issue between the two parties. On the one side were the Liberals, their party pledged to the Nationalist Home Rulers, on the other the Conservatives, their leaders and party organization identified with the cause of Ulster. British party politics, never more bitter than at the end of the last century and the beginning of the new, swept the question of Irish self-government into their vortex, and for a generation Home Rule, its concrete factors forgotten, became the battle cry of two highly organized and very bellicose political armies. Since

1916 the presence of Home Rulers and Unionists in the same Cabinet and upon the same benches in the House of Commons has broken up the old English alliances with the two Irish parties. The change, although its effects have not yet been fully felt, is fundamental to the problem, and has already found expression in the Irish Convention of 1917, where the Unionists of Southern Ireland, supported by a big body of English Conservative opinion, sided with the Nationalists; and still more significantly in the Government of Ireland Act of 1920, when a large Conservative majority actually carried a Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Although the Convention failed and the Government of Ireland Act has been the butt of incessant attacks, the fact remains that, as long as Home Rule was a clear and distinct party issue between the Conservatives and the Liberals, it was impossible for the two parties to unite even temporarily in any attempt to find an Irish settlement.

How then has it come about, that with the financial obstacle removed and the party veto withdrawn, the course of settlement has become so despairingly entangled? England, irrespective of party, earnestly desires an Irish settlement—British Conservatives vie with each other in their wish to make a generous offer of self-government to Ireland—the London Press is almost unanimous in its efforts for peace. Yet five hundred soldiers, police, and civilians have been murdered by the Irish Republicans since 1919, scores of outrages have occurred almost every day, and Ireland has become an armed camp in which thousands of Irishmen are fighting a relentless guerilla war against the forces of the Crown. As the need for European peace becomes more urgent, the terror and turmoil of civil war in Ireland become more appalling. On the one hand the Republicans, cunningly organized, fiercely vindictive—on the other, the soldiers and the police, fighting a dogged war under bitter provocation and intolerable conditions. Here then is one of the real tragedies of Europe—the two chief hindrances

to peace removed, and a general desire to settle an age-long controversy, yet a daily embitterment of two peoples who in their hearts wish to dwell together in amity. Is it that English and Irish will never understand each other? Is it not rather that English and Irish have both made mistakes from which it is not easy to escape? Is it not also that England and Ireland are both passing through that phase of irritability and unrest that has stirred up bolshevism in Russia, racial bitterness in Central Europe, and industrial discontent even in so stable and prosperous a country as the United States?

Indeed there seems to have been a conspiracy of evil fortune against an Irish settlement. In 1916 there was the German plot and the miserable Casement incident. Bad blood was stirred to its depths, old and evil hatreds dragged out—the coming of peace put back by years. The horizon cleared, and a Convention was set up to find a settlement. By weak management the Convention failed, and Mr. John Redmond and the Nationalist Party were, through no fault of their own, heavily compromised. A new Parliament was elected with a majority pledged to Irish settlement. Months passed whilst Mr. Lloyd George and the principal ministers were immersed in the making of Continental peace. Unfortunately they had no time to give to the making of Irish peace, and the favorable moment was lost when, at the end of a victorious war England and Ireland, having fought side by side, longed to forget their old quarrels. At last a Home Rule Bill was introduced and a Home Rule Bill that, whatever critics may say, treated Ireland more generously than the bills of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Asquith. But the Government was still concerned with the liquidation of the world war, and the Bill shuffled aimlessly through Parliament; the offer of peace was ignored, the opportunity for wise amendments abandoned. With Mr. Lloyd George in Paris or Spa or San Remo, and Parliament overwhelmed by the problems of military and civil demobilization, it was difficult to prevent the drift.

Meanwhile, whilst events stood still at Westminster, they moved with a rush in Dublin. Day by day Irish nationalism was responding more intensely to the pressure of the nationalist movement that had swept away the anti-national governments of the Continent and re-created those national states of Poland and Czechoslovakia. Everywhere in Europe the sentiment of nationality had been stirred to fever point by the victories of the war, and President Wilson's Fourteen Points. What wonder that Ireland reacted to this wave of feeling and that the cautious compromises of the old Home Rule Nationalists were drowned in the shrill and unhesitating shout of the new Sinn Feiners? The more the Government delayed, the more irritable and dangerous became the new nationalism. The old Home Rulers whose programme had been strictly constitutional, saw the ground cut from under their feet when the Government and the House of Commons refused to satisfy their Parliamentary demand. Sinn Fein with its policy of direct action carried all before it, and Ireland, with the exception of six counties in the North East, drifted into sullen rebellion against British rule.

And so it has come about that for twelve months there has been in progress a war of attrition between the forces of the Crown and the guerilla bands of the Irish Republicans. Both sides have claimed victory, both sides have hurled terrible charges at each other, both sides can claim the support of a large body of public opinion. For though Great Britain unhesitatingly supports the forces of the Crown, it is impossible to deny that sympathy for the rebels is strong upon the Continent, in the United States, and in the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire. Amidst this confusion of tongues and counter claims it is difficult to form a just opinion. If I venture to assess the rival values of the Irish currency, my claim to impartiality must be based upon the fact that I am an Englishman who, whilst sympathizing with Irish aspirations, is identified neither with Ulster nor with the South of Ireland, and that as a

Conservative I may be presumed to give full weight to imperial considerations and the sanctity of law. Looking at Ireland from this point of view, I come to the conclusion that the two sides are in much the same position as were the Allies and the Germans in 1916. Neither army has won and neither army seems likely to win in the near future. At the same time, just as Germany's defeat became ultimately inevitable through the exhaustion of her population and her raw materials, so it is obvious that in a war of attrition, the Irish Republican Army will sooner or later be exterminated by the armed forces of the British Empire. I have also come to the conclusion that the British Government could not abdicate, and that short of abdication it has been impossible to restore law and order without coercion. Unfortunately in Ireland the forces of lawlessness have always been ready to seize every opportunity. Crime, call it religious, agrarian, or political, sweeps over the country in periodical epidemics. The worst of these attacks has gripped Ireland during the last six months. What could the Government do? British public opinion would never have endured abdication, and no government could have lasted a week that allowed murder, robbery, and rebellion to rage unchallenged. The crisis found the forces of the Crown in a critical situation. Demobilization had made the army dependent upon boy recruits, and the Royal Irish Constabulary, the police force of Ireland, was weak in numbers and morale. It was in these circumstances that the Government organized the new police force known as the Auxiliary Division. None but ex-officers were eligible for it, and the term of service was to be for a year. Fifteen hundred ex-officers were enlisted—and enlisted as the circumstances demanded at very short notice. Nine out of ten of them were as brave and honorable officers as those of any British war battalion; but into their ranks there drifted some of the riff-raff of the war. It is these black sheep, now for the most part expelled from the force, that have given a bad name to the unit. Upon the whole—and I have been at some pains

to enquire into their conduct—the Auxiliary Division has, in the face of the grossest misrepresentation, acted efficiently and with no small measure of success. Upon it has fallen the brunt of the guerilla campaign. Mainly as the result of its efforts the Government can point to the break up of the Sinn Fein courts of law, the internment of two thousand officers of the so-called Republican Army, and the fact that all the chief leaders of the extreme movement are in flight or hiding. It is due to the ex-officers of the Auxiliary Division that the Government can claim that its machine has been made more efficient, and that coercion is gradually crushing crime. From the Government's point of view this fact is undeniable. But the Government's is not the only point of view. No one, not even the most sanguine soldier or police officer, believes in his inmost heart that these swifter revolutions of the coercion wheel are producing any permanent result. At its best, coercion will extirpate crime—at its worst, it will encourage it—but in either event it will leave unsolved the political problem. If this fact needed proof, the experience of the last year has gathered up a mass of indisputable evidence. Coercion was unavoidable. The evil trail of crime forced the Government to revert to it. But coercion, whilst inevitable and temporarily successful, has failed; just as it will always fail, to give peace to Ireland. *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

I turn from the forces of the Crown to the Irish Republican Army. In what case do the Republicans stand after a year of war? They, no less than the forces of the Crown, can point to successes. Nationalist Ireland has been made uninhabitable by any but Sinn Feiners. For six months the gunmen have kept up an average of twenty outrages a day against the police, the army, and the local loyalists. The high roads are entrenched, the railways demoralized, private intercourse destroyed. Those Government offices which Sinn Fein has not secretly captured, had to be guarded like beleaguered citadels. The Viceroy is a prisoner behind barred doors and machine guns, Who can deny the

fact that Sinn Fein has succeeded in impeding every wheel of the Government machine? But who can also deny the fact that in spite of this success the Irish Republicans are as far from final victory as ever? By no stretch of the imagination can the defeat of the British forces be contemplated.

It is into this impasse that the Irish problem has been pushed. Neither side can hope to solve it by their present methods, and a war of attrition in which neither army can win, is forcing the country to choose between martial law or anarchy. Is there any means of escape from a dilemma that no sane Irishman can desire to face?

Here again let me set out the problem upon the board of present day facts. The first fact is that Mr. Lloyd George is genuinely anxious for a settlement. Behind him is the House of Commons ready to go to the uttermost length of generous concession. Upon three occasions he has publicly stated his willingness to meet the Sinn Fein leaders in conference, to give all but three of the most notorious murderers a safe conduct, and to discuss without any preliminary conditions the question of peace and settlement. Until the leaders accept this offer, he hesitates to suggest concessions that may be thrown back in his face or repudiated by the Sinn Fein organization.

The second fact is the present Ulster position. Ulster opposition, though its front line has been turned, is none the less a cause of potential danger. Ulster has accepted the Government of Ireland Act and her leaders are prepared to make a success of the Belfast Parliament. But if the Prime Minister goes too far in his concessions to the South, he runs the risk of an Ulster repudiation of her agreement to work the Act. An Ulster repudiation would bring back the problem to the blind-alley of 1914, and would leave the Prime Minister without a Parliament either in Belfast or Dublin. The hard, solid fact of Ulster—a fact that because it has been ignored has destroyed every former effort at settlement—must be kept constantly in mind.

The third fact is that the Government of Ireland Act is passed and is actually in operation. Inadequate as it may be, the Act possesses two advantages over previous Home Rule Bills. It has got around the Ulster veto, and has actually started a system of Home Rule in the North of Ireland—and it is easily capable of wide extension. The foundation of the Act is the very real division between Northern and Southern Irishmen—in other words, the admission that the problem of peace is an Irish problem, and that at present the two races of Irishmen do not agree. To correspond with this real division there is set up a dual system of Home Rule with Parliaments both in Belfast and Dublin. The two Parliaments are, however, not to be regarded as the final expression of Irish dis-union. Their ultimate union is contemplated, and in the meanwhile a liaison body known as the Council of Ireland is set up between them. If the two Irelands unite, the scope of Irish self-government is ipso facto extended. For the time being the two provinces are intrusted with the liberty of action that is conferred upon an average State legislature in the United States. Although the Act does not reach to the furthest point of self-government, it goes a long way and provides an easy road for the full journey.

The fourth fact is the most important of all. From North to South, Irishmen want peace. Nine out of ten of them detest the rule of force and the regime of terrorism that now hold their own country by the throat. The business man of Ulster is losing by the Sinn Fein blockade of Ulster products, just as the business man of the South sees his trade and commerce brought to a stop by military patrols and masked marauders. The Roman Catholic Bishops are horrified at the breakdown of law and at the weakening of religious sanctions. Even the fanatics see that their country is being driven into a terrible abyss. Whether they serve under the orange flag, or the green flag, or the Union Jack, all Irishmen want peace. How can they obtain it?

I suggest that by far the surest road to Irish peace is the Irish road. If Sir James Craig, the Prime Minister of Ulster, and Mr. de Valera, the leader of the Irish Republicans, can come to an agreement, there will be peace—and a swift and lasting peace. That they have already met is a hopeful sign—that they will not meet again seems to me incredible. A year ago a meeting between these two protagonists would have been inconceivable; a year hence it may very likely be regarded as a quite normal incident in the domestic negotiations of the Irish parties. Certainly, as long as there is any chance of Irish peace being achieved by Irish leaders, it is the duty of Englishmen—and I am bold enough to suggest of Americans also—to stand aside and to maintain as far as they can the atmosphere that the negotiations require. From the point of view of the British House of Commons I can say that a great majority of its members would gladly extend the scope of the Home Rule Act in any direction that may help the peacemakers. It is, for instance, a grievance of the Nationalists, and a grievance that in my view is well founded, that whilst the Act gives the proceeds of Irish taxation to the Irish Parliaments, it retains in Westminster the control and administration of taxation. If the grant of full fiscal autonomy will facilitate a settlement, this grievance can easily be remedied by a Parliamentary amendment—and Ireland, even though the gift involves great administrative inconvenience to Great Britain, can receive full control of her own finances. So also with what is called the Imperial Contribution of Ireland to the war debt and the upkeep of the army and the navy. If it be a condition of peace, the British taxpayer, staggering though he is under the heaviest weight of taxation that has ever been known in Europe, will, I believe, be ready to remit the Irish obligation, and to leave it to Irishmen to give or not to give at their own free will, financial help to the burden of the Empire.

Two reservations and two only, does Great Britain demand. The first, that Ireland shall remain part of the

British Empire. To the Americans of the North, who fought their grim battle against Secession, the demand needs no justification. Ireland must remain part of the British Empire, or the British Empire will break up—and if Ireland is to remain part of the British Empire, the conduct of foreign politics and the control of the army and navy must remain in Imperial hands.

The second, that there must be no coercion of Ulster into a system of government that Ulstermen repudiate. Ulstermen have as clear a right to self-determination as their fellow countrymen in the South. No government, Liberal, Labor, or Conservative would dare again to threaten Ulster with coercion. The coercion of Ulster must be altogether excluded from any negotiation. With these sole reservations, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen will fall over each other in their desire to make straight and smooth the path of Irish peace. Be it now, or in six weeks' or six months' time, Great Britain is prepared to expand Home Rule into Dominion autonomy, if peace can be won by generous concession.

In this work of peace the American people can give us invaluable help. For it is the atmosphere that is created, that will make or mar the negotiations. Amidst its complex of races and peoples, the United States have given a prosperous and welcome home to Ireland beyond the seas. The citizens of this overseas community have played a distinguished and influential part in the political life of the country of their adoption. In the present crisis the overseas Irishmen can bring down their great weight upon the side of peace or upon the side of war. May an Englishman, who is doing what he can for Irish nationalism, appeal to them to choose the side of peace, and forgetting the mistakes that drove them across the Atlantic, to help Ireland to make peace with England, and to begin a new era of prosperity in which Nationalist and Ulsterman will work in common accord for the good of their country?

THE LIVING SPIRIT OF FRANCE

By ELIZABETH HAMM



HAVE come back with only my hands for work and my eyes for weeping!"

This was the climax of the story told by a young peasant woman upon returning to her native village in the north of France; a story of loss, suffering and despair that was not unusual in those first months after the armistice.

The tears were never visible, but hands eager for toil were held out for spade, axe, saw, or sewing machine—implements of trade that were as hard to find in the devastated regions as in the middle of a desert. Many times we heard that pathetic word—"Nothing"—"Nothing",—repeated in apathetic acceptance of a cruel fate.

"I have nothing—nothing,"—a withered little grandmother would cry—"Not more than that!" with tip of right forefinger indicating the tip of left forefinger for emphasis. "But, my faith! what would you? This is war! We are starting housekeeping again as best we may.—Is not that a little dent in the side of the frying-pan purchased of the American ladies? I would like to exchange it for one flawless and very solid. One must make one's economies!"

The character of the French peasant, the real *paysan*, whose living is won from the land, is wholly delightful. A stranger who is fortunate enough to live for any considerable period in rural France comes to understand and appreciate the seeming contradiction of his nature. He has the faults of his qualities. He is honest and economical, but "near." He is brave and independent, but distrustful of others. For generations he has ruled sternly and hardly, but proudly

and justly, over his little kingdom of land and farmstead. This has fostered in him an intense individualism, and a patriotism that fires into action at the first threat to his beloved land. To one who knows nothing of his tradition and tenacity of purpose, he may seem to set undue value upon material things. His oak furniture "*bien solide*" is symbolic of the toil and sacrifices of his grandfathers. The chest of linen that will be his daughter's marriage portion is an heirloom in which the family history is interwoven. Imagine your own home built up of things like that, things that cost not money but generations of toil—you who furnish your rooms in any period that takes your fancy—and then imagine it swept away, root and branch, yourself without a single possession, without money, and without the means of spending money were it available; without shops, tools, livestock, or food—in short, "*rien, rien, rien!*" Imagine that the disaster that swept your puny belongings into the scrapheap had at the same time taken the lives of your son and husband, that another child had died of starvation, and that your mother had lost her mind through suffering. Then you too might say—"I have but hands for work, and eyes for weeping!"

The outward aspect of the Department of the Aisne is to-day practically the same as it was in 1918. It takes but one sweep of the hand to knock down a child's tower of cards, and time and patience to build it up again. The farms and schools and churches in the path of war fell like cardboard before the cannon, and ten years, perhaps a generation, must pass before, stone by stone, they can be set upright again. With mines and factories destroyed, building material scarce, and fifty-seven per cent. of France's man-power between eighteen and fifty years of age killed in battle, the wonder is that so much has been accomplished by this indomitable nation. It is the indestructible spirit of France that has survived and that now animates these ruins with new life. Once more Humanity, stripped bare of trappings, is harnessing natural forces to its purposes, making

bricks without straw, and illustrating the supremacy of spirit over matter. That is the renaissance that counts!

"They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
No more the sword they yield;
But, Oh, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!"

The fields of the Aisne live again, spreading their rich brown carpets protectingly about poor little battered villages. In order to accomplish this the farmers have been obliged to set aside their almost sacred individualism and form agricultural syndicates. Under the direction and stimulus of American groups, privileged to share in the rehabilitation of the devastated regions, the group idea has made an entering wedge in the minds of these conservative people. Oddly enough, life in a devastated village soon feels perfectly normal. When the first shock and horror wear away, after a sojourn among ruins, a village right side up looks altogether wrong. Fortunately this has been the reaction of the inhabitants of the region. They become used to the most appalling inconveniences. They reduce their wants to a minimum, living in dugouts, flimsy shanties or abandoned stone quarries, taking up family life uncomplainingly and cheerfully in those surroundings. They marry, they die, they are born. They court, they quarrel, they gossip, and they love. Most of all they *work*!

The village folk are sharply individual. Monsieur le Maire is a person of dignity, who wears a round black straw hat and kid gloves a little long at the finger-ends. He cherishes with one gloved hand an elegant goatee. He loves ceremonial, makes a flowery address, losing no occasion to write letters of gratitude to "les Dames Americaines," whom he addresses as "Fellow citizenesses!" There is also Monsieur le Curé, a person of equal importance, zealous and kindly, followed by the children through the streets, a good soul, simple, if not too clever—who might have sat a hundred times to Vibert. His garden blooms with pansies and for-

get-me-not, and he walks there in gentle seclusion, sighing sometimes when he lifts his eyes to the ruins of his beautiful church, in one cold aisle of which (thanks again to "les dames") he says mass.

There is the Justice of the Peace, an exotic in our tiny village. He lives alone, shrouded in mystery, and wrapped eternally in a full black cloak, like the Flying Dutchman. His grey eyes and Wottan-esque beard are shadowed by an immensely broad black hat. He flits like a ghost every morning to the bakeshop, for even a person of such distinction must eat to live, and he is the awe of every beholder. We are very proud of Monsieur le Juge le Paix, and a grave bow from him in passing is like an accolade.

Monsieur Goriot, the tax collector, is quite the contrary; small, dark, vivacious, immensely intelligent and amusing. "Fougeux"—fiery, the neighbors call him, but he is loved as a sort of father confessor by all, consulted not only upon matters of law, for the family health and domestic difficulties are also brought to his office. A Solomon brought to judgment!

Monsieur Blaugeot is the sportsman of the village, and, before the war, was known as champion archer of the Canton of Coucy, with the proud title of Emperor. He is eighty years old, but his back is strong and his eye is keen, and his arrow still flies straight to the center of the mark. It was a happy day for the canton when the ancient archery pavilions were restored, and this romantic and kingly sport took its place again in the life of the people.

Best loved of all are the farmers, with their hard, seamed faces, shrewd eyes and warm hearts, not so very different from the best type of the New England farmer. The grandmothers too, form an interesting part of village life; they are so sociable and gay, in spite of the hardships through which they have passed. They have come back to spend the last years of their lives in their own country, happier to die in some wretched dugout, than to live anywhere in all the world outside of the Aisne. Dear Madame Derlincourt-

Gloux! How tidy is her tiny dugout, and how she laughs at its inconveniences. She has her garden, too, and here is a rose bush that actually escaped the destruction of the war; and running about are six chickens, a lively pair of rabbits, and a nanny goat—this last her greatest joy in life. Are these not riches?

"It is gay to see the little chickens running about," she says. "I call this my little palace, Madame!" ("Mon chot palais"). She is a brave old queen in a little palace of courage.

The very old and the very young are, alas! in the majority in our village, but even the children of twelve and thirteen years of age are hard at work and looking forward to happier days. The peasant of France is doing his utmost to face life anew and to build up that which was so ruthlessly torn down. The Government of France is also doing its utmost to help its people.

They look with touching confidence to America for continued sympathy and support.

The gratitude and love of these people is out of all proportion to our aid, and who like the French know how to give gracious expression to delicate sentiment? On last Thanksgiving Day the mayor of the Village of Anizy, a village which is situated on the edge of the Chemin des Dames, and of which barely an outline remains, sent the following message to American friends:

"A star of the American flag has become detached and is fixed above the Aisne.—By its light we live!"

DAFFODILS

By MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

Gray mourning skies, weird winds and cold,
The world and I are sad and old—
When lo; a gleam of green and gold,
And daffodils bloom by my door.
The world and I are young once more.

NOVELS THAT LAST

By JOSEPH HAMBLÉN SEARS

READING has been a varied procedure for many years. It has leaped into prominence when other occupations failed. It has been vital in times of illness. It has disappeared altogether when there seemed to be great importance in doing something. When this necessity for doing something was going strong, when opening letters and answering them each morning in an electrically lighted office was necessary if the commercial world was to continue, reading was another way of saying wasted time. So much could be accomplished in other ways—in dining, in bridging, in theatreing, in baseballing.

After all the Bible and the insurance agent agree that it is possible to hold on to this life for only seventy years, and given that full span there are only eight hundred and forty months, or twenty-five thousand five hundred and fifty days, or six hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred hours, or thirty-six million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand minutes altogether. Counting out the foolish years of youth—which were gone anyway—the limit was distinct and appalling. To sit in a railway station, for example, and wait fifteen minutes for a train at the age of forty was dreadful. Nearly 1/17,500th of what was left had gone because some official—probably the president—had tried to acquire more wealth by saving on repairs, so that now the engineer could not get up steam in his worn-out engine. Only seventeen thousand four hundred and ninety-nine more such delays and the ghost must be given up for all the immense time that was left until eternity should come to an end. Even Sir Oliver Lodge only gives us twenty million years on this earth, and that is but a short time after all.

Under such circumstances to read—to sit still and glance

over a white page dotted with hieroglyphics invented by people who lived in a desert and had nothing else to do—was fatuous when so many things like making money and spending it were possible in the same time.

Then when something went wrong with the internal economy and the head of the house diagnosed the case as liver gone on a vacation, resulting in irritability and impossible-to-live-with-ness, there resulted a day in bed and another in a chair with chicken broth and toast on a tray. Here was $1/5,475$ th of the remaining span gone where the good niggers go. Only a few more such cases and the end of the chapter would be at hand. Thereupon the cold perspiration would burst forth, and it became necessary to think of something else at once. At such times reading sprang into life again and seemed to have some excuse for existence, since it was merely using up time that was already lost.

In these periods of enforced idleness, which grew more frequent as opportunity for their repetition decreased and the wearing out of the internal tissue lent a more friendly ear to their demands—in these periods the desire for reading took the form of fiction. There was a wish to forget the day in bed; and the hair-raising plots did the trick admirably. Those situations which all human beings like to imagine and never experience—the escapes, the combats, the chase of the chaste ladies—at least served as a palatable sauce for the broth and the toast; and it was much easier to forget for the moment that another $1/5,475$ th of life was slipping away.

As time went on and one well-conceived plot after another passed in review there gradually developed a tendency to turn back to Dumas' *Three Musketeers* and its two sequels. When the necessity for a change of thought arose, a momentary review of what was new and what was old in fiction led most often to the taking up of the old story of the kings of France. The pages seemed always to contain something new and worthwhile. "Oh, Alexander! Such feasts of Lucullus as you give us—such prodigality!" said

Thackeray. Where in all the range of literature is there so much to be had? In the evenings when the trials of a day or many days culminate, in the nights when the sheets are twisted into unrecognizable lumps and wrinkles, when the rumpus in the office, or the question of the reckoning at the end of the month, tend to twist not only the sheets but the mental thing tossing about upon them as well, the longing grows to take down the two-handed sword from the wall, to buckle on the great pistols and ride forth upon the open road to London with the calm Athos, the faithful Porthos, with Aramis and D'Artagnan, and bring back the diamonds that saved the good name of a queen. Sitting in the chair, gazing at the broth and toast, what a relief it is to march forth with the "Four" to the bastion of St. Gervais, and, while demolishing innumerable enemies, eat lunch consisting of the viands of fiction and the wine of Anjou, and bring back the napkin that the King ordered stamped with a *fleur de lis* because the valor of the men who waved it in action had made it into a flag!

So that as time went on a great affection arose for these men, because they have done so much to make the world pleasant and vigorous and happy. Again and again the choice turned to them in time of trouble, and they, more than all others in the big list of our day satisfied and accomplished the seemingly impossible. When it was over, the next start was made easier and there was a new view of what must be done, a spirit of battle with the pistols and broad-swords best adapted to commercial, or financial, or mental warfare. If, in few weeks, another impossible problem arose, there on the table, ready at hand, lay the four swashbuckler youths of France who encountered all sorts of impossible problems and never threw up the sponge. If the great Minister of Louis XIII could be outwitted by D'Artagnan, why not the bill collector by Smith? If Athos could keep perfectly calm when attacked by a dozen brigands, why should Jones lose his nerve when the boss gave him the blue envelope?

One day, when the problem was more difficult or the time longer, there came a change. Something besides the soldiers of the King was necessary. It would be difficult to give the exact reason. They were just as splendid as ever. Perhaps a hint that they never lived may have had something to do with it. But in any case there came a yearning for something real: and a suggestion from other reading, or from another reader, brought forth from a dusty shelf Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It was a recollection of the college campus, and had something disagreeable connected with it. It had been a "required reading" in those days, and the beginning was doubtful. Then, because the book was so long that there was no possibility of finishing it immediately, it came to be a companion of the lamp and spectacles on the table by the bed. And so began that amazing review of the world for more than a thousand years, every page filled with episodes and histories and stories that no inventive mind of the novelist can ever excel in variety or strangeness, in beauty or horror or magnificence.

Poor old Gibbon! He grew so fat sitting in his house in Lucerne writing his history that when he finally struggled to his feet and travelled to London it was too much for him, and he died. He loved to drink madeira and eat unwholesome things, just like his emperors of old and his reader of to-day. But, unlike either of these, before he died he finished his work. And now, pretty nearly a hundred and fifty years later, almost every page glistens with sentences as fresh, as contemporary, as new as they were then. Many a follower has tried to improve upon him. None have succeeded.

He never takes it for granted that you know anything about his subject. He always tells the story first and then lets his keen, half cynical, wholly human mind play with it. There in the old volumes of history are innumerable bits of humor and many a wise comment that fit our day as well as his or that of Imperial Rome.

You read a little to-night and a few days later, forgetting where you left off, begin again and read the whole portion a second and a third time, invariably finding something new. It is an ever-changing panorama of armies and emperors, of poverty and purple, of pomp and ceremony filled with some of the greatest and some of the meanest human beings that ever trod this earth. It is an ever-illuminating story of what religious faith has done to this strange world, wherein people by the hundreds of thousands died rather than give up their beliefs, wherein hundreds of thousands fell upon one another and gouged out one another's eyes and tore each other limb from limb for a hundred years, because of a preposition in the Creed. There, too, is the story of the six hundred thousand souls who left their homes and families and walked through Germany and Austria and Thrace, crossed the Hellespont and wandered down the eastern end of the Mediterranean for an idea, dying by thousands from exhaustion along the way, or from the strange heat and the unsanitary life near the Holy Sepulchre, if they succeeded in getting as far as Jerusalem.

There are so many things in these vigorous pages to apply to our own times, so much philosophy, so many examples of bravery and cowardice—all so modern and so human! There was old Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, who resigned his office and went into private life at the height of his power. When they begged him to return and assume the purple again he declined and said: "If you could see the cabbages I have planted with my own hands at Salona you would not ask me to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power." What a comforting thought for those of us who cannot rule! What a suggestion to some of our great ones who might succeed so much better with the work of cabbages than of kings!

There was Artaxerxes, who, after a somewhat active life in politics over the greater part of Asia, said: "The authority of the Prince must be defended by a military force; that force can only be maintained by taxes; all taxes, at last,

must fall upon agriculture; and agriculture can never flourish except under the protection of justice and moderation." That belief, given out one thousand six hundred and eighty years ago, has a very vital ring to it to-day. Apply it, with *government* put in place of *prince*, to our own country and see if it is not reasonably sound and modern, in spite of the mould of centuries that hangs about it. Do not our statesmen tell the farmers every day that all depends upon them, that they must and shall have justice and moderation, and that taxes only at the very last shall be laid upon them?

Speaking of the early Roman emperors, Gibbon says: "They preserved peace by a constant preparation for war." There seems to be a familiar sound here. Our pacifists cite the fall of the German Empire because of this theory. Our Roosevelts quote it from George Washington as the only policy for us in the future. And our younger statesmen give it out as something quite new that has at that moment sprung from the fountain of their wisdom. It was a practice seventeen and eighteen centuries ago, and to-day our orators solemnly advance it as one of the new ideas hot from their political griddles.

When there is a little weakening in our faith in business associates, when the prospect of success is somewhat hazy because of its remoteness and it is so easy to lose courage, there comes a twist in the right direction from a re-reading of the story of Belisarius. There was Justinian, Emperor of pretty much all the world. Here was his wife, Theodora, who had been a street-walker all her youth and was now the Empress of the world, still keeping up her original profession with amazing gusto, though Justinian never once doubted her or lost faith in her. And serving them both was Belisarius, one of the greatest generals of all time, who reconquered Africa and Italy and everything else without armies, or ammunition, or money. After one of his victories, when he had recaptured the city of Rome with a handful of men, he wrote to the Emperor: "If you wish that we should live, send us subsistence; if you desire that we should con-

quer, send us arms, horses and men. The Romans have received us as friends and deliverers, but in our present distress they will be either betrayed by their confidence, or we shall be oppressed by their treachery and hatred. For myself, my life is consecrated to your service. It is yours to reflect whether my death in this situation will contribute to the glory and prosperity of your reign." Here was a fighter who won battles against odds, who made bricks without straw, who was sent off against hundreds of thousands with only thousands — sometimes only hundreds — and who brought back the victory each time. And then when he came home to Constantinople after his campaigns he found his wife Antonia mixed up with another man, plotting his own death in company with Theodora. He was thrust into a dungeon on an imaginary charge and his friends thought that when he escaped he would cast off Antonia. But they were all mistaken. He forgave his wife and took her again to his bosom, "And," as Gibbon, the philosopher, says, "the unconquerable patience and loyalty of Belisarius appear either below or above the character of a man."

This is not fiction. This is the history of a part of the world a little over fourteen hundred years ago. Close the volume and take up a newspaper of the hour, give up the names Emperor and Empress and General and substitute Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and you read the same story. But to-day Mr. Brown runs to the divorce court. That is the difference between Brown and Belisarius. That is the difference between our midnight worries and the unconquerable patience and loyalty of a great fighter. Such reading cannot fail to help the weak ones of to-day to go at it and try again, since the strong ones of yesterday did it, and all of us—ancient and modern—are human.

So, as in the case of the musketeers, after a try at something else there is a return to the Roman Decline; and gradually the lamp and the spectacles on the table have only two companions—Mr. Dumas and Mr. Gibbon. Did one ever read the other, or would Gibbon have read Dumas if the

dates had been reversed? Possibly. But in any case, the third person—the one who can never approach either of them—reads them both with equal joy and benefit. And as time goes on the minutes spent in waiting for trains, or worrying about the troublesome affairs of the personal day, do not seem to be quite so wasted. The failures and disappointments are wrinkles that are partially smoothed out by these two men. All the pomp of the greatest empire the world has ever known has disappeared, yet Athos and D'Arctagnan, Belisarius and Stilicho go on living.

If there is somewhere near the table and the two books a wood fire and a flower garden, there is not much else which is vitally necessary. One fireplace, if it draws well, is all that can be used; one flower garden, if it is pretty and intimate, is enough; one novel and one history, if they are the best, will do; but all four are necessary.

When it is warm there can be no fire; but then there is the garden. When the different colored blossoms are frozen the fire is at hand. So when it is too serious a time for Dumas there is always the story of Gibbon, and when there is only irritation and fretting there is the history of the musketeers. They are not the end and aim of life. Nobody is quite sure what that is. It is of course certain that each one must have his career, his profession, his business. Otherwise he is only an encumbrance upon the earth and wearisome in the extreme to himself and all the rest of the world. These four companions help the business of life along, whatever that business is. They assist in the turning of corners. They keep an equilibrium when the ship begins to rock in a storm. They do not take the place of anything. They fill out the day given to man which is never really filled without them.

Perhaps seventy years is a short period among the Stone and Iron and other ages. It does not amount to much in the twenty million years which the scientists give us; but neither do these millions amount to very much to him who has a full seventy of sanity. And the least that can be said of the four companions is that they will keep us sane.

FAITH IN PRAYER

By JOHN H. FINLEY

WHEN in England I read a compendious book of essays on the power of prayer written in competition for prizes offered by the Walker Trust—of Scotland, I think. The competitors represented many parts of the world—from America to India—and many creeds. But today I have seen even more effectively and practically illustrated than in these essays, out in the prairie villages of Poland, a faith in the power of prayer to do “more things than this world dreams of.”

An American who was in Warsaw on the Sunday in August, last year, when the Bolsheviks were nearest to the city and were finally turned back, writing to America a few days later, said:

“Do not let anyone persuade you that the days of miracles are past or that there is no longer belief in the efficacy of prayer.”

On that critical day when it seemed that nothing could humanly avail to avert the capture of Warsaw by the Bolsheviks, all the devout men and women who could not dig or fight in the trenches, a few kilometers away, were in the streets, the churches, or their homes, praying. And the miracle was wrought!

But it is not only in times of dire extremity that these people give proof of their faith. I have today passed through several villages in a rich farming district of Poland, fifty miles from Warsaw, and as I neared each one of these villages I saw men, women, and children walking on the main road or coming by lanes or even by paths across the level fields toward the church. In this particular district,

the peasants wear a distinctive costume: the women and children one of brilliant orange homespun skirts and capes, sometimes with aprons of blue or purple and bodices of brilliant green, and innumerable beads; the men, one of long white homespun coats or of short black broadcloth coats with orange breeches. These people are not touched by the passing fashions of the day; they respect the local sanctions of the long past, and find their interest in the universal only through their religion.

In the great enclosed yard around the church, the women sat on the grass and put on their stockings and modern shoes—the latter their only concession to modernity—which they had carried from their homes; and the mothers arranged the coiffures of their children. Meanwhile, the men stood apart at a respectful distance, as solemn as a group of dour Scotch Presbyterians or New England Puritans in early days.

Then a procession approached from the village with consecrated banners and emblems. It was for Upper Silesia that they were praying this day especially, I was told. Their country's interests were as naturally a part of their prayers as was their daily bread—as was everything that touched their lives. Many knelt at a special shrine before entering the church. But soon the church itself was filled with the kneeling congregation of orange and white which began an antiphonal service in simple shrill song even before the priest arrived. I have never seen a more beautiful or worshipful sight within a church. The whole place seemed illumined with an aurate light (for the dominating brilliant orange was softened to gold) taking its color, not from an ornate altar, but from the golden garments and uplifted faces of these simple folk in prayer.

There was a pause in the services at midday; the men, the women, the boys, and the girls visiting quietly and sedately in separate groups outside the church. Then the service was resumed and carried on through vespers, the people continuing it again, during a part of the afternoon, without the leading of a priest at the altar.

The whole scene, in the midst of the spring that was covering Poland's black fields with the first blossoms of its new freedom and its new hope, was the best possible illustration of Tennyson's line in "Morte d' Arthur" which likens the prayers of the world to "golden chains about the feet of God." It seemed indeed a chain of gold that stretched along the road and across the level fields of Poland from the church toward the horizon this May afternoon.

Warsaw, Poland, May 15, 1921.

ADVENTURE

By MARGUERITE WILKINSON

If the luck change to-morrow,
Our sun may be seen
Purple, fantastic,
In a wide sky of green;
Or waves, flowing outward
Away from the shore
May bring us no music
To fear and adore.

Our bodies may be broken
As stones are in quarries,
Our thoughts ground fine
As grain in the mill
By the passing of hours,
Since Fate never tarries
For the heat of the heart
Or the flint of the will.

The day may be filled
With impossible things—
Saints without haloes,
Angels without wings—
O my spirit, be ready
For the hazard, the mirth—
Who can tell the path
Of the turning earth?

THE MISTAKES OF DR. EINSTEIN

By SYDNEY T. SKIDMORE

WE begin this essay by saying that Einsteinism is an erudite elaboration of sophistry and is closely akin to, if indeed it does not spring from, the same root as classic sophistry. The tap root of that system of philosophy developed in the fifth century before the Christian era, and consisted in a denial of the existence of objective truth. Its thought and attitude can only become intelligible from a presentation of what "objective truth" is, and for this, a little tax must be imposed on the reader's patience.

Its definition is simple enough. It consists of, and includes, the being of all created things and their relativities. It is objective because its essence is independent of subjective thinking which can apprehend it in part—can pick up pebbles of it from an ocean strand—and assemble what is gathered as knowledge. Since it inheres in the essence of created things it is coinstant with their creation.

Creation is originate; and all created things must have a beginning. The first creative act necessitated a "where" for its occurrence, and that where has existed ever since as a changeless objective truth. Each creative act likewise necessitated a where, and the aggregate of all wheres, or whereness, constitutes a changeless, undistortable, frame of objective truth to which the term Space has been applied. Objective truth or "isness" pertains to the wheres or loci in space, and since the loci are fixed, it also pertains to the changeless relations of loci.

The first creative act not only required a where, it also required a when—an instant—for its occurrence. Each creative act likewise required an instant, and the aggregate

of all whens or whenness, constitutes another frame of objective truth, to which the term Time has been applied. Unlike loci, instants are not simultaneous, they are sequential, and their objective truth pertains to a procession rather than to a distribution.

In each creative event, therefore, three orders of objective truth are present, viz., cause, locus and instant. Since history is composed of events, and experience is concerned with them, the foregoing analysis may serve to show what the nature of objective truth is, and also that the objective truths, cause, space and time, supply and equip the generative arena of events, i.e., of physical phenomena.

Objective truths are presented in every fact and may be apprehended in all phenomena. They are not thoughts but they are thinkables, and are cognized by each mind according to its scope. Now, because the Eleatics failed to formulate it or define it as an abstract oneness, the Sophists denied that it had any existence whatever.

Since abstraction plays an important part in this discussion it must receive some attention. Abstraction consists in withdrawing attributes, or qualities, from their home correlates in nature, and installing them in a psychical abode for mental contemplation. As the word stands it means the separation of something from something; but never a separation of something from nothing. Inception is usually the word for that. There must always be a residue from which the final abstraction is made. The relativity of attributes in and with a thing, although they are mentally withdrawn, is still codestructible only with the thing itself. An abstraction of qualities does not annihilate the residue; nor can a sound philosophy be constructed from the relativities of attributes alone, with the residue ignored. We give the following statement prodigious emphasis because it is so much involved in the reasoning farther on.

No amount of abstraction can resolve a thing to a philosophical nullity nor psychalize it into nonexistence. The residue with its relativities still persists as objective truth.

The relativities of abstractions by themselves are subjective, mental, and may be correct, but are usually incorrect owing to the imperfection of mental action. True science is a developed knowledge of what *is* as revealed by discovery in wide open objectivity, and false or pseudo science is a knowledge of what *seems to be* as revealed by apprehendings in the inclusions of subjective recesses.

Since the Sophists denied the existence of objective truth they could not make it an objective goal of human endeavor. They must by necessity adopt a subjective goal, such as excellence, success, or victory. Truth, with them, was inherent in triumph. Whatever prevailed was true and true because it prevailed and truth had no other significance. It is easy to understand how such a philosophy as that should become reduced by human ambition, selfishness, and deceit, to the direct degradation. The success most esteemed by the Greeks was victory in debate, and after two centuries, Sophistry became such a system of thin verbal trickery that it fell into disrepute, and a stigmatum attached to its name.

Wherever the supreme goal of endeavor has been placed in things other than debate; and smartness of any kind has been substituted for objective truth, as an end anywhere, sophistry works the same degradation. While it appears to be always present as an inseparable corrupter, there have been some well marked epochs in which it acquired such dominance as to shape legislation and thinking and openly display its fruits. This occurred in the ancient sophistry of Greece as such; in medieval sophistry as Scholasticism; and in modern sophistry as Commercialism, Pragmatism, and Education. In war and politics it appears respectable as Strategy. In commercialism, somewhat less so as shrewdness; while in pragmatism and education it often wears the mask of efficiency.

Objective truths are distant and gloriously free. Subjective truths are stifled in mentality and subordinate to the ends of victorious achievement. Apprehendings of objective truths are obtained from objective things and, if incorrect,

they may be checked up and corrected by reference to the things. Apprehendings of subjective truths are mental constructions, apart from things, and uncorrectable since subjectivity is not apt to correct itself. If they are crazed by mental inaccuracy the relativities of such truths are incurably queered likewise.

This presentation of sophistry as a system of thought, seems necessary to establish, by comparison, the validity of the statement made in the beginning of this essay; for we shall try to show that Einsteinism is sophistry, both in its nature, and in its dialectic construction.

It is purely subjective and Protagorean in that it ignores the objective truth of all steadfastness, and all relativity of steadfastness in general being.

There are two orders of relativity; that of the steadfast with changeables; and that of changeables with each other. Einstein relativity is exclusively of the second order. We are not aware that Einstein anywhere formally denies the existence of steadfastness as objective truth, but since it cannot be psychalized he everywhere ignores it, and all arguments for Einstein relativity are based on its non-existence; and it is Einstein relativity, with its astounding pretensions, that we are criticising.

The primary positional steadfasts in nature are the loci (points) in space. The earth and all things in it move, but space units do not. All things in the earth have a first order relativity with the points of space, and a first or second order with each other according as their motions are alike or unlike each other. Now because the points of space are ultra to experience, imperceptible and unsubjective, together with their relativities, their being is summarily denied by sophists and ignored by Einsteinism; and all semblance of steadfastness, like that of car seats in a moving car, or houses on a moving earth, have no steadfast relativity with anything; it is only subjective thinking.

Einsteinism claims to open a vast extension of physics but, if adopted and followed, it would tend to a collapse of

physics because it works from a psychological rather than from a physical basis. The two are in reversion. Physics stimulates discovery by trailing the scent of objective truths occluded in the unknown. Einsteinism represses discovery by holding truth corralled within subjectivity. Even Space and Time, the fundamental containers of those objective truths which physicists are continually transferring from the unknown to the known, are said to be "devoid of the last vestige of physical objectivity." (Schlick, pages 53, 76. Eddington, page 34).*

Physical relativities are of the first order; Einstein relativities are of the second order and pertain to the relations of fluxing events as they are observed. Words such as cause, potential, and force, which are leaders in physics are of rare occurrence in Einstein literature and when used are slipped in edgewise. The relativity of physical effects with their causes is slightly discussed, but the relativity of mental states induced in observers when differently conditioned abounds, and forms the body of argument, and the plenitude of discussion.

Another citation, which shows how completely truth is restricted to the realm of subjective apprehendency, appears in the interpretations given to the Michelson and Morley experiment.

Those investigators truly assumed that if a non-viscous static aether existed, an aether wind opposite to the earth's motion must blow through the moving earth; and that the velocity of light would be different when moving against this wind, than when moving at right angles with it. A very delicate and crucial experiment showed that the earth's motion had no effect whatever on the velocity of light. Now what? Something must be wrong, either with the aether belief, or with the motion of light; and the mathematicians proceeded to explain it, as they usually do, by tinkering at

* We shall quote in this paper from Schlick's "Space and Time", and from Eddington's "Space, Time and Gravitation", because both these books are recognized as authoritative in Einstein literature and they are somewhat more definite and explicit than Einstein's own writing.

space and time. Fitzgerald and Lorenz devised that everything in the line of motion transforms and contracts, and so increased time was exactly compensated by shortened distance, and the velocity of light, as shown by simultaneous arrival, was apparently unchanged.

This saved a clumsily apprehended aether belief from Michelson and Morley extinction; but Einstein proposed a different explanation. Quite indifferent to the fate of current aether belief, he found the difficulty lurking in the relativities of motion. All things, relatively at rest in a system, maintain that relativity whether the system, as a whole, is moving or not. The motion of a system, moving relatively with objects external to it, has zero effect on the relativity of things within it. The relative direction of city streets abides when their direction from the sun changes continually. Street cars run a mile east in the same time as when running north, although the earth rushes westward one thousand one hundred miles per minute, and northward not at all. The interferometer, mirrors, and source of light, in the Michelson experiment, were all in the same Earth system and therefore the light moved between them through equal distances in equal times, whatever the direction might be. This neither proves nor disproves the existence of an aether, but it does show that if an aether exist it is of such a character that currents and whirls in it do not perceptibly affect the velocity of light. It is not an externality by which the relativity of light movement with it can be sensibly apprehended. Now, because a static aether of a particular character does not exist, the reasoning dialectically pussy-foots into an assumption that there is neither aether nor staticity. The aether is of small consequence in the case, but it is essential to Einstein relativity to put out of existence the principle of staticity as an objective truth and the ultimate physical reference basis of all motion.

Whatever may be true in metaphysics it is certainly true, that in physics such a principle does and must exist, as a physical necessity. A bird does not take the air along with it

in flight; a ship does not take the ocean with it in sailing; a moving car does not take the ties of the road bed with it, and no moving thing takes space with it. Air, ocean, and ties have a static relativity with the moving objects mentioned. Whatever moves has changing relations with everything that does not move precisely as it does; and static relations with everything that does: but a truce to such platitudes. Space contains all moving things which therefore have a shifting relativity with it, because it does not move like them. It is the physical ultimate of staticity since nothing physical exists external to it to which its motion can be referred.

The changing relativity of things with the points of space or instants of time is of the first order (primary) and all changing relativity of things with each other is of the second order (casual).

Einstein relativity is exclusively of the second order. The expounders of it deny that there is any other, and back up the denial by ignoring the staticity of space; but this they cannot do without postulating something in metaphysics external to space which does not move as space does; and this they cannot do; so, to abolish its staticity, they must abolish space itself and replace it by a subjective creation.

Staticity must be removed from the space world to permit the entrance of Einstein curios and non-Euclidian queers. While it abides lineality abides. Forms in space are outlined in it by moveless points, and are differentiated from it just as an island boundary is different from the surrounding ocean. Points of space are located by rectilinear coordinates, and all other coordinates whether Gaussian, polar, or zigzag, only serve to locate places on the surface of a form in space, like the longitude and latitude circles on the surface of a terrestrial globe. They do not locate points of space; they merely locate points with reference to other points on the surface of a form in space. Hence arises the non-Euclidian sophistry of spherics, or elliptical space,

and the Einstein sophistry of space curved and twisted around material bodies, like a swaddling striate aura, and the further sophistry that bodies moving through such space are impelled by inertia along curved rather than straight lines in accordance with a "Principle of Least Action" that the longest way round is the shortest way home, because straight lines would lead across curving hurdles (Eddington, page 105).

Space as such has no form whatever. It is neither curved, flat, nor otherwise. The pure forms of things (the abstract residues) are defined in space by the fixed relativity of its moveless points. This statement squarely contradicts Einsteinism. It is based on logical inferences in objective creation, while its antithesis is grown from subjective apprehendings of shifting things. Whichever is truth, the other is devoid of truth and the choice is yours.

Staticity has been discussed at some length because it illustrates the attitude of Einstein relativity towards all objective truth. Because such truths, when postulated are imperceptible and make no psychic impression, words sophistically used present them as unreals, and cause them to appear as "ambiguities and unnecessary thought elements", (Schlick, page 5) which should be thrown aside as meaningless and obstructive to a path that leads not to truth but to victory; not to amendment and improvement by new tributes of knowledge; but to a revolution of fundamental concepts which throws down an older and erects a new intellectual throne.

This revolution (when achieved) is a promise of something which will cause Newton and Copernicus to seem like infantile prattlers; "inasmuch as the deepest foundations of our knowledge concerning physical nature have to be remodeled much more radically than after the discovery of Copernicus." (Schlick, page 5.)

The signs of such an approaching revolution at present are not very auspicious. While one out of twenty, or possibly fifty, of savants are filling the world with a sounding

applause of it, all the rest are waiting, silent, dubious, and withholding allegiance. Still it may come; for the human world delights in sophistry and dotes on truths of its own creation. Impressionism which is so powerful in Art may also yet prevail in Philosophy.

That Einsteinism presents a revel in such truths is made evident by Eddington in Chapter XII: "The conclusion is that the whole of those laws of nature which have been woven into a unified scheme—mechanics, optics, gravitation, electro-dynamics—have their origin not in any special mechanism of nature but in the workings of the mind."

"Give me matter and motion," said Descartes, "and I will construct the universe." "The mind reverses this," says Einstein. "Give me a world in which there are relations, and I will construct matter and motion." The world thus is what it is conceived to be; is what we think it is. That is precisely what Descartes and Einstein each professed to do. Both are subjectivists—sophists. One would replace the objective truths of real relations, by such queered relations as he could mentally construct from observed things, and the other would replace the objective truths of real things, by such queered things as he could mentally construct from observed relations. Both alike substitute their psychical apprehending of nature's content, for the content itself, and then call it truth.

Recent writings in current literature suggest that many inquiries are baffled in attempts to comprehend Einsteinism. They read about it and think there must be something in it, and so there is, but it is a something not included in their somethingness. It is shapen from non-Euclidian, or what is sometimes termed meta, geometry. This consists entirely of mental constructions that are purely subjective and correspond to nothing in nature. In fact it prides itself on a disbelief or at least a disregard of the existence of objective truth, and boasts that "mathematicians are never so happy as when talking about something of which they know nothing." (Eddington, page 14.) Really it is no geometry at

all, for it measures nothing and disallows all mental standards. It is a fantastic jazz of mathematical symbols, devoid of quanta, in a dance hall, floored by a parquetry of ifs, supposings, and assumptions.

The attitude of Einsteinism toward physics, and the fate of physics by occlusion in this thing, misnamed geometry, is well stated by Eddington (page 183). "As the geometry becomes more complex, the physics becomes simpler, until it finally almost appears that the physics has been absorbed into the geometry." While parading the attractive banner of a "New Physics" or a "New Philosophy," Einsteinism is really nothing but a special chapter in psychology, which is offered as a new style of incubator for hatching nature's eggs.

In popular discussion two things are mixed up in Einsteinism as if they belonged to it, but they do not. One of these is the prediction that space and time will have an end. This is nothing new. It is a philosophical deduct of long standing that whatever has a beginning is finite, and must have a boundary and an ending; and that space and time which began with creation will cease to be when created things become non-existent. The other is a scientific derivative from the electronic theory, and preceded Einstein by a number of years. That theory changed the definition of mass from "quantity of matter" in a body to "quantity of force" in a body. The matter in a body is its mass or force in statu; the motion of a body is its mass or force in motu. Matter and motion together constitute the mass of a body and each is force with a modal difference. Mass and inertia are one and the same thing to which different names are given when differently apprehended.

This was all worked out physically before the time of Einstein and is no part of Einsteinism. If wonderful, it is a wonder of physical discovery and not a marvel of psychical geometry.

A peculiar feature of Einsteinism is that the crux of its doctrines is deeply submerged in mathematical obscurity.

If one asks for proof he is told that it lies in mathematical profundities, quite beyond the reach of anyone other than an adept; and the unintelligible character of Einstein literature fully sustains the statement. Now the English language, with its rich vocabulary, direct idiom, and classic verbal quarries, is quite capable of expressing anything that has a meaning, and of rounding out the proof of any statement that admits proof. To understanding it is a wide open Bible; and cloistered secrets doled out by initiates for aweing the credulous are unnecessary. Proofs that vest in mathematical cryptograms are dubious. Mathematicians choose their own assumptions and, according to the assumption taken, they can prove that truth is truth; or falsehood is falsehood, or truth is falsehood, or falsehood is truth, with equal facility. Mathematics supplied cranks, cycles, and epicycles to Ptolemaic astronomy just as readily as it supplied ellipses, parabolas, and hyperbolas to Copernican. Cryptogramists follow rules of interpretation and have but slight regard for rules of philosophic sense.

A mathematician can only be trusted as far as he can be seen, or objectively checked up. Unlike space but quite like that of a political conscience, the mathematic psychology warps and twists in quaintest fashion to attain an end when left to its own devices. According to Einstein device, Space and Time are inseparable from matter. "Space and Time determinations will henceforth be inseparably connected with matter and will have meaning only when connected with it." (Schlick, page 4.) "Time and Space can be dissociated from matter only by abstraction, i.e., mentally; the combination or oneness of space, time, and things is alone reality; each by itself is an abstraction" (a mental figment). (Schlick, page 6.) "In this way Space and Time are deprived of the last vestige of physical objectivity, to use Einstein's words." (Schlick, page 53.) "Exactly so; Space is an abstraction of the extensional relations of matter." (Edgington, page 8.) What matter has extensional relations with, is not stated; if it be with other matter, the thing that

sustains the relationship is not stated; and you may find out if you can, but not from Einsteinism.

Since Space and Time as thus stated are mental investitures of matter, a bunch of it when moving must either take its space and time along with it as personal property, like clothes, color, or shape; or else find it as a place endowment wherever it goes. We would much like to know whether space is regarded as the mental baggage of traveling matter, or is an omnipresent mental continuum which forms a "oneness" with matter wherever the matter happens to be. We are not told which it is because that would resolve a psychologic mystery that can be handily employed in discussion. It is sometimes convenient to take it one way and sometimes the other.

The matter in other stars is assumed to be rather similar to that of the earth; but it is bunched together quite differently; and that would create different kinds of space and time. That presents no difficulty, however, because "there are different kinds of possible space to choose from, no one of which can be regarded more likely than any other." (Eddington, page 15.) The difficulty becomes serious, however, if it be true that space and time are purely mental determinations. Indeed it becomes an open question whether or not the stars have any space or time worth mentioning. Our mental determination of Arcturian space is restricted to a point; and unless there be a developed mentality in Arcturus, or somewhere else, the poor star has no space other than a point, and no time other than what is marked by star drift. Moreover, if there be any system of physics in Arcturus, it must be quite different from ours, unless the Arcturians have minds like ours, for, according to Eddington, as previously quoted, "the laws of nature . . . have their origin, not in any special mechanism of nature, but in the workings of the mind."

The vice of Einsteinism is that it transfers sense deception from ordinary things which check it up, to space, time,

motion, and energy, which do not check it up, because their nature is ultra to experience.

From a puny bunch of relativity as psychologically impressed on differently conditioned observers, a mathematical explosive has been prepared for deranging established foundations of thought. A petty scheme of psychalized relativity is given as interpretative of a grand world universe filled with objective relativities that have not as yet been psychalized. Its nature is purely subjective and sophistical.—
Q. E. D.

SOMEWHERE TONIGHT

On hearing the Evening Bells at Westport-on-Lake Champlain


By JEANNETTE MARKS

Somewhere I have heard bells
Mellow as the moon :
Somewhere they hung and swung,
With slender sound they rose
Tiptoe with hunger for the sky,
Star-pointed with the light of dream ;
Somewhere those eager bells whispered of love—
That was another day,
And we were gay!

And now this withered sound's farewell
Swinging like tethered rhyme,
Slow-moving, pendulous,
A sigh upon the water's breast,
A cloud within the sky!
Never for us, Beloved,
Yet somewhere the moon shines and is bright—
Somewhere tonight!

THE GRAIN EXCHANGES

By EDWARD JEROME DIES

RGANIZED farmers and the American grain trade are locked in the most dramatic struggle in agricultural history. At stake is the nation's grain marketing machinery, built up at a cost of billions of dollars over a period of seventy-three years. Complete junking of this huge food distributing machine, business and financial leaders say, ultimately may rest upon court decisions as to the soundness of new laws.

In the event of the exchanges being destroyed by what is characterized as oppressive restrictions, the giant program of the American Farm Bureau Federation would be put to an immediate test. This program, which contemplates the marketing of the farmers' grain, proposes a one hundred million dollar corporation at one hundred dollars a share, the profits from which would return to the farmers. A fee of ten dollars is required from all who sign contracts to sell through this national agency. The Federation claims one million members, which would mean an additional ten million dollars.

Turmoil beset the grain trade last autumn. Deflation began sweeping the world. Wartime price bubbles were bursting. One commodity after another plunged downward. Agricultural America soon found itself face to face with the distressing problem of over-supply and under-demand—the reverse of conditions of the war years. The inexorable law of supply and demand prevailed. In the world-wide industrial readjustment, wheat continued a

steady decline from about two dollars and seventy-five cents in mid-July, to a level which the farmer regarded as ruinous.

In this heyday of the farm organizer, the exchanges were assailed with charges that they had depressed prices. During the hectic months that followed, Joseph P. Griffin, President of the Chicago Board of Trade, the hub of world grain markets, and his predecessor, Leslie F. Gates, whose term of office expired in January, have been official spokesmen of the industry. In an interview with me, President Griffin summarized the events of the troubled months, the functions of the exchanges, and the outlook for the future.

As President Griffin says, the deluge of grain exchange criticism was most timely. Day after day prices were sagging. Overnight organizers and professional agitators began springing up. They clamored for an affiliation of the growers. Louder and louder they shouted their doctrines, and rapidly their army of listeners grew.

Not satisfied with forming their own societies and experimenting with proposed marketing methods, they demanded class legislation destroying the exchanges. Many organizers also prevailed upon producers to hold their wheat for unreasonably high prices, and thus caused their ruin. This added to the bitterness against the exchanges, despite the fact that they were in no way responsible for economic conditions.

It was not surprising, therefore, that a flood of new bills, most of which would absolutely paralyze the exchanges, were introduced in Congress last January. Chief attention centered upon the so-called Capper-Tincher bill. It was given public hearings before the House agricultural committee. Grain men, millers, elevator operators, bankers, exporters, and even representatives of several farm organizations entered vigorous protest against the measure. In its original form it would have destroyed the exchanges at a single stroke without providing any substitute.

Mr. Griffin and other leaders outlined the prevailing marketing methods. They produced expert testimony

proving absolutely that the exchanges handle grain with less margin between producer and consumer than exists in any other staple commodity. They established beyond doubt that the exchanges were in no way responsible for the world-wide price slump; that price manipulation is utterly impossible under the rigid regulations; that competent, restricted speculation is necessary to provide a liquid market broad enough to absorb all offerings, and that without a futures market there could be no hedging, or price insurance facilities, for the farmers' grain.

Fortunately the last Congress adjourned before the bill, with its vicious provision, could be enacted into law.

The testimony had clarified the principal issues. When the new Congress convened and the subject again came before the House Agricultural committee a new attitude was apparent. During this second hearing late in April, Congressman Tincher explained that the bill had been materially amended so as to retain the futures market because hedging seemed necessary.

The grain men indorsed many provisions of the new measure. The section eliminating so-called "puts" and "calls," or indemnity contracts, was similar to steps previously taken by the exchanges themselves. So were several other sections. Sentence by sentence the bill was studied and agreements were reached on amendments which would prevent complete stifling of the exchanges. After several days of testimony the committee settled upon a measure which, in substance, was acceptable to the entire industry. This bill would have permitted the exchanges to continue functioning properly.

But after the representatives of the exchanges, millers, and exporters had left Washington, the committee held a night session and new sections were inserted in the bill which would delegate to the Secretary of Agriculture arbitrary and autocratic powers without parallel in the history of federal legislation. With the undemocratic principle of government added, the bill was presented to the lower

branch of Congress. The members were advised that it had received the approval of President Griffin and other members of the grain trade who had testified, as well as of all interests concerned; and in this form it was passed by the House. President Griffin very properly declared that incorporation of these objectionable features which, among other things, would permit the Secretary of Agriculture to close the exchanges in the event of a single member not complying with the many provisions, was but "further evidence that much of our legislation is not the result of intelligent deliberation, but rather an attempt to appease the demands or the wrath of elements of our population. And such demands seem to be acceded to, whether right or wrong, merely because of the numerical strength of the voting groups." He added:

"If Congress is really desirous of helping the farmer, then there should be an end to boot-strap legislation. No law-abiding American objects to government as such, but every intelligent American objects to unnecessary extension of bureaucratic control of business. It is well to ponder on President Harding's oft repeated remark, that 'the United States needs more business in government and less government in business'."

Repeatedly the grain exchange executives have pointed out that the responsibility for the farmer's deplorable condition cannot be attributed to any particular group of men. Potentially there is a demand for all the products the American farmer can produce. But European customers are in bankruptcy. The farmer's condition will not be alleviated or relieved until in some way markets of the world are opened to what the farmer has to sell. In Mr. Griffin's opinion, this may necessitate legislation extending credit to European governments, or indemnifying American exporters on foreign credit transactions.

Should the coming harvest, the world over, prove bountiful—and if in the interim drastic legislation upsets the exchanges and likewise the farmers' means of marketing,

Mr. Griffin says: "I dread to think of the condition into which this country will be plunged in a purely economic sense. And it is my deliberate judgment that the grain exchanges would voluntarily withdraw from business rather than submit to intolerable and unfair legislation."

Recognizing the grave dangers embodied in the bill passed by the House, Secretary Wallace appeared before the Senate Agricultural committee in June, and presented a series of amendments which would lighten the bill and, in his opinion, permit the exchanges to continue. He strongly opposed hasty action of radicals toward the destruction of marketing machinery. He said the exchanges performed a most valuable function—that "they constitute the best marketing system we have yet devised."

There were members of the powerful agricultural bloc in Congress, however, who were still prone to revolutionize grain marketing over night, and did not hesitate to express their views.

The grain exchange representatives said that the bill, as amended by Secretary Wallace, represented the maximum concessions under which the exchanges could operate. Even these restrictions might discourage investment and bring about an unnatural market with subsequent turmoil in business.

While Secretary Wallace was urging more sensible federal legislation at Washington, an army of hundreds of farmers marched into the state legislative halls at Springfield, Illinois, in a sensational protest against the pending Lantz bills. These measures, sponsored by agricultural radicals, would have destroyed the Chicago Board of Trade. After one of the bills had passed the state senate, the farmers became aroused to the grave dangers. Carrying scores of banners bearing such inscriptions as "Down With Townleyism," "This Is America, Not Russia," "We Are Farmers, Not Organizers," and "Down With Those Who Farm The Farmer," they swept through the halls and chambers of the Capitol and overflowed into the streets.

The vicious bills were overwhelmingly defeated. The real farmer had been heard. And it was a remarkable exoneration of the grain exchange. Wide has been the discussion in recent months as to what service the exchange renders the farmer. First, it handles his grain on a margin of cost smaller than exists in any other foodstuff. Second, it provides a ready market in which he can dispose of his products at any hour of any business day in the year, at prices based on world supply and demand.

Grain exchanges do not fix prices. They merely provide a meeting place for buyers and sellers, and register prices at which grain is bought and sold. Upon this single point thousands of farmers have been misled.

They have also been misled by the exaggerated evils of speculation. Indeed, the entire fight has been waged against what farmers' representatives have termed over-speculation or attempted price manipulation. Some factions have sought to eliminate all speculation and still retain the hedging facilities—an utter impossibility—and others have taken the stand that since there cannot be a hedging market without some speculation, it would be better to abolish the exchanges.

During the Congressional hearings, President Griffin and Mr. Gates established the fact that to have a hedging market there must be futures trading; and that to deal in futures there must be speculation. It was likewise established that the advantages of the hedging market so far outweigh the few deficiencies, that attempted prohibition of futures trading would cause great economic harm.

From planting until harvest, the farmer speculates upon the uncertainty of the weather. After the harvest and until his grain is sold, he speculates upon price. The same is true of each successive owner until the grain passes to the ultimate consumer. Thus we see that speculation is incident to grain ownership; that in a broad sense all grain owners are speculators.

The speculator in the futures market performs a valuable economic function. He provides a ready market. Without this intermediate ownership, each ultimate consumer would be obliged to purchase at harvest time his entire supply of grain. Some of the quixotic doctrines advanced have practically favored such a method.

The precise manner in which the speculative risks are shifted is very simple. In October a country elevator purchases grain from a farmer with the expectation of shipping and selling it during some later month. At about the time of the purchase, the owner of the elevator sells an equal amount of the same grain for future delivery on the Chicago Board of Trade. This sale is made at a price sufficient to cover the cost of the grain, carrying freight charges, and a fair profit.

By this process the owner of the elevator becomes immune from losses due to a declining market. If the market does drop, the grain in his elevator becomes less valuable, but this loss is offset by the gain on his contract in the futures market. Under such circumstances the process by which his speculative risk was shifted is known as hedging.

This identical process may be used to shift the speculative risk of the exporter who has contracted to sell grain abroad in advance of his actual purchase of the grain. The exporter merely buys an equal amount of the same grain for future delivery on the Chicago market, at a price which will enable him to deliver the wheat abroad at a fair profit. He thereupon becomes hedged and is immune from losses due to a rising market.

In the two illustrated cases, the owner of the elevator resorted to the process of hedging to avoid the speculative risk of grain ownership, and the exporter resorted to the same process to avoid the speculative risk incident to his contract of sale. In both cases, however, the risks were not entirely eliminated, but merely shifted from one person to another. The risk itself cannot be eliminated. Ownership

of grain and the speculative risk of a declining market are one and inseparable.

Similarly, a contract to buy grain in the future and the speculative risk of a rising market are one and inseparable. How then are the owner of the elevator and exporter to avoid the risks incident to their respective relationship? Only by finding others who are willing to assume the risks. It must be some one willing to risk a speculative loss in the hope of making a speculative profit. In other words, the speculative risks of the owner of the elevator and the exporter can only be shifted to those who are willing to speculate upon the price of grain. The elevator owner and the exporter both realize that unless the risk is shifted they themselves will be speculators. By the process of hedging they become conservative business men, and the speculative risk is assumed by those whose business it is to assume such risks. The speculator insures the owner of the elevator and the exporter.

The function of the speculator is identical with that of insurance companies that insure against fire, shipwrecks, tornadoes, thefts and riots. All these companies are speculators in their respective fields. Yet no one doubts that they perform a valuable economic function. Losses cease to be individual and become community losses. By adding to the safety of business operations, insurance permits business to be conducted upon a smaller margin of profit, thus benefiting the community. Speculation in the grain business performs the identical function of insurance in other industries.

Grain dealers may be divided into two classes, speculative and non-speculative. The speculative dealers are called speculators. The non-speculative dealers consist generally of cash grain merchants, millers, warehouse men, exporters, general distributors, consumers, and governments. These non-speculators transfer to the speculators the risks of a fluctuating market.

Abolish this speculation and you eliminate hedging. When you eliminate hedging you have made every holder of

grain a speculator. Then the producer will have to pay losses incident to price slumps. This has been best shown by the number of cooperative elevators that have met financial ruin because they failed to hedge their grain. No conservative banker will make an unsecured loan to a small dealer who fails to hedge his holdings. And without hedging, the margin of cost between producer and consumer will materially widen. It is inevitable. Legislative attempts to suppress futures contracts have uniformly failed. Mr. Griffin points out that Holland tried such a market in 1610; Great Britain experimented with it in 1734; Germany attempted it in 1893. All found that the producer received less for his grain and the consumer paid more. All went back to the existent system. Agricultural economists have declared that no one but the most reckless and thoughtless any longer proposes elimination of exchange trading.

The exchanges today represent the last word in economic marketing. They are the result of evolution down through the ages since the time of Joseph. The method prevents monopoly and price fixing. Without this system it would not be difficult for a few large interests to dictate prices to the farmer.

The Chicago Board of Trade was organized seventy-three years ago by a handful of merchants. It has been the center of the world grain trade for years. Its memberships alone are worth eleven million dollars and it maintains Chicago bank balances of more than two hundred million dollars; in 1920 alone it handled two hundred and forty-four million six hundred and thirty thousand bushels of grain and between 1855 and 1920 it cared for twelve billion three hundred and thirty-four million three hundred and twelve thousand bushels. Thirty thousand persons directly owe their livelihood to the Chicago Board of Trade. Indirectly two hundred thousand are affected.

Vast quantities of grain that never go to Chicago are hedged there. It is the world's clearing house. Dealers in

Europe, Argentina, and Australia, as well as those in scores of cities throughout this country and Canada, use the Chicago market for hedging purposes. So great is the volume of business that an offer in the pit of a million bushels causes almost no fluctuation. Such an offer in the Kansas City, or some other market, would cause a downward swing. Herbert Hoover, after an exhaustive investigation during the war, proclaimed it the most economic method of food distribution in the world.

Despite the magnitude of this institution and its tremendous importance to the entire agricultural and business world, there is a powerful group bent on consigning it to the scrap heap with a devil-may-care wave of the hand. With it would go all the other exchanges—the entire system of grain marketing which has been developed by the best minds of the last three-quarters of a century.

The hub of the world grain trade would be transferred to Liverpool or some other point. A dubious experiment in guild socialism would then be put to test. In North Dakota it failed.

THE LAST CARGO


By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

If one last cargo be allowed from seas
 Before last darkness settled on each shore,
 A ship from moonlight of the Caribbees
 Would bring the things that won our dreams before.
 There would be tang of spices in the hold
 And wine of tropic fruit, and fabrics spun
 Of island mists, and new-found pirate gold,
 And bales of flowers full of languorous sun.

 The staples of old trade would not be there . . .
 In that last cargo parrakeets would cry,
 And skins of jungle leopards would be fair
 By logs of ebony. . . . Then men would sigh
 Above the hold with magic in each breath
 And say, "The sea sends back our dreams for death!"

SOCIALISTS—THEIR WEAKNESS

By EDWARD G. RIGGS

 **VERY** now and then you find a business man who is fretted over the Socialist vote for President as recorded on Election Day, November second, 1920. It is no part of my thought to indulge in political discussions. It is, however, perfectly proper to mention and even attempt to analyze any feature in the forces of the nation which may have a bearing on the business progress of the country. And by progress I do verily believe that the word has been greatly overworked within the last few years, especially in certain political circles. Progressivism is to a nation as breath to a human being. But we must progress along the lines of constructive thought and practice, not upon the lines of bedlamite irruption; nor upon the lines that advocate every gimcrack notion of government—federal, state, and municipal—and which try falsely to work them into a cure for the social and economic ills of mankind. Such progress is toward dissolution. I repeat, there should be constructive progressivism with a view to benefiting all the people of our beloved country. Progressivism that would benefit a class, progressivism that would mean the recognition of all sorts and conditions of half-baked theories will not be accepted by our electorate. Americans demand a constructive policy, a definite plan of action, and a practical goal as a guarantee of good faith. They are opposed to bedlamite progressivism. They are utterly constructive. It is even proclaimed in quiet quarters, if flamboyant politicians are not more careful, a reactionary will become really fashionable politically. Finance has become a science. Business has become a science. Both are subject to unchanging laws as final and

determined as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and as positive and unalterable as the law of gravitation. All students of world affairs are quite aware of this fact. And the almighty fulcrum—the law of supply and demand—will be the final verdict in determining all social and economic disturbances in the country.

Many politicians, or rather the leaders of political organizations, especially in our large cities, are at times worried over what they fear to be the alleged growing importance of the Socialist vote. The leaders of political organizations are prone to be over-cautious and sometimes a harsher word is used, for in instances, they are described as more or less cowardly in their fear of any movement which would disturb the equanimity of their organizations. It is not quite just to term these political leaders as cowards. They are naturally prudent and cautious, not only in order to maintain themselves in power, but they well remember at all times that they have a following in their organizations dependent upon their wisdom and prudence and foresight in dealing with any eruptions of the body politic. Courage is always relative, but it should be relative to wisdom and honor.

On several occasions during the recent Presidential campaign, I heard expert political leaders of the city organizations, both east and west, declare it to be their belief that Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President, would receive a total vote of three million and more in the entire country. These political leaders based their prophecies, or rather predictions, on what they felt was a general unrest, which was occasioned more or less by a decline in the business of the country, and an increase in the number of the unemployed. Also, these prophets felt that Mr. Debs, being in prison, would have a rather large sympathetic vote. As a matter of fact these political prophets were sadly amiss in their predictions. Again, on last Election Day, was recorded the fact so memorable on previous election days in the history of the country—that

this nation is not Socialistic; it is not Populistic; it is not Bolshevistic—it is truly, soundly, American to the core. And when I say that, I am not in any way differentiating between the two major parties, nor attempting in any way to explain or enter into the disputes of those two parties which led to the result. The election demonstrated again that our electorate will have nothing of the Socialist Party. Furthermore, it demonstrated that our workmen, union and the remaining unorganized working forces of our country, are too utterly practical, too materialistic, if you please, too grounded in common sense, to be taken off their feet by altruistic theories, based on a false idealism and a bastard materialism.

In an effort to enlighten the business men who heard the predictions that Mr. Debs would receive three million and more votes on Election Day, let me submit the following table of the Socialist vote for President since 1892—the only available official figures upon which to base a statement of the actual strength of the Socialist Party, past and present:

<i>Year</i>		<i>Socialist Vote</i>	<i>Per Cent of Total Vote</i>	<i>Per Cent of Total Population</i>
1892	Socialist Labor	21,164	0.176	0.03
1896	Socialist Labor	36,274	0.263	0.05
1900	Soc. Democrats.. 87,814			
	Soc. Labor 39,739	127,553	0.913	0.168
1904	Socialist402,283			
	Soc. Labor 31,249	433,532	3.2	0.526
1908	Socialist420,793			
	Soc. Labor 13,825	434,618	2.9	0.489
1912	Socialist901,873			
	Soc. Labor 29,259	931,132	6.2	0.983
1916	Socialist590,579			
	Soc. Labor 14,180	604,759	3.3	0.603
1920	Socialist	947,000	3.6	0.896

The explanation of the increased Socialist and Socialist Labor vote in 1912, is that in that year there was a serious division between the Republicans, one wing having renominated President Taft, and the other wing having nominated

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, while the Democratic Party was not altogether in complete harmony, and many dissatisfied Republicans and Democrats voted the Socialist ticket.

This is borne out by the figures for 1916, when the two major parties were respectively quite harmonious, and the Socialist vote dropped three hundred and twenty-six thousand, three hundred and seventy-three. Then again, in 1920, the Democratic Party was sadly divided, so much so that Democrats voted the Socialist ticket as a protest against going over to the Republican Party. The percentages of 3.6 of the total vote cast by the Socialists in November, 1920, when the total vote cast was twenty-six million, six hundred and sixty-one thousand, six hundred and six, and of 0.096 of the total population of one hundred and five million, seven hundred and eight thousand, seven hundred and seventy-one, are to be looked upon as rather trivial.

Socialism, or Communism, or a community of interest on the part of any sect or class, according to the average man on the street, is a recent product in our public life. As a matter of fact it has been practiced in one form or another for a hundred and fifty years in the life of our country. At one time there were approximately seventy communities or societies where Socialism or Communism were practiced. These included the Shakers and the Oneida Community, which still exist, the former of very much lessened importance, while the latter, organized later on business principles, is a thriving concern. At one time the authorities in a number of the states had to deal with The Harmony Society, the Community of Zoar, the Amana Community, the Bethel and Aurora Society, the Owenites and their branches, the New Harmony Community, the Yellow Springs Community, the Nashoba Experiment, the Fourierites, which had the support of many influential men, Brook Farm—a transcendental movement which, through the cultivation of high intellectual and moral forces, was to reform all the laws of human kind—it was a beautiful dream. The Icarian

Community was another more or less famous society, so also the Cheltenham band, and the Nauvoo Movement which eventually had much influence and power in the establishment of the Mormon Church, in which the Icarians took part.

Many of these organizations had noble thoughts and aspirations behind them, but nearly all ended in disaster, accompanied by more or less recrimination and much litigation. In inception and practice they were contrary to the eternal cosmic practicalities. Moreover, they simply represented man's egoism and they suffered from the egotism of class.

Later on came the development of modern Socialism in the country, between which and the earlier Utopian communities and societies there was a connecting link. But to compare those days with these in the Socialist Party, every scruple, every ideal, every code is apparently gone. The rise of the Socialist Party became more or less noticeable in 1848, but the period of organization really first came under particular notice in the decade between 1867 and 1877, culminating in the formation of the Socialist Labor Party. This was succeeded by the Socialist Party, which is in existence today. It is spoken of as the most unpatriotic, and vicious party ever conceived in the country. It has confronted and it will continue to confront the innate justice of the American mind, which has come to the aid of every object that ever roused American resentment. It is particularly noticeable throughout the history of social communities and societies, of the Socialist Labor Party and of the Socialist Party, that they were inaugurated and organized in almost every instance by non-English-speaking foreigners. Outside of Mr. Debs and Algernon Lee, can one name off-hand half a dozen Socialist leaders who are native born Americans? This is the curious fact—that a large majority of these communities or societies were started and fathered by non-English-speaking people. Rightly or wrongly, this fact has been the genesis of the almost generally accepted

belief today that the great majority of our Socialists are non-English-speaking people, nearly all of whom live in the cities of the nation. They are clustered in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago and Paterson. There is a humorous side to nearly every fact if you will only hunt for it, or it may confront you without particular search. Several years ago, sixty so-called Socialists or "Parlor Socialists," as they were then spoken of, gathered at a very expensive luncheon at a beautiful resort near Greenwich, Conn. At that board the wealth of the average man of the sixty was five hundred thousand dollars. That evening I happened to stumble into one of the participants of that famous luncheon at the club, who told me of the beautiful spread and the choice wines.

"I understand that the average wealth of the gentlemen Socialists at your luncheon to-day was five hundred thousand dollars," I remarked. "Yes," he replied. There was then a desultory discussion as to the doctrines of Socialism as advanced by Karl Marx, and one in the little group suggested that he supposed the sixty gentlemen Socialists were to relieve through their personal fortunes the hard conditions of the poorer Socialists in the country, especially in Chicago and Paterson. "To the devil with them, say I," replied the eminent five hundred thousand dollar parlor Socialist.

This was on a par with L. C. K. Martens, the Russian Soviet "Ambassador" to the United States deported by the Government, sailing from New York City a short time ago in a luxurious saloon steamer suite, amid fastidious and elegant surroundings, while his seventy-five followers were herded in the steerage.

The exceptions in the social organizations founded by non-English speaking organizers were: the Owenite Experiment, which was the dream of Robert Owen, a Welshman; and the Oneida Community, which was the creation of John Humphrey Noyes, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a law and theology student respectively at Andover and Yale. The Oneida Community was originally purely religious,

with a generous mixture of free love, but Noyes couldn't make it a go on those lines. He then turned it into a communistic settlement, and eventually the conduct of the society was ordered to proceed entirely on business lines; and this society, as already stated, is prosperous. It has a large sales office in New York City.

In the Socialist Labor movement and the Socialist Party movement there have been mingled many thoughts on trade unionism, and other political, social, and economic tenets or panaceas. There have been international and national conventions, and many efforts to organize a Universal Socialist Party. At no time, however, it may be said, have the Socialists of any nation, particularly in the United States, been without the usual party frictions, accompanied by doctrinal schisms. Their divisions and splits and quarrels have been notable features in their organizations, even more so than in almost any party in the country—even the two major parties—and they have been violent enough at times. The disturbances in the Socialist Party really arise because Socialism is founded upon sand, and not upon the rock of fundamentals and sound practical principle. The tenets carry within them the cancer of economic and financial failure. These tenets do not fit in with the practical, material features of the everyday work-a-day world. They destroy the ambitions, the hopes, the aspirations of their members, and put all on an even keel—all upon a dead level—dead level for the rank and file, wealth and prominence for the leaders. About a million or two million years from now, perhaps less, these tenets may be workable; but with human nature as it is to-day, there can be no lasting success in the United States of the Socialist Party. In periods of anger against political bosses there may be an increased vote of the Socialists. In periods of prosperity there will be a decreased vote. There is absolutely no real reason why the business men of the United States should be more than ordinarily interested in the Socialist vote.

Take two notable recent instances of the utter inability

of the Socialists to run things on practical lines. Mayor G. R. Lunn, twice elected mayor of Schenectady, N. Y., found he could not conduct his office on the lines of his Socialistic tenets. He thereupon turned Democrat. Now comes another notable defection from the Socialist ranks. After being a member of the Socialist Party for more than six years, and elected on that ticket by one of the largest majorities ever accorded to a mayoralty candidate in Davenport, Ia., a city of sixty thousand population, Dr. C. L. Barewald has repudiated Socialism by resigning his membership in the party nine months after election. His resignation, which was accompanied by a scathing criticism of Socialist principles and theories, was a result of the impracticability of Socialism when applied, and the cancerous growth of radicalism within the ranks of the party.

Dr. Barewald, giving his reasons for his act, adds:

"Socialism, the father of that errant child, Bolshevism, can never ascend to power in the United States because of the same weaknesses which have been inherited by the latter. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the Socialist Party is that the rank and file are made up of discontents who air their grievances with the world in general and the Government in particular at every meeting. Every Socialist local is a mutual grievance society. There may be some Socialist victories, but at best they will be sporadic and of mushroom life. Not only are the doctrines indifferent, but they are basically opposed to the domestic and religious life of the world. These theories, if actually carried out, naturally, according to the Socialist spellbinder, mean the immediate annihilation of personal ownership of capital. Annihilation of the family, and eventually of civilization, would follow as a matter of course.

"After two bitter political battles, the last one successful, I discovered that Socialism was not so much idealism as it was organization, simply to place another party in power with the ensuing scramble for political plums. I learned that a good many members of the party did not know much

about the basic principles of their platform, and also that there was no such thing as compromise, and that there is no appeal from the decision of a radical. There is a way by which the unrest and discontent of to-day can be eliminated, but I have learned to my sorrow that Socialism is not the proper method of procedure.

"The solemn duty of every true American is to register a protest to that which is not just, and in some way supply a remedy for the correction of present day evils; but justice will never be attained by advocating remedies which are false from their very foundation."

Combat it as one will, or as many well known Socialists attempt to combat it—the very general belief is prevalent in the country that the Socialist Party, like most of their leaders, is made up of non-English-speaking peoples. Without going into details there can be no harm in remarking that this fact, or this alleged fact, has been detrimental to the standing of the Socialist Party; this on the theory that nearly all racial complexions in our country sink, especially after the first or second generation. It has been the accepted belief of our country from the foundation of the government that its affairs shall be directed by American citizens who accept without question the Constitution of the United States, and the various state constitutions. This was the apparent intention of the United States Constitution, when it declared that no foreign-born citizen should become President of the United States. That was the kernel, the foundation stone of the ethnological decree that our country must be headed by a loyal American in full sympathy with the Constitution, who would not take one step or advance one thought to overturn the greatest Republic of ancient or modern times. A writer in *World's Work*, speaking of this ethnological side of America's citizenship, says:

"One of the astonishing facts brought out by a study of immigration statistics is that the purely British element in the United States at the present moment—meaning those whose racial origin was England, Scotland or Wales, or

those whose parents, one or both, were born in those countries—while somewhat smaller than the German, is considerably greater than the Irish. This fact is such startling news to most newspaper readers that only the actual statistics will convince one that it is true. In 1910 there were five million, sixty-three thousand, three hundred and eleven people in this country who were themselves born in Great Britain or Canada, or who had one or both parents born in Great Britain or Canada. At the same time there were four million, five hundred and four thousand, four hundred and fifty-six people who were born in Ireland or who had one or both parents born in Ireland. Another significant fact is that the number of British born is steadily increasing. In 1890 the numbers for the British born were three million, nine hundred and eighty-three thousand, five hundred against four million, seven hundred and ninety-five thousand, six hundred and eighty-one for the Irish, but since then the British element has surpassed the Irish. The increasing prosperity of Ireland in recent years and the industrial unrest of England probably explains the fact that the English are arriving now in greater numbers than the Irish; the fact that Ireland is a very small country compared with England is also important. In the great immigration that took place in the two years preceding the world war, the English were much more numerous than the Irish or the Germans, and in the flood which is now commencing, the same tendency is even more marked. Washington reports that the largest racial element now landing at Ellis Island is Italian; and that the second is not, as might be expected, Southeastern European, but English.

“One of the results of the world war will probably be to improve the quality of immigration. America’s best immigrants have come from Northwestern Europe—Great Britain, Ireland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. The United States can readily absorb and assimilate all the people in these countries who care to emigrate. In a generation or two the peoples from these countries become part

of the national fibre; there are isolated groups among them, indeed, who seek to maintain their 'ethnic individuality,' and to uphold the torch of hyphenism, but the great mass soon cease to regard themselves as anything but native stock. And it is a happy augury for the future of civilization that, of the ninety-five million white people at present within the continental limits of the United States, fifty-five million or more than half, are of British origin. This fact should silence the critics, here and in Europe, who describe the United States as an incoherent mass of antagonistic races. The fact is that these fifty-five million constitute the largest single British population in the world today. There are more people of British origin in the United States at present than in Great Britain itself; the actual figures are fifty-five million in this country against thirty-seven million in England, Scotland and Wales. For every two representatives of the British race found in Great Britain, there are thus three in our own country."

There was considerable interest in the recent experiment now called the "Norfolk Idea." Was it a socialistic or a semi-socialistic movement? In brief, the "Norfolk Idea" was the use of capital, assets, and credit of organized labor in a fight to force employers to meet its demands. In other words, the machinists as a union bought up the outstanding obligations of the Crescent Iron Works and thus gained control of the works, and support of the movement was furnished through the extension of credit and the active cooperation of affiliated branches of organized labor and of the banks.

After a few months the "Norfolk Idea" has gone to smash, and the Crescent Iron Works are in bankruptcy. The experiment was not economically sound. The labor men had no experience in handling capital. The smash of the "Norfolk Idea" is another evidence that business is a science, finance is a science, and that labor men and all concerned must appreciate that fact.

SOCIALISTS—THEIR STRENGTH

By JAMES ONEAL



HERE are those who sincerely believe that the Socialist movement in the United States is declining in prestige, power, organization and votes. One of the main reasons for this belief is the comparatively small increase of the Socialist vote cast in 1920. Compared with the vote of 1912 the increase is admittedly small, but comparisons are illusory when they fail to take into account any factors which entered into one election and not in the other. Are there any such factors worthy of attention? I think there are.

The election of 1912 occurred in a time of peace. Socialists freely competed in the open forum of discussion with the other political parties. In 1920 conditions had changed. Our candidate for President, Eugene V. Debs, was in prison. Our press was all but destroyed by the ukases of Mr. Burleson. In the first months of the war several thousand local organizations of the Socialist party were swept aside, destroyed, by the extra-legal action of our opponents. No meetings could be held, no literature distributed. Thousands of the smaller cities and towns were in the grip of local war dictatorships. The old spirit of tolerance had passed. Uniformity of opinion was decreed. For the period of the war and long after the armistice, unorthodox views were regarded as impertinent and suppressed as "seditious."

From personal knowledge, as a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party, I can testify to the wreck of the organization we had in 1920. But in addition to the shower of blows that rained upon us from the outside there developed an internal schism within the Socialist party. There were those who were obsessed with

the idea of an immediate revolution and they attempted to take the organization by storm. They were defeated, but the internal struggle with its inevitable loss of membership left the Socialist party prostrate when the campaign of 1920 confronted us.

As an organization the Socialist party had become so exhausted that it had no funds and its organizations had disappeared in many of the states west of the Mississippi. In quite a number of these states it was even necessary to send men from the east for the purpose of seeing that an electoral ticket was placed upon the ballot. In other states many members found their way into the Farmer-Labor party, the State of Washington becoming a complete loss to us from this source. In the Dakotas, Minnesota, and a few other states former members of the Socialist party became allied with the Nonpartisan League of Farmers.

The "radical" forces in general were scattered and demoralized in 1920. The coercion and persecution of the war period had not yet spent itself and these forces had no opportunity to crystallize. Amusing enough, a Chicago Congressman announced that there was reason for believing that we were in receipt of millions of Soviet gold! When this statement appeared in the press the National Executive Committee was unable to ascertain whether it would be able to find the funds necessary to pay the expense of a single session!

In short, the Socialists of the nation waged a campaign in 1920 under tremendous difficulties. In the smaller communities of the west we have reason to believe that thousands of voters were intimidated and refused to vote. In the face of all these obstacles the Socialist party received nearly one million votes. The Farmer-Labor party received nearly three hundred thousand votes and in some respects its program was similar to ours, especially concerning the recognition of Soviet Russia.

That we would have made more progress if we had been able to protect ourselves against coercion is evident from

the vote in New York State. In this state Debs received sixty three thousand votes in 1912; Allan L. Benson received forty six thousand in 1916; Debs received over two hundred thousand in 1920. In the larger cities of the state and particularly in Greater New York we were able to preserve our right to a public hearing with the results noted above.

But there are other factors to be considered before conclusions can be drawn regarding the future of the Socialist movement in the United States. For the first time since 1893 there is an insurgent movement in many of the progressive labor unions in favor of independent political action by the organized masses. Its program is somewhat vague but it bears a "Socialistic" cast. In the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor at Denver this insurgency carried a resolution in favor of nationalization and democratic management of the railroads, coal mines and other "basic industries." The Farmer-Labor party represents the advanced section of this insurgency.

In the Northwest there is an insurgent movement in the rural sections more or less allied with the organized masses of the cities. Large sections of this movement are forever lost to the old historic parties of American capitalism. This insurgency has not reached a stable basis. Here it has worked in alliance with the Farmer-Labor party, there it is known as the Nonpartisan League. In Montana, owing to the terrorism fomented by its enemies, it even went into the Democratic primaries and captured them. In Colorado a similar situation occurred. There are other cross currents in the West which indicate new alignments.

Nor is this a return to the populism of the eighties with its stressing of cheap money. Instead of pressing questionable money nostrums this vague coalition of rural and urban workers is advancing economic programs and issues intimately related to the economic welfare of the producing masses. The amazing insolence of its reactionary enemies during the war period, the persecution to which thousands were subjected because of their economic beliefs, have made

it impossible for the parties of capitalism to obtain a reconciliation with those active in this insurgent movement. Every political revolt in American history since the adoption of the Constitution has issued out of the West. This region now offers an interesting study to those who think that the Harding vote is any basis for judging the situation.

In addition to all these factors is the further fact that there is widespread disillusionment regarding the outcome of the world war. Cynicism is rampant. Millions who heartily believed in the statements and promises of the diplomatic sharps, believe themselves the victims of a cruel hoax. They believe that they were promised what they never received and that they have received what they were never promised. The Carthaginian peace, the quarrel over petroleum, the greed of the victorious powers, increasing armaments and the tremendous campaign at home for the destruction of the labor unions have all contributed to this disillusionment.

The present period is reminiscent of the fifteen years before the election of Lincoln to the Presidency. The anti-slavery sentiment of that period found expression in the Free Soil party. In 1848 Van Buren was accepted as the Free Soil candidate and that party polled nearly three hundred thousand votes, the largest it ever received. In the next presidential election the vote was reduced by more than one-half. The sixty or more anti-slavery papers published in 1848 had been reduced to sixteen two years later, which was less than the number published in 1840. Van Buren's return to the Democratic party after the election of 1848 was followed by general demoralization, factional struggles and prostration of the anti-slavery political movement.

Yet the movement was only twelve years later to triumph with the election of Lincoln. The heavy decline in the Free Soil vote after 1848 made its enemies rejoice. Yet the period of prostration was followed by crystallization of Conscience Whigs, Liberty Men, Free Soilers, Anti-Slavery Democrats and Independents into a new party that was to carry the anti-

slavery banner to victory. Many gathered into the new organization did not fully comprehend what was happening until the election of 1856 unfolded the one dominating issue of the politics of that period.

Today the same scattering of forces is apparent and only a small fraction of the Socialist publications have survived the reactionary storm of the war period. There is groping for new light and a feeling for a new alignment. Perhaps it is in process of realization. The recent national convention of the Socialist party adopted this significant resolution :

“Resolved: That the incoming National Executive Committee be instructed to make a survey of all radical and labor organizations in the country, with a view of ascertaining their strengths, disposition and readiness to cooperate with the Socialist movement upon a platform not inconsistent with that of the party, and on a plan which will preserve the integrity and autonomy of the Socialist party.

“Resolved: That the National Executive Committee report its findings with recommendations to the next annual convention of the Socialist party.”

It is possible that this decision may result in the formation of a powerful organization like the British Labor Party, each affiliated organization maintaining its own autonomy, yet each cooperating with all in a national movement for independent representation of the workers of the nation. The program could be nothing else than one with a Socialist objective for this is the drift of the striving of the organized masses in all modern nations of the world. There is within this movement the possibility of a repetition of Free Soil history. Who knows?

After all, politics is the organization of economic interests with the view of incorporating these interests into laws. Mighty impersonal economic forces at the base of society work their will regardless of what we wish. The plantation system served by slave labor died because of the development of an economic factor over which politicians had no control.

Intense cotton culture exhausted the rich soil of the South. The southern ruling class had to expand into new

territory or its economic regime would become bankrupt. The southern leaders intrigued to secure Cuba for new slave territory and failed. They tried revolutionary expeditions in Central America and failed. They waged war in Kansas for new territory and failed. Facing the need of territorial expansion to save the slave regime, knowing that a Republican triumph meant no more slave territory admitted as states to the Union, the election of Lincoln was the death knell of the old regime. The issue was drawn by the rapid exhaustion of the soil of the South and this important economic factor registered its decree in the politics of that time.

The modern system of large scale production also faces a similar need of expansion into new territory and it is this factor that decides political events and the future of the United States as it does the future of all nations organized on a capitalistic basis. The tremendous consolidation of capital into great organizations has evolved powers of production no other age has ever known. Surplus capital accumulates at such a rate that domestic opportunities will not absorb it. It must find an outlet into other territories; hence expansion, hence increasing investments overseas.

But the investor cannot invest his capital in Mexico, Central America or China without becoming interested in the laws, customs, habits and institutions of these countries. These often serve as so many barriers to the "development" of the resources of these backward areas. They must be swept away. They are swept away. Hence the need of armaments to protect trade, loans and investments abroad.

There is no choice, no more than there was for the leaders of the old South. Accumulating surplus capital must find an outlet to avoid stagnation at home, yet capitalism cannot go abroad without coming into conflict with the social life and political institutions of the weaker peoples. The lower social systems must capitulate to the higher, either by "assimilation" or by force of arms. Two fundamentally antagonistic social systems could not exist side by

side in the United States. We are reaching a stage when two or more opposing social systems cannot survive in the same world. The weaker ones will either be conquered by imperialist might or they will consent to be transformed into an image of the menacing big capitalist powers.

This means imperialism, armaments, censorship, aggressive diplomacy and the certainty of war. The United States cannot be an imperialist bully abroad and a benevolent ruler at home. What it does abroad it must do at home in an effort to silence criticism. The same is true of the other modern states that have entered the cycle of modern capitalistic production. As the governments come more and more to serve the investing and financial interests of the nation abroad, as the need of expansion to serve an imperialistic interest becomes more apparent, the idea of dying for the glory of American oil investors in Mexico will appear ludicrous to increasing numbers of thinking people.

Finally, just as the territory into which the old slave regime of the South could expand was limited, so the territory into which the modern imperialist powers may expand is limited. As this territory narrows, as the world becomes capitalistic, the surplus of capital for overseas investment increases while the area for its investment decreases. What this means for the United States may be apparent to all.

I have no fears as to the future of the Socialist movement in this country. In fact, a close study of many financial journals for the past year convinces me that the "best minds" of the present social order are much more puzzled about the future of capitalism. The whole world drifts, the statesmen and financiers know not where. They hope for the best and yet are possessed with fear. The old order seethes with economic contradictions which they are unable to solve. Millions are in need of American goods and nearly four million are unemployed here. The allies want a German indemnity and when the Germans offer goods these are spurned as a pestilence. Yet masses in both France and England could use these goods. Capitalism depends on a

trade revival and up goes the highest tariff wall in our history.

The future of capitalistic "civilization" is a more important item on the international agenda than the future of the Socialist movement. We can take care of ourselves, but it is doubtful if that can be said of the protagonists of the existing "order."

GOLDEN BIRDS

By HARRY LEE


I know a flight
Of golden birds
Attends me
Everywhere I go,
The air is golden
With their wings,
Their songs
Like golden rivers
Flow.

My golden birds
Are golden prayers
That little children
Say for me,
They send them
From their hearts
To God,
He knows my need
And sets them free.

And so I care not
What the road,
Nor how the winds
Of heaven blow
I know a flight
Of golden birds
Attends me
Everywhere I go.

BEETHOVEN OR BASEBALL?

By LEONARD LIEBLING

T is relatively only a short distance in degree from Babe Ruth to Beethoven, or from Beethoven to baseball, if you will. In the daily newspapers the distance is about two pages, at some times Babe Ruth coming first, and at others, Beethoven being nearer the hotly coveted front page. It is merely a question of what is termed make-up. On special occasions both Babe Ruth and Beethoven are relegated to the rear in order to make way for a piece of prodigious news, such as, for instance, the pummelling duet between Dempsey and Carpentier, a particularly atrocious murder, a Man-o'-War breaking a world's record, or the reprint of the unexpurgated versions of the love letters from a modern Minnehaha of fashion to a cavalierly Hiawatha of the Canadian backwoods.

The only known way for Beethoven to get himself on the front page, would be for him to surpass the batting average of Babe Ruth, or to challenge that striking personage to a contest at Jersey City on Labor Day, for the heavy-weight symphonic championship of the world, with Tex Rickard as the impresario.

Beethoven is dead, however. Ergo, he never will get himself on the front page of an American daily newspaper.

Beethoven has been front-paged in Europe, that is, in Germany and Austria where the best known daily journals have a habit of dividing the initial page in two, with a ruled line across the middle, the upper half of the space being devoted to international news and politics, and the lower being given over to a department called "Art, Science, and Literature." Perhaps that is what caused the war.

The wily reader will have guessed from the foregoing that the specific grievance which the writer of this screed has on his mind, is the manner in which the daily newspapers of this country treat Beethoven and music and musicians generally. And the way they treat the tonal art and its creators and exponents, is exactly the way they treat sculpture, painting, literature, and the sciences.

Sculpture is the veritable step child of the dailies. A news item about the Venus de Milo never could crowd a cotton report or the society column unless Poirer or some other equally noted couturière (of Paris, of course), would declare that the débutante of today has a better figure than the Milo lady. A prohibition joke about the snakes of the Laocoon might get that piece of statuary a pictured place in the illustrated comic supplement.

Painters are mentioned when they figure in divorces or sue wealthy patrons for unaccepted portraits. Writers are projected into the news when best sellers make them millionaires, or when they utter a prophecy about a prize fight. Shaw got more publicity recently for saying that Carpentier's ringside odds should have been fifty to one, than for writing his new Methuselah book—perhaps the best work he ever did. (He says so himself.)

Edison's greatest inventions never procured for him one-thousandth part of the attention and discussion he was given in the daily press for asking his intended employees a set of commonplace questions, which were editorialized, paraphrased, ridiculed, praised, and condemned day after day for weeks.

Some years ago the chronicler of these lines was breakfasting in Los Angeles when he picked up one of the local morning newspapers and read a half column telegraphed press association story about a Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. About the music played and sung there? Oh, no. The tale was about a young woman who made her début in one of the new gowns which were modish at the moment, the kind of garb that

consisted of a very low bodice, nothing much above the waist, and held up by two thin strips of material across the shoulders. Women will recognize this description. The telegraphed "news story" told not a word about the voice or musical accomplishments of the débating artist, but related in detail with coarse humor how at a certain high tone taken by the performer, the shoulder fastenings slipped or broke, and there was revealed to the astounded audience that which was meant to be hinted at perhaps, or delicately accentuated, but certainly never displayed in full view in public. The same morning that brought the delectable story to the breakfast table at Los Angeles, saw it of course also—through the Associated Press—at the matutinal meal in Bangor, Maine, Jacksonville, Florida, Galveston, Texas, and Seattle, Washington, to say nothing of several cities, towns, and villages.

Only a week or so later, in San Francisco, another musical item, again a half column or so in length, was wired from New York and published in the *Pacific Coast* as well as the rest of the newspapers throughout the United States. This time the headlines told that the story concerned the début of Geraldine Farrar in the opera "Carmen," with Caruso as her associate, singing the part of Don José. It seemed too good to be true that the press associations should be telegraphing all over the land a review of the first appearance in a role new to her, of a gifted and artistic American prima donna. Of course, the event was highly important. "Carmen" was an opera almost universally known; Calvé had made its title-part a pet of the operatic public through her seductive and daring impersonation and interpretation; Farrar was a markedly popular figure in our musical life, and it was to be expected that every one would wish to know how her version of "Carmen" would compare with that of the Calvé presentation. A reading of the San Francisco (Associated Press) report showed to at least one pair of astonished eyes, a detailed account of a quarrel and physical encounter between Caruso and Farrar, and a verba-

tim report of the dialogue that took place between them when they reached the wings after the first act, about as follows:

"You are no artist to push yourself in front of me as you did!"

"I didn't push myself in front of you!"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"I never shall sing Carmen with you again!"

"You never will get the chance!"

The rest of the narration dealt with the glaring and sputtering indulged in by the pair of artists during the balance of the evening. (Truth compels the information that Farrar and Caruso sang in "Carmen" together many times thereafter, and are to this day the best of friends.

When Farrar did "Zaza" for the first time her costume, or rather the lack of it, was the feature of much of the writing published about her work in that opera. Caruso's fear of blackmailers and the evil eye, Caruso's trouble, not zoological, at the Central Park Zoo, Caruso's romantic entanglement with a matron who rushed across the seas and permitted the surprised Americans to see her two sons of Caruso—the tenor's later marriage to some one else—his discharge of his cook for not making spaghetti properly—the notorious jewel robbery of last year—the serious recent illness of Caruso—all those matters had more extended consideration in the dailies than the best performances ever given by the premier tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Tetrazzini's newspaper fame rests chiefly on her published cooking recipes, Cavalieri's on her syndicated beauty hints, Mary Garden's on so many sensational episodes and sayings that one cannot quote them all, Paderewski's on his long hair and his Premiering in Poland, Alda's on suit and counter-suits concerning Wall Street operations, Galli-Curci's on her divorce and remarriage, Schumann-Heink's on the fact of her having so many children, Kreisler's on

adventures in the early part of the war. And the list could be added to interminably and inanely.

One views the total list of publishments through the years with a feeling somewhat akin to horror, and asks one's self: "Is this what the American public desired, or is it what the newspapers make the American public think it desires? And if this sort of thing is to go on, will the man in the street, and the woman in the avenue, and the young people in the alleys, ever get the correct artistic perspective and have the proper conception of the dignity of art? When will the newspapers begin to teach the public, for instance, that Caruso is important, not because he makes millions, but because he makes music?

Whose fault is it all—that of the public, or the newspapers? Unhesitatingly it may be said that the blame rests on the latter.

When the first singer, and player, and composer came to this country the public did not storm the early editions of the dailies for details of what those persons ate, wore and possessed, and research among the diurnal publications of the period fails to bring to light any of the cheaply sensational matter exploited in the papers of later times about musical and theatrical figures of prominence. In fact, the early settlers in this country were of a somewhat serious bent of mind, and even after the new land was well under way and boasted a goodly population, there was much choral singing indulged in, oratorio performances were frequent, and the accounts of such occasions and of artists who appeared there and at operatic representations, were dignified, and kept to the musical phases of the matter.

At a newspaper men's convention in New Orleans, the compiler of these lines was given an eagerly desired opportunity to address the many editors and publishers represented there, and after he had told them most of the facts already given, he wound up somewhat like this, as nearly as he can remember:

"The usual reply which you give me, as individuals,

whenever I present my indictment to a city-editor, publisher, newspaper proprietor, or editor-in-chief, is that the public desires sensational news and tawdry personal anecdotes. I say to you that the public does not desire them. As you do not give the public anything else, and dress up even your sober facts and commonplace material with scare-head captions, and flashy, sensational description, you are not in a position to know whether the public would accept something better if you furnished it.

"The average reader is not highly cultured, highly ethical, or even highly intelligent. He is, however, highly impressionable. There was a time when not all the newspapers played and preyed upon the last named characteristic. It was only when the race for circulation and advertising began, that the style of journalism commenced its steady march toward debasement—a march that has not stopped, and has drawn more and more followers into the procession from year to year. What do you newspaper merchants flaunt in the faces of the public about your own journals? In the public square here at New Orleans, the leading daily advertises itself in a huge electric sign. Does that sign tell anything about the literary value of the paper, its reputation for truth and accuracy, its service to the public as a medium of news? No. It tells of huge daily editions, greater than all the other papers combined, and of advertising bulking in quantity more than that of all its rivals together. Such signs you can see everywhere, in every city. And when the newspapers print their own praises in their own columns, they usually tabulate schedules epitomizing the number of readers and of lines of advertising gained by them during the current year, or month, or week—such tables being compared with the showing made by the rival sheets, and the inference being drawn that they are not as desirable as reading or advertising mediums.

"Large circulation brings a high advertising rate, and a large circulation is obtained by giving sensational matter

in a sensational manner to the greatest possible number of persons who would answer to such an appeal. Newspapers that held out for years against the lowering of their journalistic standards; finally had to give in or succumb, and now one sees them dressed up in motley capering cheaply before the crowd, and becoming dollar collectors instead of leaders of public thought. It is all your fault, gentlemen—you collectively and individually are responsible; no one else."

The speech met with much applause and many such expressions as "Fine," "Right-O," "Good for you," "That's what we need," "Great Stuff," and the like. There was much guilty laughter during the enumeration of all the "stories" which had taken the place of real musical news and constructive artistic discussion. What good did the sincere speech and the guilty laughter accomplish? The reader is able to judge for himself today.

One of the great editors of the south said to the earnest deliverer of the speech: "The city and news editors are the fellows to blame. As a rule, they do not know anything about music. They just print news and human interest stuff. They rely on the music critic to handle music."

Oh, Human Interest, (in the newspaper sense)—what crimes are committed in thy name!

When we arrive at the music critic phase of the situation, is the problem solved? Does the remedy lie in their hands? By no means. In the first place, the music critic handles a subject which is the traditional Sanskrit to the news and city editors, and publishers, and proprietors, and they do not even know that their critic deals with his topic in a manner that makes it Sanskrit also to most of the readers of the paper. Poor Beethoven might be expected to get decent treatment from the music critics, but he doesn't. True enough, he is not held up to ridicule, and the music critics do not relate that Beethoven ate meat with his fingers, and suffered from disease not usually mentioned before children—but on the other hand, they make him appear to

be a forbidding personality, and his works a series of cryptograms, by the highly specialized and technical style in which they write about both. The critics always are speaking about the "select concert goers," the "inner brotherhood of music," "the small band of judicious listeners," and the like. That happens because the poor music critic is made to feel by the city and news editors that he and his department are considered in "make-up" importance to follow far after the "Obituary," "Arrival of Buyers," and "Utica Cheese Market" columns. After a while the music critic feels his lowly position, but wraps himself about with an air of aloofness and lofty cultural superiority, and consoles himself with the reflection that he is purveying a great message to the exclusive few that understand it and him. Again, therefore, the general public is cheated of its proper view of Beethoven, and of music. Babe Ruth is written about in language that every elevator boy and every college professor could and does understand. Beethoven is lectured about in a professional jargon that neither one is able to decipher, unless the professor belongs to the Ku-Klux-Klan which the critics seem bent on trying to build up.

In New York there are one or two critics who never lose an opportunity to call themselves the arbiters of public musical taste there—the standard bearers of tonal culture, and so forth. They have been writing in the metropolis for over a quarter of a century. Of late, they have taken to bemoaning the passing of the good old times in music, the deterioration of singing at the Metropolitan Opera, the cheapening of symphony programs, the vitiation and degradation of the taste of audiences. Again one asks a self-addressed question, and answers it: "If all this is true, what then, has been the influence of those Solons and arbiters for twenty-five years or more? Who read them? And if they were read, they evidently were not believed."

The trouble is that the critics were not read by the masses, and the general public has developed its own musi-

cal taste and tendencies, which naturally must be of a primitive and democratized kind.

Who really desires to know that "the first movement opens with a theme for oboe, which is then taken up by the tympani and developed contrapuntally until the subsidiary motif appears in the double base, the strings meanwhile employing a running accompaniment over an ostinato, A flat held by the united brasses?" Who is instructed by the information that "in the Beethoven Sonata, opus fifty-seven A., Benno Moisievitch buried the spirit of the composer under a suffocating cloak of objectivity, hiding entirely the brio of the scherzo, and making a metronomic accent of the delightful triplet figure in unison which gives the finale its highly romantic character?" The only persons who read such matter are those who understand it, chiefly professional musicians, and in nine cases out of ten, they do not agree with the opinion expressed by the writer.

Then come the contradictions of the disagreeing doctors of music, and the poor lay mind becomes more confused than ever. The *Musical Courier* ran a department for many years called: "What the Jury Thinks," in which the opinions of the various music critics were set forth in parallel columns, often with highly ludicrous results. A few years ago, the following appeared in one of the *Musical Courier* issues, the quotations being culled literally from the daily newspapers:—

"M—— did not sing in tune all evening."

"M—— never was out of tune in a single one of her songs."

"The symphony was led by —— in a dull, pedestrian manner."

"A spirited and enlivening performance of the symphony formed the piece de resistance of the concert."

"The audience was very friendly."

"The audience seemed extremely chilly."

"A large tone was not in evidence in 's playing, nor was it of mellow quality."

"Distinguishing traits of —— are his voluminous tone, and its very sympathetic and ingratiating quality."

Of examples like the foregoing, there were actually thousands in "What the Jury Thinks," the most amazing differences of opinion being not in matters of taste, but in matters of fact. If one critic said that a singer sang flat, another would assert that she sang sharp. If A declared that a composer imitated Debussy and Wagner, B would maintain stoutly that his music was an exact copy of Gounod and Tchaikovsky, and so it went.

In many instances, musical persons stopped reading the criticisms and decided to form their own opinions. When a lay reader occasionally chanced upon a technical piece of writing he was in danger of having his own musical enjoyment spoiled, as happened to merchant X, who went to a concert with his wife and liked it exceedingly. Next morning he read the criticism of one of the papers and found that "the conductor hurried the tempos unmercifully, blurred the outlines, and caused many technical slips in the orchestra through his breakneck speed." Meeting Merchant Z at luncheon, X is told by him: "I saw you at the concert last night—Great, wasn't it?" "Do you think so?" is the reply of X; "I don't agree with you. I thought the fellow was too anxious to get through. It all sounded kind of blurred and confused. The players got sort of mixed up." Merchant Z, himself no musician, lapses into respectful and shamed silence, and probably says in mental soliloquy: "I don't know anything about music anyway, and I never shall. I think I'll stay away from concerts altogether and go to vaudeville and movies where I can understand things without charts and diagrams to explain them."

How is Beethoven to get his proper place with the people? How is Babe Ruth to get his with the inner brotherhood of mysterious and sophisticated music lovers?

For both Babe and Beethoven have a rightful place in the large scheme of things. The daily newspaper could help to regulate the matter by cutting down a bit on Babe, and playing up Beethoven a great deal more. The public gets most of its education and information from the daily newspapers. This capacity for influencing people should be used by the press with discretion and taste. Why go the easiest way, if it is the worst ethically and spiritually?

Give the sporting editor less rope, and the musical editor more. Make the music critic write for a larger audience and in terms which they will understand. Ban technical terms and foreign expressions and let the average reader know that music is something human and close to God, and to the heart of X and Z, and you, and the elevator boy, and all of us.

Primarily, however, the daily newspapers should help the nation to establish an artistic morale by devoting to things of the spirit some of the space now given over to considerations of the pocketbook.

These are times when it is easy to lead the people away from contemplation of the beautiful, and imbue them with the ideal of commercialism. America has developed sufficiently in business proficiency and political significance. Our rude pioneering is over. We have money. Our money should buy us pause in the devastating game of material advancement. Let us crave and create leisure, and a longing for the intimate and uplifting communion with art. Our beloved America needs that more just now than leagues of nations, and cable depots, and political investigations of local political malfeasance.

Let us see if it is not possible to honor Babe Ruth for what he does, and at the same time to raise the batting average of Beethoven, so that he will impress our fellow citizens as a chap worth reading about and meeting in the places where he may be encountered through his works.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE



O mature student of American affairs who has understood and sympathized with the various movements looking for a more enlightened administration of government can help feel in these disturbed days that something—an almost intangible something—is missing in our political life.

It would be easy enough to explain this vague feeling by saying that there is a lack of ideas, and it is possible to be even more definite, and point out that the great desideratum is leadership, not only among men, but in ideas. But, more important than leaders and leadership in ideas, is the fact that there is no leadership in ideals, that there is an indifference to many things that we once held sacred—that those who voice their indignation at such conditions are so unimpressive that they command no one and arrest nothing. In short we have come upon a moral and political wilderness, wherein there cries out not a voice.

America can only survive as a progressive country, for her institutions are based on the happiness of the greatest number, and only as she reaches for even the unattainable, will she rightly work out her destiny. When, therefore, we see an America unproductive of ideas and indifferent to ideals, we may well wonder into what air pocket in our progress have we come.

For a period of over twenty years, there never was a time Theodore Roosevelt was not expressing the restless will of America to advance the cause of civilization. We are not denying that there were other interpreters of America's activities, mental and moral, physical and scientific and political. But, if we study carefully her beginnings, if we interpret broadly the currents that went to make

her physical existence, possibly we will see that there was back of them a spirituality that should go to make a great spiritual nation; at least, spiritual in her ideals. For all her traditions rest on the advancement of mankind, all mankind—at least all that portion of mankind that comes to her shores and enters into her contracts and accepts her ideals.

Since Abraham Lincoln, no man lived either in America or elsewhere who understood or better expressed that spirit. Roosevelt's untimely death was a loss not only to America, but to civilization, for we have seen how, like a thunderbolt, the great war opened up the world for the preachment of the American ideal. And at the time when it is most needed, not only is the voice of Roosevelt stilled, but the spirit of Roosevelt seems to be passing from his own land, because the very men who might uphold the standards, seem now to have fallen with the fallen chief.

We ask, is the spirit of Roosevelt passing? not in a querulous sense, but more in wonderment that, when there is so much lip reverence for his memory, there should be forgotten so quickly the things for which he stood. There is nothing immoral in reactionaryism, but, as a state of mind, and that is what it generally is, it is distinctly unmoral.

Reactionaryism is a denial of progress; reactionaryism is the holding up of the things that are of the past, rather than the things that would replace them. The Roosevelt spirit was always for a better condition no matter how good the present might seem.

In the House of Lords of England, where men legislate by hereditary right, they have an interesting method of recording the votes. Those who are inclined toward an affirmative, vote "Content;" those inclined to the negative, vote "Not Content." The years show that it is generally the "Contents" who are in control.

Shall we vote like the reactionaries "Content"—content to let things rest as long as they seem on the surface to be right, forgetting that contentment with material possessions

and material conditions never argues for, or brings about the real thing in life—contentment of soul?

* * * *

Mr. Rex Beach, the amiable and interesting author, indulges in a tirade against legislative hearings apropos of his first attendance at one, when the Clayton-Lusk bill to provide a State censorship for moving pictures was up for a hearing before the Legislature of the State of New York.

As an ex-President of the Authors' League expressing his views in the *Authors' League Bulletin*, one would have expected from Mr. Beach a far more serious and thoughtful exposition of the views of the opponents to censorship.

It is his careless expression of a very personal objection that justifies the advocates of censorship in their claim that those who are providing entertainment to the public, are very neglectful or ignorant of the moral side of the question. The fact that the State of Pennsylvania has objected to some one of the films of Mr. Beach does not, as he seems to think, enhance his value as an opponent of censorship.

Very justly, as he states, the history of censorship is filled with the most ridiculous errors, both of judgment and of taste, and the whole idea of censorship is counter to the theories of democratic polity; but the thing that has made the advocates of censorship strong, and the reason that they have been able to establish the public opinion back of them, is that those who were against it have too frequently ignored the moral obliquity of certain productions, and have treated with too much contempt very earnest and honest men and women who have seen in these productions deleterious effects on young people.

It is to be regretted, extremely, that when the authors spoke through their *Bulletin*, the objections against censorship were not more solidly constructed and more soundly expressed than those put forward by the delightful Mr. Beach.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

WHAT FRANCE CONSIDERS A JUST PEACE*



SENATOR LEVY'S answer to Mr. Keynes' book is most interesting and illuminating as one would expect any book from Mr. Levy's pen to be. Mr. Levy makes a great many criticisms of Mr. Keynes' attitude that are entirely just. The cold and apparently unsympathetic attitude of an intellectual economist like Mr. Keynes must be very irritating to sympathetic friends of France. Those who know Mr. Keynes, believe that his real attitude is less unsympathetic toward France than would be inferred from his book.

Mr. Levy makes a very strong appeal for sympathy and support for France. He demonstrates that France needs as large reparation payments as Germany can be made to pay. He sustains, in part, his charge that Mr. Keynes' estimates of the reparation payments to which France is entitled are too low. In the main, however, Mr. Keynes' estimates have been sustained by the findings of the Reparation Commission.

Mr. Levy fails to sustain his contention that Germany will be able to make the large indemnity payments contemplated by the Treaty of Versailles. His argument is based upon the aggregate wealth, national income, and foreign investments of Germany before the war. He does not make sufficient allowance for the great reduction in Germany's earning capacity due to the effects of the war and the treaty, and more especially to the loss of most of her ships, most of her foreign investments, a great deal of her foreign trade, and much of her coal, iron and other mineral resources. However great the national wealth and earning capacity of Germany may be, they can be used for indemnity payments to France and her Allies only to the extent that they can be gotten out of Germany through exports. In the long run, the measure must be the excess of Germany's exports over her imports. It is therefore necessary that some plan should be evolved under which the German people can be made to work to produce a large favorable balance of trade. It was one thing for the Germans to work hard for themselves before the war. It would be quite a different thing to require them to work for a generation or more under a plan by which

* "La Juste Paix," par Raphael-Georges Levy; Plon-Nourrit et Cie. Paris. Brentano, .75.

most, if not all, of their savings, after practicing the most rigid and self-denying economy, would be turned over to France and her Allies by way of reparation. It must also be remembered that all reparation payments must be taken out of the German people by taxation, and that there are limits beyond which taxation cannot be carried. Mr. Levy does not make sufficient allowance for these elements.

It requires great familiarity with the European coal situation to discuss intelligently Mr. Levy's criticisms of Mr. Keynes' figures regarding coal. It is certain that Germany's coal deliveries before the Spa Conference were far below what they should have been, and left France relatively worse off for coal than Germany. That, of course, was essentially unjust. There can be no better demonstration that Germany was deliberately evading her obligation in respect to coal than the success with which she carried out the program of delivering two million tons a month after the Spa Conference.

Mr. Levy makes the mistake, that is common among French critics of assuming that the advocates of moderate reparation payments are disposed to favor Germany at the expense of France. All fair-minded Americans must agree that France is entitled to as liberal reparation as Germany can be required to make, without such an effect upon Germany and such a disturbance of the economic equilibrium of Europe that the Allies would lose more than they would gain. The argument is that France's best chance, perhaps her only chance, of obtaining substantial reparation, is to be content with a schedule of payments that are not only within Germany's demonstrable capacity to pay, but are on a sufficiently moderate scale to make the German people prefer working and sacrificing to carry out that program, than to incur the consequences of default. American advocacy of a definite schedule of indemnity payments within Germany's reasonable capacity to pay, puts the interests of France and her Allies first. The last thing Americans would advocate is indulgence to the Germans at the expense of France.


Professor Levy's argument is based upon the assumption that Germany should be allowed to become sufficiently prosperous to pay a substantial indemnity. He does not deal with the view, which seems to have much support in France, that the safety of France from another German war lies in the dismemberment of Germany, even though the result of that dismemberment would be to postpone or even prevent further indemnity payments. That is an entirely logical view if one is prepared to accept the premises upon which it is based. An American can conceive of himself holding that view if he were a Frenchman and had shared the sufferings of France, and shared her present fear of another attack from Germany. France is entitled to adequate military protection against another attack by Germany, and if the only way of affording that protection is to bring about the dismemberment of Germany, there would be no valid objection to the adoption of that method.

Most American observers, although deeply sympathetic with France and interested in her future, feel that in the long run France will be likely to suffer from the disintegration of Germany, and from the inevitable process of reintegration that will ensue. They feel that the safest course for France is to agree to a moderate scale of reparation payments, and to co-operate with the rest of the world in placing Germany in an economic position to make those payments. Such a plan would be incomplete and dangerous for France without co-operation with the Allies and the United States in insuring the military protection of France; and through a league of nations or otherwise, in minimizing the risk of the instigation of another war by Germany in case she should be permitted to become economically strong and prosperous.

Fortunately, Germany's acceptance of the recent allied ultimatum regarding reparations renders unnecessary further discussion of Germany's probable capacity to pay. Germany has undertaken to do her best to carry out the new program. If she does her best she will in due time furnish a demonstration as to how much she can pay in the way of reparation or, rather, how much her competitors for the trade of the world are willing she should be allowed to pay. Germany's salvation may depend upon the vigor and sincerity of her effort.

PAUL D. CRAVATH.

THE MATHEMATICS OF HUMAN NATURE*

 N "Manhood of Humanity—The Science and Art of Human Engineering," Count Alfred Korzybski has produced an interesting book from a distinctly fresh point of view.

The Manhood of Humanity according to the author, dates from the World's War: "The period of humanity's childhood has been inconceivably long, three hundred thousand—five hundred thousand years—a stretch of time too vast for our imagination to grasp," of which "except a minute fraction," say five thousand—ten thousand years, "we have no history." In the childhood of humanity man has had to grope, to try experiments, to make mistakes, to gain his education. That period came to an end in the great catastrophe of the World's War. It is time it came to an end. The manhood of humanity should have begun long ago—the time of knowledge, of cooperation, "the establishment of the Science and Art of Human Engineering in the direction of human energies and human capacities to the advancement of human weal." Count Korzybski lays great stress on a right understanding of the nature of humanity; indeed makes such understanding fundamental to progress, even as "without

*"MANHOOD OF HUMANITY—THE SCIENCE AND ART OF HUMAN ENGINEERING," by Count Alfred Korzybski. E. P. Dutton and Co., \$3.00.

geometry there would be no architecture, no railroads, no astronomy, no steamships, none of the present scientific conquests of space." In his analysis of human nature, he throws the entire weight of his authority against the prevailing biological view (for a half century) that "man is an animal." This he characterizes as "a monstrous, pathetic and ruinous blunder." "The chasm separating human nature from animal nature is even wider and deeper than the chasm between animal life and plants." He is to be classed therefore, as on the side of the spiritual conception of humanity, though he thinks that he rejects that hypothesis of man's nature by characterizing such a conception as "a hybrid of natural or supernatural offspring of beast and God—an animal combined with something divine." Be that as it may, those who believe in the nobler view of humanity may well take satisfaction in the statement "when we escape from the age long, untold, immeasurable evils that come from regarding human beings as animals, we may look forward—to a science and art of human life and society—destined to endless improvement, in accord with the potencies of human nature."

The distinctly original element in the book comes from the application of mathematical or engineering conceptions to the age old problems of humanity. The book bristles with mathematical formulæ and mathematical illustrations, and instead of the view point of the biologist or of the economist, we have that of the engineer. This is well, for the problems of humanity have been pretty well thrashed over by the astute minds of the ages, and the mathematical coldness and clearness of Spinoza, who wishes "to understand the actions of men, as we treat lives and surfaces in mathematics, . . . and not to laugh or weep over them" is welcome, in this modern book; and so also the benevolent and broad minded view of engineering which considers the sources and elements of power everywhere with reference to their use and benefit for all mankind. Yet when all is said, the Utopia presented through this mathematical understanding of humanity is not convincing, the World State seems even yet very far off, "in this shrunken or continually shrinking planet," while "the Science and Art of Human Engineering" seem woefully inadequate as a motive power in a world of selfishness, greed, and sin to bring such a Utopia to pass.

REV. DE WITT L. PELTON.

THE VICE OF VICTORIAN VIRTUES*



SOMETIMES a man of worldwide fame writes his memoirs and they amount to nothing. Sometimes a comparatively unknown man does the same thing and the result is charming, illuminating and well worth reading. Bismarck's autobiography was an example of the former.

* Arthur Coleridge's *Reminiscences*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$5.00.

Hare stands out preeminently as an example of the latter. Bismarck had nothing to say that he had not already said before; what he did write was poorly done from the point of view of literature; and there was scarcely a word which was an addition to, or an explanation or exposition of, any of his great actions. Hare during his lifetime had met many men of importance, and what he wrote of them and of their less advertised brothers was a distinct addition to personal history as well as to literature.

Arthur Duke Coleridge died in 1913 after a life of more than eighty years which extended almost from the Battle of Waterloo to the Battle of the Marne. His book is neither in the class of Bismarck nor of Hare. He was a relative of "The Ancient Mariner" and of three Lord Chief Justices that bore the same name. He was himself a lawyer, an operatic singer, a man of letters, and one whose associations and sympathies kept him in the closest possible touch with the Church of England. He was a close personal friend of people ranging from Archbishops of Canterbury to Lord Tennyson and Jenny Lind. He was a jovial companion and a warm friend of many of England's best during the days when music and art and religion were strong in the British Isles.

Yet there is nothing in this book that reproduces him to those who never met him as the reminiscences of a man should, if they are to be of any lasting value. One might write a homily on the looking backward of reminiscences. Throughout this volume (which would be far better if the author had been able to complete it) there is a note of sadness, of the things that have been, of the singers who will never be equalled—the churchmen whose like will never come again—of conversations that have now passed out of fashion—and of pleasant relations with all kinds of people which have now given place to disputes and labor unions and struggles of one kind or another.

Looking backward is good when it is done with a touch of genius and an optimism for the future. But it is of no great moment when it does not connect the past with the future for the entertainment, enlightenment, and stimulation of the present. Even if the skirts of today's daughter are so short that Queen Victoria would have fainted at the sight of them, even if today's daughter does smoke cigarettes, nevertheless she is still a woman and bears children and keeps the world going round just as she did yesterday and five thousand years ago. Even if horses have given place to motor cars, stages to railways, top hats to felt ones, yet people still eat and dress and work and play, and the world muddles along—perhaps in the main, moving ahead. After all, Caruso is a better singer than Mario. Geraldine Farrar is as good as Jenny Lind. Tomorrow somebody will be better than either. Novels are no longer in three volumes, people no longer write enormous letters to one another, and the world is stirred up out of its nice after-dinner-walnut-and-wine stage. Perhaps—Heaven protect us

from becoming iconoclasts—perhaps the amazing energy, the dramatic living, the typewriter-adding machine-aeroplane-motor car age of today is better. At all events, if we do not believe so, we become very unhappy.

Coleridge's *Reminiscences* are faint whiffs of that Victorian passivity which had its faults and its good points, but which has passed into the limbo. There is quite another period around us at the present moment which also has its good and its bad points. Nothing illustrates the difference between the two more effectively than such whiffs, however faint they may be.

LUCAS LEXOW.

ARE THERE TOO MANY BOOKS?*

IT is courageous for the author of one of the latest books to assert that there has of recent years been a spree of publishing. Courageous but not passing strange. For was it not the reformed drunkard of the Wet Ages who always made the most effective appeal against the liquor traffic?

No intelligent reader of the day who tries to keep up with his desire to garner what he thinks he ought to have from the daily newspaper, the magazines and the hundreds of thousands of books which are published yearly, can escape sharing that feeling of disheartenment which was Disraeli's every time he entered the British Museum to see there the rows of books which would never be read. The time has come, says Edward N. Teall, when publishers should ponder this query: Would not a bewildered public call them blessed "if they, instead of searching out the 'popular' authors—in fiction, of course, very specially—did a little weeding in the garden and left the ephemeral writers to ephemeral 'mediums'?" The answer is that each year, one might say each month, every publisher must decide which of his new works is to be featured at the expense of others, equally good, but which must be allowed to become "plugs."

Until the above mentioned bewildered public can benefit from the weeding out of the publishers' garden what is it going to do? For one thing it can consult and study volumes such as Mr. Teall's, and no better beginning could be made than with his. His long and successful career in journalism, his connection with the publishing profession, his work with the Chautauqua Institution, and his early youth in an atmosphere of books, have all contributed in equipping him to be an excellent guide. We say guide advisedly. In other mediums he may have been critic, but not so in his book. He demonstrates the relationships between magazine, book and

*"BOOKS AND FOLKS," by Edward N. Teall. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$1.75.

newspaper; between the news sheets, sport sheets, editorial sheets and ladies' sheets of the latter. He elucidates some very sound theories on style. He refreshes one's memory of early adventures in literature. He does all this with a delightful tolerance, as though he were some finished forester leading an urbanite through a woodland, gently correcting erroneous ideas of the latter and enlarging on those which are sound. On magazines, for instance, he writes:

"The modern magazine has a place of genuine importance in our Scheme of Things. It ought not to be either neglected or overdone. Do not be ashamed to give serious consideration to your choice; do not, on the other hand, take your magazines too seriously. Find what you want; what you like and what you will, in the vulgar phrase, 'give you the most for your money' . . .

"The newspaper and magazine, coming out day after day, week after week, or month after month, are not products of haphazard energy, but are patterned with utmost care and periodically realized as the fruit of finely trained intelligence. In all good logic, an intelligence suited to this one ought to guide the reader in his selection."

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The Forum

SEPTEMBER, 1921

FAITH AND WORKS AT PRESENT

By MAURICE HEWLETT



STRAW will show whither the wind blew me. I was the other day at a country meeting, a meeting of protest against something in particular which drifted, as they often do, into protest against things in general; where, one after another, men with hurts to assuage jumped up in their places and uttered harsh cries of injury, sure in every case of the balm of cheers. Local taxation, naturally, had its side-vortex of debate, about and into which many a tempest tossed citizen whirled and threw up arms. There was not so much heat as fine simulation of heat; there was sounding rhetoric none the worse for being familiar; there were appeals to catchwords, flourishings of party banners. One man in particular I observed, a full-moon faced, shining, prosperous man, a true hunter of applause. That was his meat and drink, worth lure after lure. Some tax-gatherer's indiscretion, excess of zeal, Heaven knows what not, made him sure of his audience. It was good to see him leap on his prey, hold it by the neck, shake the cheers out of it. "Gentlemen," he cried, "You know me" ("*We do, we do!*"); "you know me, as maybe

our friend in his country's pay did not. Gentlemen, I am not one of those who turn the other cheek—" but there the assembly rose at him, and drowned his utterance. He had touched all hearts, he was the hero of his moment.

The thing to be remarked was that the speaker was precisely one of those who accepted every Sunday the doctrine, part of which here, on Monday, he so confidently disclaimed. I knew him for a sound and hearty Nonconformist, a buttress of his chapel. Those who heard him were much of his own profession. Yet here he was, not so much denying the teaching of his Master as deriding it—and with no ghost of an idea of what he was doing. The precept of the Gospel had become a signal for the applause of its exact opposite. I have known many a Christian who ignored his doctrine, but I don't recollect that I was ever in a Christian assembly where any point of it had become a standing joke. I don't forget, of course, the eighteenth century, when conformity of public profession was allowed to co-exist with extreme laxity of private opinion. But that was another world. Horace Walpole, George Selwyn, Old Q., with their friends across the channel, Madame du Defand, the Duc de Choiseul, and the Princesse de Beauvau, were wits as well as sceptics. Nothing is sacred to a wit; and besides, they were safe within the walls of Establishments which would never quarrel with their bread and butter. My friends in council were in a very different position. Largely, they were out because the others remained in. They were protesting the Faith; and by their fruits they must be judged. I am not able to say that their deeds outline their opinions more closely than those of their Anglican and Latin fellow-Christians. Ever since Christianity ceased to be a Way of Life—which was immediately it became a world-belief—the discrepancy between faith and practice has been observable. But it does show how wide is the chasm when, even among those protesting entire adherence to evangelical doctrine, a portion of it should be treated as a comic paradox. I think that that is highly symptomatic.

Faith and Works may have often, possibly always, been at variance. Christianity is a Counsel of Perfection for men who are far from perfect. But Faith has stood, nevertheless, as a kind of staple to which long measure or short could be brought for assay. If that is now to fail, I do not say that the world will cease to be Christian, because it has never yet been so, but that the chance is before us that Christianity itself will fade out.

Probably no body of doctrine with such high professions as were made by Christianity ever became a widespread religious belief. I have called it a Way of Life; it was that, and more; it was an illumination. It was not so much a dispensation which could be codified; it was rather a garment of life which must shift, expand or contract, with life itself. And if it could not be comprised within a formula, neither could it be presented in a symbol. The weakness of symbols and formulas is that they become rapidly out-distanced by life. If they are not constantly renewed, represented, re-translated, they become really without meaning, as the hieratic liturgy of the Eastern Church actually now is, presented in words which the priests and monks themselves often don't understand. Religion on those terms—sacramental, thaumaturgic, mystery-making, emotional, may have a wide appeal. Men may die for it, and kill for it, too. But it cannot be called a Way of Life, still less an illumination. The test of it is "*Credo quia impossibile.*"

But Christendom, with the two ways before it, as we all know, chose for dispensation, formula and symbol. History shows that it then ceased to be a Way of Life for the world in general, though here and there hermits and pious communities maintained it in desert places as some such thing. The discrepancy between Doctrine and Conduct began at that moment of choice, has gone on since, and has never ceased to go on. As no other religion ever made so high a claim, so no other ever fell so far away from the mind and teaching of its founder. Islamism has lapsed in patches, and Buddhism varied from climate to climate; but Chris-

tianity has lapsed as a whole and has never attempted to be literal. The case is singular—so singular that one might think the discrepancy had never been noticed until today. Here, then, you have whole continents, peopled by nations of men who all profess as nations, and mainly as individuals, adherence to a religion, idealistic, pacific, altruistic, enthusiastic; a religion which commands men to love their enemies, bless them that persecute them, do good to them that despitefully use them; which inculcates poverty as a means of grace, inferentially as the only means; which insists upon the negligibility of the things of this world; which posits the Kingdom of Heaven within the heart of man, and can therefore promise inheritance to the meek, joy to the peacemaker, and comfort to the mourner—all this, as I say, for nearly two thousand years upon the lips of nations of men who have never, as nations, for a year together since the voice which enjoined it was still in death—never for one year attempted to observe any of it. Christians have never ceased to make war on each other, never ceased to hate their enemies, never decried the great possessions of this world as nothing worth, never considered the lilies of the field, never turned the other cheek to the smiter, never believed that the Kingdom of Heaven was within them, never seriously considered where it was, if not there. Is not that extraordinary? It would be, if we were not dealing with men.

As the Christianity of Christ has never yet been put to the test it is impossible to say what success it might have had as a Way of Life. The nature of men being what it is, it might easily fail. Is it too hard a saying for those who profess it that it should at least be tried? Could it not with probability be said that whatever kind of failure it might make of life, it could not by any possibility make a worse failure than we have made of life without it? I think that might certainly be said. Not only is humanity going to pieces, but religion is going with it. The universal complaint goes up that the churches are emptying and the divorce courts filling (to name only those); and it is a fair

inference that if people were more conscious of the tie which binds them to each other in religion they would be less impatient of that which binds them to each other in life. The Way of Life which Christ offered to the world was fairly a Career; but the world, having other careers then in being or in prospect, declined to exchange them, sought rather to accommodate incompatibles, with the striking results which we see about us. Marriage, on the other hand, was never intended to be a career, though it might have helped to make one of religion.

The failure of marriage is a much less serious thing for the world than the renegation of the Laws of Being which we can remark on every hand. I need not, I hope, enlarge upon them, the common lot of the whole of creation, so far as we know it. Nothing that comes into the world can escape the obligation of Work, Love, and Procreation; but, if just now men are not evading those duties, then two *plus* two do not make four. To what are Labor troubles due but to evasion of the law to work by the men, of the law to love by the masters? To what else was the recent hideous war due? To what else are you to ascribe the new post-bellum attitude of nearly all the peoples lately engaged in scientific and wholesale murder? The late war made a ghastly wound in the social fabric; but not a clean wound. Instead, a moral gangrene seems to be eating into the very bones of human kind. For those and all such miseries the religion of Christ offers a remedy, at least as much entitled to a trial as Soviet Government in Russia, English Government (to call it so) in Ireland, French handling of beaten Germany, American handling of workmen and negroes. That teaching is to be found in a book which is professed by millions of people as infallible and of divine origin. Officially it is held to be so by all the nations which will not test it by experience. This is an extraordinary position of things. Crystallization of dogma seems to have reached its term.

I have said that Christ's teaching has never been followed, His way of life never attempted. That is true of nations, with which, so far, I have been dealing. Obviously it is not true of individuals, nor altogether so of groups of individuals. Groups have attempted it: Cathari, Patterini, Franciscans, Hussites, Wycliffites, Albigenses, Friends of God, Port-Royalists, Doukhobors, and suchlike. Most of them have failed owing to internal weakness, and the nature of men; some, like the Albigenses, have been crushed out or worn down by the hostility of governments. One only, English in origin, has endured for three hundred years. That is a group large enough to be called something else. It does not claim to be a church, and calls itself the Society of Friends. By a term of mockery, now become one of affection, men outside call it the Quakers.

Founded by George Fox, an uninstructed man illuminated by close and literal reading of the Gospels, outliving both a time of persecution and one of moral collapse, that Society has presented to the world for three hundred and more years the nearest approach to the Christ-like way of life which has ever been known. It is based upon neighborly love, is strictly pacific, in the face of Government it is quietist. It is without formulary or sacrament. So far, the likeness is exact. It does not, however, observe the counsel of Poverty, and is in no real sense communistic. In those two points, and in the fact that it has not been zealous to proselytize, it falls short of the teaching of Jesus Christ. But essentially it resembles that teaching in being an enthusiasm, an illumination, and a Way of Life where permeation of body by spirit is complete both in the particular and in the whole. Its doctrine is idealistic and undogmatic. It comes not to destroy, but to fulfil. It is not, as Mr. Carl Heath says in a recent pamphlet,* a "sect obsessed with a theory of its own exclusive wisdom"; it is "no creed which alone brings salvation." "Whatever else it is,"

* "QUAKER THOUGHT IN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE," by Carl Heath (Friends' Council for International Service).

he goes on to say, "it is always a movement of spiritual seekers holding out hands of fellowship to all who search for God, for Light and Truth, and for that way of life where men can love God wholeheartedly and their fellows as themselves."

So much for that. What is now extremely noteworthy is that, since the late war began, the Society of Friends has broken down the defenses which screened it from the world, and definitely ranged itself in Europe as a Christian body with work to do correspondent with the faith which it holds. With no bridge-making to be done, with no gulf between Belief and Conduct, the Quakers of America and Britain, ever since the Armistice, have been steadily at work throughout Europe, and particularly in Germany and Austria, mending the fortunes of broken people, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, showing forth Goodwill among men who of late years have shown forth none of their own. From reports delivered at a meeting held this month, I learn that in Germany something like a million children are being fed, and that in Vienna and the Provinces "the largest number of children helped at any one time has been seventy thousand." Of the sum of their activities at large I have nothing before me but accounts of expenditure. From these I learn that the American Friends' Service Committee has spent during the year June, 1919-June, 1920:—

In France, \$190,000; in Germany, \$2,761,000, in Serbia, \$57,777, in Austria, \$18,881; in Armenia, \$3,871.

The English Friends' Committee has spent in the year—

In France, £117,123; in Russia, £33,276; in Austria, £313,354; in Poland, £86,432; in Germany, £106,956; in Serbia, £1,607—

altogether, with expenses of administration, material, and allowances to other funds, six hundred and ninety-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three pounds.


These figures tell their own story; and if we call the work which they represent "loving our enemies", as we well may, it is not what they would call it; for they say that it takes two to make a quarrel, and that Quakers quar-

rel with no sons of men. The matter for the concern of Christendom is that it is a work which I believe I am right in saying no other church, no other society of Christian people, as such, is doing. What individual adherents to one church or another may be at, is not now to the purpose. The point upon which I must insist is that, professing the doctrine of Christ, they keep it, as it were, in an airtight compartment, not only unspotted from the world, but with no chance of braving any spots at all. As churches, all of them are infected with the dread of importing the affairs of the world into church—a disastrous dichotomy (giving life two lobes, as if it were a brain) of which the Church of England is the most notorious upholder.

What has happened? What is the meaning of all this? To account for it is entirely beyond my powers which only enable me to report it. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and if it has so far wafted the secret of Christ into one small society of men only, there is, I suppose, nothing to do but to “wait still upon God.” Meantime, in the place of Love toward men, upon which the whole Evangel is founded, the nations of the world are waiting still upon Hate toward them. Christian Irish still murder Christian English, and English Irish. Russians, having broken down a tyranny which levied war on one class, have set up in its place a tyranny which wars upon another class. The French, having broken the Germans, hate and fear them more than before. The Turks still massacre the Armenians, the Greeks whatever Turks they can get at. Masters and Men have learned nothing by a war which at least showed all men equal in fortune, except to grudge each other their share in it. The very water drinkers cannot drink their water without having their stomachs turned by the thought of the wine other men are drinking. Alone in creation, it seems, humanity preys upon its own kind. That is where we are in 1921, that year of Our Lord. In the background hangs Christ on the Cross who died that Love might prevail.

THE BIRTH RATE AND WEATHER

By DR. A. MAGELSEN

 **THE** problems of repopulation—birth rate, birth control—are among the most vital in the world to-day. After the ravages of war, a new world has to be practically rebuilt, and the manpower wherewith to do it is all-important. No wonder that a continued decrease in the birth rate causes unparalleled alarm in some countries, and finds expression in repopulation campaigns and anti-birth control legislation.

Unfortunately most of the campaigns start out from a wrong conception of things. The general tendency is to ascribe modern couples' reluctance to have children to lax morals, love of luxury, etc., or else to economic conditions which make a large family a too heavy burden upon a man. It does not seem to occur to those who lead these very vital campaigns that human beings, in the mass, are not responsible for manifestations such as birth, sickness and death, which, on the contrary, are subject to the same fundamental forces of nature as plants or animals. After the farmer has done his share to produce a rich crop of corn, his work may come to nothing because of a sudden frost, a long dry spell, or a super-abundance of rain. In the same way, the fecundity of human beings is affected by forces of nature, even though the relationship is not as obviously direct.

If morals are bad to-day they have been equally bad, if not worse, in the past. Yet the population of the world increased to such an extent that the bogey of over-population was frequently paraded before the war. At that time sociologists and students of economy claimed the world

would soon be unable to feed its all too numerous inhabitants.

This alone should prove that neither social nor economic conditions affect to any vital degree such fundamental manifestations of life as birth or death. For centuries Malthusian doctrines have been preached and practiced by certain classes of people the world over. For centuries their influence on the masses has been an infinitely small one. Civilization and birth rate are not fundamentally related but are independent of each other. The secret of birth and death is not to be found in social or economic fluctuations but in the relation between the forces of nature and human life.

To fathom these forces of nature, not only the present, but the past should be studied. Modern science with its specialization and attention to details may here lead us astray, make us, in our attentiveness to the immediate, lose sight of the long rhythms and vibrations which determine all manifestations of life. Past centuries should not be picked apart under a microscope, but welded together as by a powerful macroscope which would give that panoramic view in which one could trace the currents of life. Those who so deplore the present decrease in the birth rate seem to forget the existence of what one might call "world rhythm"—this ceaseless ebb and flow in all biological fields, entirely independent of human will, which maintains the order of the universe. Everything living—plants, animals, man—bears the imprint of this continual, though often irregular, rise and fall in development, health, mortality, birth, disease. This rhythm is the safety valve of the universe, and its manifestations should not cause apprehension. Its ceasing, only, should be a cause of anxiety.

Instead of holding the population of a country responsible for biological phenomena, such as the birth rate, for instance, the relations of these to the forces of the universe should be studied. The forces of nature are manifest in everything, but we can measure them best when, in the shape of what we call "the weather," they make up the atmosphere in which we live and to which we must adapt ourselves.

The material we have to work with in making such researches is, at the present time, extremely limited. Meteorological records more or less perfectly kept, and more or less available, are about all we have. But even so, results obtained show a most undoubted relationship between the forces of nature as expressed in atmospherical factors, and biological phenomena as manifested in human life.

As a starting point for the study of the relationship of the birth rate to the weather, or meteorological conditions, the temperature may be used. The temperature is only one of the many atmospherical factors that have a determining influence on human life, but it has been more carefully recorded than dampness, for instance, and for a greater length of time, so that we have more documents to work with. It also has a greater and more evident effect on plant and animal life than any other force of the atmosphere. A comparison of birth rate and temperature (which is but a single factor) does not show an *absolute* relationship between the weather and biological phenomena, but it does show a relationship sufficiently marked to authorize the assumption that absolute relationship could be proved if we had sufficient documents at hand in regard to other atmospherical forces.

Although changes of temperature may, in some cases, have an immediate effect on the human organism (occasioning colds, sunstrokes, etc.), their influence is generally of a more gentle and insidious character, but none the less powerful. Their effects do not cease with the last day of the year. The chemical changes in glands and cells, called forth or held in reserve during the course of the year, accumulate or increase if the temperature of a second year, for instance, is similar to that of the one before; while a different temperature during the second year may counteract the influences of the first. Furthermore certain organisms and organs (secretive glands, nerve tissues, etc.) react more rapidly and efficaciously to the stimulus of the weather than others. It should be remembered also that the effects

of the temperature may accumulate for years and affect the vitality of an entire generation. The birth rate of to-day is to a certain extent the result of the atmospheric conditions which surrounded the former generation, increasing or diminishing fecundity of the parents. More directly, it is the result of the weather of the last few years.

In order to study the influence of the weather on human life, new methods must be used. I have obtained very excellent results by what might be called the method of "successive additions."

The starting point for the study of the temperature and its influence on the birth rate is not the absolute "observed" meteorological record, but a record of the swerving of temperature from the "normal"—that is to say, the difference between the "normal" and "actual" temperatures. In other words, a winter much milder than normal would be registered as increasing temperature (even though it might be cold) and a summer colder than normal would be registered as decreasing temperature (even though the thermometer might be relatively high). For it should be remembered that "extremes" of temperature have more effect than "averages."

If the values of temperature obtained in this way are inscribed on millimeter paper and added together by two, three or four years, as the case may be, the result is a series of curves expressing the fluctuations in temperature grouped for one, two, three, four or five years. These curves (and the tables established according to the same method) show that the effect of a very mild winter or a very hot summer may be traced for many years, and the same is true of a cold summer or a hard winter.

In comparing the birth rate and temperature, the values for each year, for summer, for winter, for groups of three summer or winter months, and finally for each month, must be used. Curves obtained in this way must be compared with the birth rate curves for the corresponding years.

At the present stage of investigation it would seem as if the birth rate increases according to the increase of tem-

perature, but cold periods of the year determine greater or lesser fecundity according to whether they are much colder than normal, or offset or not by the warmth of the summer months.

In places where the climate is, generally speaking, cool, as in Stockholm for instance, the birth rate is almost a replica of the curve of temperature based on the coldest and hottest months. In Berlin, the birth rate seems to respond to the general average temperature based on the coldest and hottest months. In Berlin, the birth rate seems to respond to the general average temperature of the year, as increased or not by a hot summer. In Paris, the six winter months seem decisive in determining the birth rate, and of the six the last quarter of the year (October, November and December) seems the most decisive.

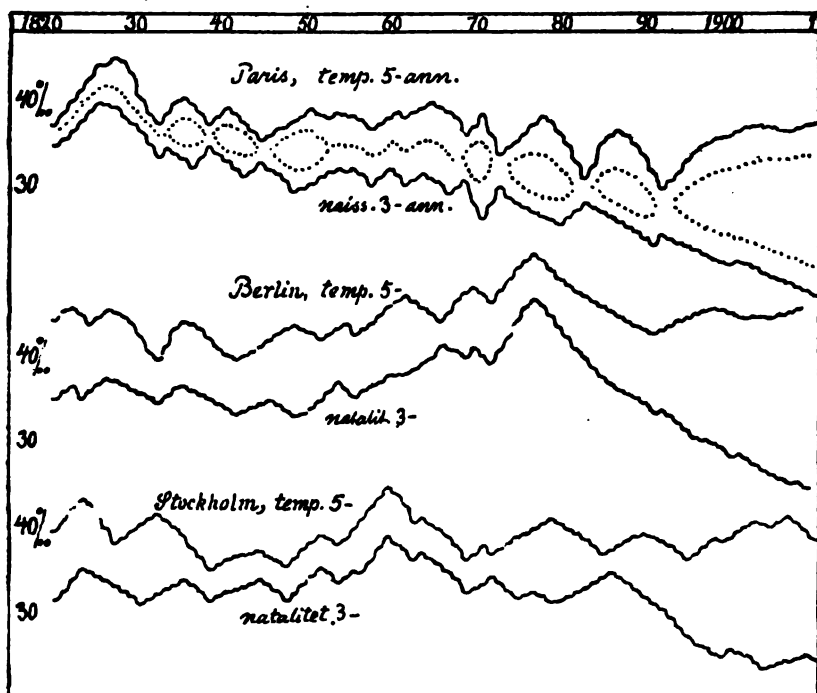


FIGURE 1.

Upper curves register the temperature for the cities of Paris, Berlin and Stockholm from the year 1820 to 1910.

Lower curves register the birth rate for the same cities during the same period.

In studying the birth rate and temperature curves, an

absolute similarity is not found. But a very mathematical relationship exists. It will be seen that whether the birth curve follows or opposes that of the temperature, the two phenomena follow the same general rhythm and are ruled by the same fluctuations.

In looking at the curves from Paris, Berlin and Stockholm (the only cities where I have been able to obtain sufficient meteorological data, so far), it will be noticed that to the highest temperature corresponds the highest birth rate; to a sinking temperature, a sinking birth rate; and to a rising temperature, a rising birth rate. From 1820 to 1890 there is a very marked and close connection in all three cities between birth rate and temperature. If the last two decades in all places show a marked divergence, it would be wrong to conclude that the mathematical relationship has been broken. In the future it will undoubtedly be seen that this divergence, like those of the past, is well defined and ordered.

When sufficient meteorological material shall have been assembled and put to judicious use, the secret of the relationship between life and the forces of the universe will be proved.

It must not be forgotten that the laws of nature do not change, and that human beings are the same, fundamentally, the world over, and always have been. Malthusian practices, now blamed for the birth decrease, have been employed for thousands of years, and can scarcely therefore be held responsible for the discrepancy in the last two decades. It would be strange, too, that their effects should be so similar in the three capitals.

The truth of the matter is that biological phenomena, like the birth rate, are but mirrors of the rhythm of the universe. No nation, in regard to the birth rate, has a right to consider itself superior to its neighbor. The lowering birth rate of the last twenty years can undoubtedly be traced to the steadily sinking temperature. But by the very law of the rhythm of the universe, this temperature will rise again, and with it the fecundity of the population.

RADICALISM IN OUR COLLEGES

By EDWARD G. RIGGS



O my way of thinking, truth demands the admission that, although Harvard is superior to most colleges, she is not meeting the situation as she should. The college man is altogether too little interested in the life the fundamentals of which he is supposed to be learning. Elections come and go; international complications arise and blow over; a great book is written—and as far as most of us are concerned, these events might just as well not have happened. Now and then, of course, a tremendous happening such as the great War occurs and does produce a mighty stir among us. But the ordinary things of life, the ordinary matters of importance, are simply beyond the ken of the average undergraduate.

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Discussion groups and forums have been tried and failed miserably. Lectures seem to draw only when the speaker is picturesque or so prominent that to be absent will bring the suggestion of having “missed it.” There can be no doubt as to the conclusion. Harvard undergraduates are simply not interested in the things which interest them directly after commencement.—William S. Holbrook, Jr., Class Orator of the Senior Class at Harvard, June, 1921.

There is a spirit of unrest, of discontent, of extravagance, of idleness, of expected perfection, and impatience when we should remember that perfection and success are not immediately within one's grasp.

There has developed out of this a noisy effort by a relatively small number of people to upset and dislocate the established order of things and to “Fly to evils that we know not of.”

What are called Radicalism, Socialism, Sovietism, and Bolshevism are advocated, and too many people who should know better lend a receptive ear to those foolish, yet dangerous, doctrines and thus encourage the ignorant, the thoughtless and the wicked.

In schools, colleges and even in our beloved Harvard, there is some of this atmosphere, and it is disturbing many of the best friends of education and progress in the country.

In giving young people their physical nourishment we do not spread before them every kind of food and say, "Eat what you like whether it agrees with you or not." We know that the physical machine can absorb only a certain amount and that all else is waste and trash, with the result that bodies are poisoned and weakened.

In giving mental nourishment, why lay before young and impressionable men and women un-American doctrines and ideas that take mental time and energy from the study and consideration of the great fundamentals and eternal truths, fill the mind with unprofitable mental trash which, with some, result only in sewing the seeds of discontent and unrest? And which can result only in absolute life failure, spiritual and material.

Take the case of a young woman endowed with a marvelous voice and ambitious to be a prima donna in grand opera. If she attempts to train herself or receives her instruction and inspiration from those who have a half-knowledge of the great science of music, with little experience in the musical world, she will fail. The only way she can obtain the highest success within the time at her disposal is to place herself in the hands of the best and most experienced musical masters.

Just so with young men and young women who, through false teachings, are carried away with the doctrines of Socialism and Bolshevism.

After they get into the real world it takes them considerable time to become convinced that certain laws controlling social and material affairs are as unchangeable as the law of gravitation, and some never learn it; that in many instances they have wasted their time on studies that are of no use and have been taken off their feet by altruistic theories based on false idealism and a bastard materialism.—Howard Elliott, C. E., L.L. D., former President of the Northern Pacific Railway Company and of The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, Overseer of Harvard and formerly President of The Alumni Association of Harvard University;—from the address of Mr. Elliott to his Class of 1881, University Club, Boston, June 22, 1921.

Mr. Holbrook in his Harvard Class utterance will be credited with stating a situation of very real interest to the country. When he adds that the lectures at Harvard draw only when the speaker is picturesque he, perhaps unconsciously, suggests a remedy; and I am to enjoy the privilege, after talks with many in financial and business life, to attempt to point a way to either minimize or to meet favorably the so-called radicalism in our colleges. Mr. Elliott suggests a remedy which has received wide commendation, but on the other hand, not a few in the business world have

suggested another line of procedure. Mr. Elliott has had vast experience in financial and railroad life. Contrary to the accepted belief, he was a poor boy in college. During vacations he worked on various railroads as a level rodman, a very humble civil engineering place and his wages were fifteen dollars a month and "grub"—the phrase of that day. He has become one of the powers in the railroad world, and is a publicist and writer of distinction on subjects affecting the welfare of our country. I feel, though, that there should be free speech to the limit in our universities and colleges and free intercourse of ideas. My experience as a newspaper man impressed me with the thought that it is idle to attack the mental antics of college students, idle to attack their radicalism—these are always the qualities of immaturity. There are those who believe that the radical propaganda which is being worked in our colleges and universities, together with a mild Bolshevism in art, science, religion, economics and sociology, are driving through American traditions and landmarks of our race of students, and that these are assisted by professors and clergymen whose thinking has been dislocated by unsound, even ignorant, subversive influences in theology and sociology.

The stone-wall fact remains, however, that Intercollegiate Liberal Leagues are established in nearly all of our colleges, the purpose evidently being to give students the thrill of believing that they are taking part in the beginning of a great new movement comparable even to the winning of our national independence or the abolition of slavery. It is well known that facts are seldom picturesque; fancy invariably is. Facts are apt to dull the imagination, while distortion stimulates it.

From the foundation of our country there has been a class of college students who must have mental recreation or, as it were, a vent. In former days this vent took the shape of savage discussions on theology, on the various religious sects of the country, pre-destination, hell-fire and eternal damnation, natural selection, Brahmanism, Buddhism, de-

bates on all the great religions of the world, the good and bad of the French Revolution, ditto the English Reformation. Then came fierce talks over mathematics, and natural phenomena. Later on came wine and beer parties, and still later came the theatrical bombardments of favorite musical comedy heroines, quite a number of elopements with favorite chorus girls, interspersed by the era of athletics. All these portrayed the natural, perhaps unconscious hunger of immaturity for a vent. The brain and tongue must have a regular vent or random explosions come. Nations, like individuals, must have a vent. Our volcanoes are the earth's vent. Better not cap a vent. Young men in the first exhilarating months of intellectual freedom are being seized with promissory doctrines, the source and consequences of which they do not see. There is a natural rebelliousness of youth, which promises progress; there is a natural venturesomeness to play free with ancient faiths; both of which are ebullitions of the spirit and significant of dawning mental virility. It is during the periods when these adolescent expansions are in process that the youth is captured by influences which deliberately lie in wait for him in the colleges. True, in after years a large proportion come to their senses sufficiently to be able "to sit on the fence and see themselves go by," and they come back to sanity. They find that "free love" doctrines make exhilarating club topics, but that the Family—the genesis, foundation, keystone and arch of a strong nation—the old-fashioned loyalty of one man and one woman to each other and their children is the basis, not only of society, but of all personal character and progress. They find that Revolution, while a delightful subject for fiery debates and an excellent stimulant in the feeling of supermanlikeness, is nevertheless not the process of progress.

Miss Patty S. Hill, of the Teachers' College, New York City, in a recent address at Detroit, stated: "It is worse to have germs on the mind than on the body." What is the remedy for removing these germs of radicalism from the minds of our university and college students?

The Intercollegiate Liberal Leagues in our colleges are a new effort in student activities, organized at the Harvard Union several months ago. The conference attending the formation of these leagues was explained to represent an expression of the aspirations of a great number of college students to participate more actively than formerly in the activities of their generation. The purpose of the conference was to bring together men and women from the various colleges with a view to founding an intercollegiate liberal organization whose scope shall be national, and whose aim shall be to cultivate an informal and open-minded attitude on the part of the students toward social, industrial and political questions.

This was the first spontaneous movement of the kind in the United States. Its importance was illustrated by the fact that at least twenty-three colleges were represented. These included practically all of the large universities of the East, as well as theological institutions and smaller colleges.

The credit of bringing together this convention was chiefly due to the work of the students of Harvard and Radcliffe. They secured some of the most prominent liberals in the country as speakers, as well as men who are recognized as among the foremost educators. Among those who addressed the conference were Dean L. B. R. Briggs of Harvard, Walter Lippman of the *New Republic*, President-Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard, Senator Ladd of North Dakota, John Haynes Holmes, head of the Community Church, and President H. N. MacCracken of Vassar. J. P. Batdorf, '21, represented Wesleyan at this conference, the result of which will undoubtedly be the securing of several prominent speakers on economics to appear before the colleges from time to time.

Mr. C. H. Holmes, a Harvard alumnus, speaking of that conference at the Harvard Union, said:

"During the last few years Harvard, as well as most other universities and colleges, has solicited her graduates and people at large to subscribe to an endowment fund for

the purpose of insuring living salaries for her professors and instructors. My own small subscription represented the limit of my ability to help support an institution from which I have always been proud to have been graduated, and to further a movement that seemed vital to the future education in this country. I had no intention of helping support a Rand School.

"The study of liberalism is one thing, but for an institution chartered and helped by the state, and so a quasi arm of the government, to encourage theorists whose one intelligible common aim is to break down the existing order of things, seems hardly ethical. Do we commonly give our support to men whom we know to be continually knocking us—constantly plotting for our undoing?

"The Rev. John Haynes Holmes advises the students, forsooth, that the way to amount to something 'is to identify themselves to the limit with the labor world.' Why a higher education at all if labor is the only thing? If we all pump the organ who will play? Russia today is a beautiful example of a performance by workers alone.

"Harry W. Laidler wants to resist all attempts 'to muzzle professors.' And why not 'muzzle' people who are biting the hand that feeds them?

"Read over the list of speakers and then tell me if I am not warranted in asking whether the authorities of a college to which I owe much and to which I have hoped to send my boy, indorsed these ultra radicals by officially offering them a forum and encouraging them in their propaganda."

I asked Mr. Edward Grant Buckland, alumnus of Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas, formerly Professor of Law at Yale, for an expression of opinion on this question of radicalism in our universities and colleges, and especially as to the comments of Mr. Holbrook on the indifference of many college students as to what is going on in our colleges, and Mr. Buckland was good enough to say:

"The basis of my comment on this subject is a paraphrase of a saying which Edmund Burke once made, 'I have con-

fidence in the ultimate common sense of the English people.' Modernizing that and using as my text: I have confidence in the ultimate common sense of college undergraduates, I say this deliberately after an almost continuous knowledge of undergraduate sentiment at Yale for more than thirty years, and an intimate connection with the undergraduate body during a considerable period of that time.

"The average college man wishes to think straight, but he believes, and so do I, that straight thinking comes not through coddling, but as a result of a knowledge of the facts and an interplay of argument based upon it. The undergraduate has always wished to know all sides of a proposition. Today he demands it more than ever because he has seen and in many instances shared personally in the world upsets during and following the war, and he is eager to know whether there is any new rule by which society may live and prosper more than that which resulted in the horrible travesty enacted between 1914 and 1918. Advantage has been taken of this state of mind among people generally, and among undergraduate students particularly, by propagandists, some of whom are sincere though mischievous, and others who are both mischievous and insincere. Generally they are plausible in their arguments and rather fascinating in the presentation of their subjects: If they are not permitted to present them they will claim that freedom of speech is abridged.

"Now my theory is just this: College authorities should allow the utmost freedom of speech so long as it is within the well-recognized limits of decency and loyalty, but they should recognize that propagandists are likely to communicate a mental infection to their listeners for which an anti-toxin should be provided. Therefore, wherever a propagandist presents arguments of this sort he should be made to understand that he must make good his argument against men of equal ability presenting the other side, and the student should be privileged to hear either contemporaneously with, or immediately after the propagandist, a presentation

by a person of equal ability and of equal facility of speech and personal magnetism.

"Right here comes a real difficulty. The average lecturer uses such technical phrases that the undergraduate loses interest. With all our boasted teaching of English in universities, college men, as a class, do not express themselves with the directness or the clarity with which the average soap-box orator expresses himself on the street corner. Most of our so-called English teaching is not a teaching of the English language, but is a teaching of historical English literature, which is a very different thing. It is not so essential that my son should know what Macbeth thought when he first saw Macduff, as it is that he should be able to convey orally or by written word his thought in clear and forceful English. To meet these propagandists, therefore, I would seriously suggest that the colleges cultivate in their English classes an expression of vernacular. Call it for want of a better term, a class in soap box oratory, by which students will be able to meet and refute in like language the arguments which the Pinks and Reds and Bolsheviki are continually presenting. In the meantime present to these students in the vernacular a picture of how these theories have worked among peoples in by-gone days, and show them that from the time of the Children of Israel, and farther back for all I know, there have been repeated attempts to get people to work together and contribute all they produced to a common treasury; that each time it has failed for the simple reason that there was no penalty visited upon the idler, the slacker, or the spendthrift, and no reward for the industrious, the initiative and the thrifty. Tell them the experiment would have worked in the Plymouth Colony if anywhere, and that it utterly failed there in two or three years. Read them the reasons why in the quaint language of that day.

"Socialism, the eight-hour day, the Plumb Plan, and many other ideas are being presented to the world in the thought that they are new, when, in fact, they are old, discredited, and discarded theories, as the history of society

will easily demonstrate. As to these theories I have no fear that the college undergraduate will think straight, talk straight, and act straight when he has heard all sides, and that he will be stronger than one who has been shielded from the propagandists. If, as has sometimes happened, an instructor is found who persists in teaching this sort of thing, if I were in authority in a college, I would not demand his resignation, but by a presentation of the facts to the students show the utter absurdity of his arguments through the means which I have just outlined, and make him so ridiculous and so uncomfortable that he would rather be anywhere else than in the class or lecture room.

"It is nonsense to say that the colleges of this country are not at least as able as the propagandists, if they will only take a little pains and exercise a little ingenuity to devise ways and means of meeting this propaganda. In this way we shall hear less of the rumor that colleges are pink and becoming red, and more of what is the fact that the colleges are the repositories of straight living, straight thinking and straight acting."

In my opinion Mr. Buckland advances a very real, a downright practical remedy, to offset the teachings of the propagandists of radicalism. Let me go a little further in that direction. In the vernacular of the day, we should have from the outside world public speakers and writers to contradict by counterproof the type of speaker now infesting our colleges as propagandists and who are known in the outside world as "Chaw-Mouths" and "Hell-Roaring Jakes." I have noticed that many of the radical propagandists use rather strong, sometimes vitriolic language. The gentlemen I am to name as factors in a suggested remedy would not demean themselves by such utterances, for they know full well that good nature and good sense are usually companions. Moreover, many of these alumni recall the words of Demosthenes—"To find fault, someone may say is easy, and in every man's power; but to point out the proper course to be pursued in the present circumstances, that is

the proof of a wise counselor." And the gentlemen I am to name could be very wise counselors in these rather disturbed college conditions.

I suggest that the anti-radicals should have speakers to attend our colleges and use the language so familiar to the man on the street. They should have practical financial and business experience in order to be able to point out the fallacies advanced by the radical propagandists. Men in this very material business and professional world are usually measured by their merits; their talents to accomplish practical results, their real powers of productivity. In this connection, I am reminded of placards I recently saw tacked to the walls of a university town which read, "Motormen get sixty cents an hour, professors eighteen cents an hour." I can easily recall a little incident when Herr Lasker, Socialist, spoke recently in a lecture to the undergraduates of Yale. His topic was the Plumb Plan to govern the railroads. As he proceeded it was patent to all that Herr Lasker knew little or nothing whatever of the effects, if put in operation, of the Plumb Plan on the fifty-five millions of our people who are directly or indirectly, through work and investments, interested in the railroads of our country; even upon the advocates of the Plumb Plan. Finally, questioned by Mr. Buckland, Herr Lasker broke down and admitted that he knew absolutely nothing of the practical workings of the proposed plan.

I am very glad to note that within the last several years, since the foundation of the Boston Trade Union College, the list of similar institutions has grown long. Arthur Gleason's pamphlet on workers' education, dated June twenty-fifth, describes the Trade Union College of Washington, D. C., the Workers' College of Seattle, and the Rochester Labor College, founded in 1919; and the Baltimore Labor Class, the Philadelphia Trade Union College, the Pittsburgh Trade Union College, the Workers' University of Cleveland, the Workers' College of Minneapolis, and the St. Paul Labor College, dating from 1920. In addition,

there must be mentioned the classes of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the workers' classes in small Pennsylvania cities, the Amherst classes, and schools with a special foundation, like one for Finnish workers in Duluth. About ten thousand American workers are now regularly studying in their own higher institutions. Many will regret, probably, the organization of these labor colleges on the ground that they tend to the education of a class when it is the plain intent of the polity of Americanism to do away with classes of our citizens in order to make the nation completely democratic. Many contend that we are a nation of racial eddies, that there is no real melting pot, that our many different races do not intermingle or intermarry. This may be true to a certain extent in a social way but as a nation we are one gigantic mass of Americans, and this was amply demonstrated in the great War. Many wise men who have written and thought of our affairs as a nation deprecate any step in the direction of racial exclusiveness, or class restrictions or domination. We do not want an oligarchy of labor any more than we want an oligarchy of capital, and the higher education of our people should be in the direction of a merging of all interests, economic, financial and social, for the benefit of the entire nation.

I have in mind a plan which would carry further the basis of Mr. Buckland's thought as to rebuttal argument of the college radical propagandist. Glance over the list of overseers of Harvard, the trustees of the University of Chicago, the regents of the University of Wisconsin, the trustees of Columbia University, the fellows of Yale University, the overseers of Williams College, the trustees of Cornell University, the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, and the trustees of the Leland Stanford University. I have selected these lists as representing territorially the great college thought of our country. Among these gentlemen are physicians, lawyers, financiers, railroad executives, judges, statesmen, engineers, merchants, manufacturers, real estate men and newspaper editors, business men,

capitalists, surgeons, publicists, coal operators, geologists, all familiar with the practical workings of life, all busy men, all interested hourly and daily in the great rivalries of business and professional life. All are men of keen intelligence, many are very excellent speakers, quite a number are writers of renown, and all have made their mark in the great world and made it through understanding the practicalities of the great world, not only in this country, but in foreign countries. Take the overseers of Harvard, as an instance. Among them are Mr. John Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Howard Elliott, and Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, who could explain to the students at Harvard Union the real truth about the fundamentals and the practical workings of finance and railroads and constituent subjects. Mr. Harold F. McCormick and Mr. Julius Rosenwald could do the same for the students of the University of Chicago. Mr. Walter J. Kohler could speak to the students of the University of Wisconsin. Mr. William Barclay Parsons, Mr. M. Hartley Dodge, Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, and Mr. Robert S. Lovett could do the same for Columbia University. Mr. Charles Hopkins Clark, Mr. Otto T. Bannard, and Mr. Howell Cheney could do the same for Yale. Mr. Alfred C. Chapin, Mr. Hale Holden and Mr. Solomon B. Griffin could do the same for Williams. Mr. Ira A. Place, Mr. Robert H. Treman, and Mr. Charles M. Schwab could do the same for Cornell. Mr. Edward Townsend Stotesbury and Mr. Joseph E. Widener could do the same for the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Joseph Donohue Grant and Mr. Frank Bartow Anderson could do the same for Leland Stanford. And I could name many other gentlemen who are interested in the university and college life of our country who could give the students the facts as to the workings of fundamental and practical financial and business life, and in this list are Mr. Otto H. Kahn, Mr. Samuel Rea, Mr. Edward J. Pearson, and Mr. Paul M. Warburg, and men of that type who are good writers and excellent speakers. One couldn't very well imagine the gentlemen I have mentioned

and others whom I have in mind as becoming "Chaw-Mouths" or "Hell-Roaring Jakes." Nevertheless, they could meet the theoretical and very often ignorant propagandists of radicalism on their own ground and overcome them by their real, fine, high, practical knowledge of world affairs. This treatment would be rather homeopathic, *similia similibus*, or better still, as Mr. Buckland puts it, antitoxin, but it would be very effective, I believe. I am not advocating the suppression of the propagandists or the dismissal of misguided and recalcitrant professors. I am the stoutest advocate of free speech. Our magazines and newspapers, in the free discussion of all subjects affecting the welfare of the country, have done mighty service for the good of the people; and I believe the same service could be performed for our undergraduates if the gentlemen I have named and others whom I have in mind could give of their very valuable time to contradict in the Harvard Union and elsewhere the theories and fallacies which are misleading our undergraduates.

These gentlemen know the world as it has been for a thousand years, as it is, as it promises to be for the next few generations, if not for the next thousand years; and they have made great success from every standpoint in world affairs. They would be listened to intently and the indifference of students at lectures of which Dr. Holbrook speaks would give place to an enlightened and keen interest. And the graduates of our universities and colleges would not have so much to unlearn when they got out into the busy, practical, work-a-day world.

ZIONISM—A JUST CAUSE

By SAMUEL UNTERMYER

BEFORE dealing with the article on Zionism, signed in the name of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, I should like to make a brief comment upon the editorial note that preceded it and which explained its publication. This note referred to the recent controversy within the Zionist Organization of America respecting the method of raising funds for the development of Palestine, and said that this event "suggests the advisability of re-appraising the Zionistic conception itself."

I am at a loss to understand how a purely domestic difference of opinion between ardent Zionists on a question of method of expenditures can suggest the advisability of re-appraising the underlying principle upon which both sides to the dispute are agreed and which both are enthusiastically championing. I presume that some pretext had to be found for publishing so late in the day an attack upon a Jewish movement that has won world-wide sympathy and attained international sanction. I may also observe that the issue at the Cleveland Zionist Convention is seriously—though doubtless unwittingly—misrepresented by the gentleman.

It is not a fact that Dr. Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization, "refused to grant representation to the American branch on the financial committee which is to control the money." Such representation was in fact freely tendered as were other comprehensive rights for safeguarding the funds, which were pronounced by the leaders satisfactory, the details of which were reduced to writing. As Mr. Morgenthau has had no connection with Zionist affairs and knows nothing about the negotiations,

he has fallen an easy prey to baseless rumors. What Dr. Weizmann objected to, and rightly, was that the American Organization, which is affiliated with and holds allegiance to the World Organization, should control the funds raised in the United States as elsewhere for the development of Palestine. If the demand of the American officials in this respect had been conceded, all the other Federations of the World Organization would have claimed a similar privilege, with the result that there would be a multiplicity of money-spending agencies in Palestine, without any unity or central control, and with the concomitant waste and disorganization, and the Zionist headquarters would be reduced to a mere shadow. Dr. Weizmann did not appeal to "the Russian-Polish Jews in the Convention" but to all the delegates without exception, and the fact that more than two-thirds of those present at this specially called Convention gave him their support is a sufficient indication of the views and sentiments of the great majority of Zionists in America. Nobody regrets more than I that Justice Brandeis, Judge Mack, and their friends in council should have resigned their offices; but they have declared that they continue loyal and enthusiastic Zionists, as one would expect from men of their characters and convictions and hence their resignations cannot in any way justify Mr. Morgenthau's later lucubration, or serve as an excuse for the renewal of the ancient attacks on Zionism. That this should be described as "one of the last chapters in his forthcoming autobiography" is certainly mystifying, since the only autobiographical references it contains concern Mr. Morgenthau's own religious observances, the clothes that he wears and the food he eats. What the Zionist movement, with which Mr. Morgenthau has never had any connection, has to do with his autobiography that is announced, under cover of his attacks, under the modest title of "All in a Lifetime" is a trifle incomprehensible.

The publication of an attack on Zionism at the present day—nearly four years after the memorable Balfour Decla-

ration—is a curious phenomenon, for the principles of Zionism have long been considered and studied by all the Allied Governments, have received their unanimous approval and the encouragement of our own Government when it was supposed to be a party to the Treaty. The attention devoted by these Governments to the claims and objects of the Zionist movement was neither brief nor perfunctory. Its aims and ideals, its plans and proposals, and the varied implications and far-reaching consequences involved by their adoption and realization received the most thorough and prolonged examination on the part of the world's leading statesmen, with the result that the Peace Conference held at San Remo in April, 1920, solemnly endorsed the ideal of Zionism by deciding that a Home in Palestine shall be created for the Jewish people. The Mandate for the administration of Palestine was conferred upon Great Britain; Sir Herbert Samuel was appointed first High Commissioner; and for over a year now the Government of Palestine has been grappling with its difficult task. There is not a State throughout the civilized world that has not through its authorized representatives expressed sympathy with the great enterprise now undertaken in the Holy Land; there is not a single statesman of eminence who has not given sincere utterance to his wishes for its success. But it has remained for a retired diplomat and a professing Jew to spurn the collective wisdom of the world's leading statesmen and their experienced political advisers and to attempt to frustrate the age-long aspirations of his own people. Had Mr. Morgenthau any new light to throw upon the question, had he any new argument or objection to advance, had he discovered any unknown difficulties or revealed any unsuspected risks, I could understand his entering the arena at this late hour with his time-worn protest. But a careful perusal of his article fails to bring to light a single objection or argument that has not long ago been discussed and demolished. Nay, much more plausible objections have been offered in the past and effectively shattered.

and many who, like myself, were cold to the movement because of want of understanding, have become its champions. But Mr. Morgenthau, whose knowledge of the question is manifestly superficial, has simply refurbished some of the most threadbare fallacies of a discredited party and flaunts them as a new political revelation.

He claims, indeed, to speak with knowledge, by virtue of his association with Jews in various countries of Eastern Europe in which he has travelled; but his intercourse with his fellow-Jews in these regions has obviously been of little profit to him, as he has failed to grasp the ideal by which their lives are so strongly animated, and even presumes to combat it. He speaks of Zionism as a "betrayal" and thereby betrays his own ignorance of Jewish history and literature, for throughout the annals of the Jewish people there has been a persistent and irrepressible yearning for the restoration of Palestine. Mr. Morgenthau tries to explain away the prophecies of old and the aspirations of countless generations of Jews as mere symbolism. He may or may not have been a useful diplomat (I hope he was), but he has no claim to pose as a theologian or historian. He may have been "the president of the Free Synagogue in New York City," but he has evidently benefitted little by the ministrations of its distinguished Rabbi, Dr. Stephen Wise, who is one of the most ardent Zionists in the States. If he would only read the pages of Jewish history he would find overwhelming evidence that the Zion for which the Jewish people hoped and prayed was not the nebulous creation of his fancy, but the Zion whose synonym is Jerusalem, and whose geographical position is in Palestine. That was why, at every call of a false Messiah, the people were so ready to gird up their loins and take the wanderer's staff for the journey to Jerusalem. That was why there were so many pilgrimages thither, of Rabbis, philosophers, and poets. That was why, at the first opportunity, the Jews began colonizing Palestine from the middle of the nineteenth century. And that is why hundreds of thousands of Jews are now

longing to settle in Palestine under British administration, where they can at last begin to realize their dream of a restored Jewish homeland.

Mr. Morgenthau is singularly inconsistent. He begins by saying that Zionism is "impossible of realization," yet only twenty lines further on he remarks that "if it were to succeed, it would cost the Jews of America most that they have gained of liberty, equality and fraternity." If Zionism is impossible of realization, which can hardly be said to be flattering to the patriotism or the intelligence of the distinguished gentlemen who are supporting the cause, including the eminent Rabbi of his own congregation,—it is surely unnecessary to consider what would happen if it succeeds. If he reckons with the prospect of its success, how can he declare that it is impossible of realization? This is a mental attitude that hardly guarantees the validity of the contentions which it inspires. Mr. Morgenthau is probably not sure that if Zionism succeeds it would entail the great "cost" that he predicts, otherwise he would at least vouchsafe us some reasoned explanation of his oracular utterance. But as a matter of fact, the alarm that he expresses was voiced by certain dissenters (he then held his peace) even before the British Government issued its Declaration in November, 1917, and it was because of it that this document contained a proviso safeguarding the "rights and political status" of the Jewish communities in countries other than Palestine. Only prejudice and loose thinking could suggest that the creation of a Jewish Commonwealth in Palestine—even if it enjoyed State sovereignty—would necessitate a change of political allegiance on the part of any single Jew who belonged by citizenship to another State. Mr. Morgenthau's fear has been dealt with by Mr. Balfour himself, late Foreign Secretary in the British Cabinet, and the author of the historic Declaration. In his introduction to Mr. Sokolow's "History of Zionism," referring to "Jews by descent, who desire wholly to identify themselves with the life of the

country wherein they have made their home," Mr. Balfour writes:

They seem to think that as soon as a Zionist community came into being, men of Jewish blood, still more men of Jewish religion, would be regarded by unkindly critics as out of place elsewhere. Their ancient home having been restored to them, they would be expected to reside there. I cannot share these fears. I do not deny that, in some countries where legal equality is firmly established, Jews may still be regarded with a certain measure of prejudice. But this prejudice, where it exists, is not due to Zionism, nor will Zionism embitter it. The tendency should surely be the other way. Everything which assimilates the national and international status of the Jews to that of other races ought to mitigate what remains of ancient antipathies.

In his account of the modern Zionism movement, Mr. Morgenthau betrays just as much ignorance and superficiality as in his general argument. He designates it as "an Eastern European proposal," heedless of the fact that similar and much earlier proposals were made in Western Europe and even in America itself. Napoleon in 1799 issued a proclamation to the Jews, inviting them to gather under his leadership, and promising them the restoration of the Holy Land. There were subsequent proposals by a French Jew, Joseph Salvador; by Lord Shaftesbury in 1838; by the founder of South Australia, General Gawler, in 1845; by an English clergyman, Hollingsworth, in 1852; by the German Socialist leader, Moses Hess, in 1862; and by the English writer, George Eliot, in her remarkable novel "Daniel Deronda" in 1876. But what I should particularly like to emphasize is the remarkable advocacy of the idea by Major Mordecai Manuel Noah, who was Consul of the United States to Morocco from 1813 to 1816 and afterwards Sheriff of New York County and Judge of the Court of Sessions. It has been said of him that "no man of his day had a better claim to the title of American, yet all his life he cherished the idea of a Restoration of the Jews to Palestine." And it is significant to note that John Adams, the second President of the United States, was an ardent supporter of Major Noah's proposal. Nor is Mr. Morgenthau

any more reliable in his references to Theodor Herzl gaining "new power" in consequence of "the outbreak of wholesale massacres in Russia beginning with Kiev and Kishinev." There was no Jewish massacre in Kiev until about a couple of years ago. The massacre in Kishinev took place in 1903, but before then Herzl had already attained the zenith of his influence by virtue of his matchless combination of gifts of leadership, and there was no appreciable increase of his power during the last year of his life. So much for Mr. Morgenthau as historian.

Let us now consider what he has to say of the definition and programme of Zionism. He taunts the Zionists for having "stepped down from their plans for a sovereign Jewish state in Palestine" and for having the "temporary compromise," as he terms it, of a National Home for the Jewish People. If Mr. Morgenthau is acquainted with any Zionist plans for a sovereign Jewish state, he is in possession of secrets that are not shared by the Zionist leaders themselves. He distorts Zionist policy because he finds it easier to attack the distortion than the actual and authorized policy. He ought surely to know that the Basle programme, which has constituted the Zionist policy since the first Congress in 1897, aims only at "the creation of a Jewish Home in Palestine secured by public law." And he should also understand that the establishment of the National Home in Palestine for the Jewish people, as resolved by the Peace Conference and embodied in the Treaty of Sevres, is the nearest possible approximation to, if not actually synonymous with, the Basle programme. But the connotation of this programme has been surpassed in the terms of the Mandate whereby England is to administer Palestine, for by its provisions Hebrew has become an official language of the country: "any statement or inscriptions in Arabic on stamps or money in Palestine shall be repeated in Hebrew"; and the Zionist Organization is recognized as the Jewish agency "for the purpose of advising and co-operating with the Administration of Palestine in such economic, social, and other matters as may

affect the establishment of the Jewish National Home, and the interests of the Jewish population in Palestine." Not only does Mr. Morgenthau fail to grasp the full importance of the terms of the Mandate, but he even reproaches, and in a tone of astonishment, the Central Conference of American Rabbis with "misunderstanding the purport of the Balfour Declaration." The Central Conference adopted a resolution asserting that the Declaration affirmed: "Palestine is to be a national homeland for the Jewish people," and Mr. Morgenthau affects to discover a glaring discrepancy between these words and the official phrasing: "The establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." To illustrate this alleged discrepancy he ventures an analogy which is palpably unsound. He kindly acquaints us with the interesting news that when he first read the Balfour Declaration he was "temporarily" making his home in the Plaza Hotel, and that he could therefore say with truth: "My home is in the Plaza Hotel," and not "The Plaza Hotel is my home." As Mr. Morgenthau declares that he was staying only *temporarily* in the Plaza Hotel, it is obvious that he could never had had any intention of making it his home. But the Jews who are going to Palestine intend settling there *permanently*; the thousands who have already gone will be followed by tens and hundreds of thousands of others; they will be helped by the British Government in establishing a national home; and when they constitute a majority of the population and form its dominating element in the country—socially, economically, and politically—we shall find that Palestine is the national homeland of the Jewish people. When that happy consummation will be reached will depend much more upon the financial assistance of the Jewish money classes than upon the zeal of the Zionist leaders. Mr. Morgenthau accuses "some" of the leaders—he wisely does not say which—of making "the great mass of Jews throughout the world" believe that Zionism "is presently attainable, if indeed it is not actually attained already." He does not offer any single quotation or

even reference in support of this sweeping statement. He is wise in his reticence, for he knows full well that he cannot substantiate his assertion; but he must also realize that he is guilty of misrepresentation. What the Zionist leaders have said repeatedly is: "Zionism is attainable now if you, the Jewish people, will help to attain it. It cannot be achieved by miracles; it can only be accomplished by men, with labor and capital. Provide these factors and the rest will follow as inevitably as a law of nature."

In his attempt to get at closer grips with the subject, Mr. Morgenthau pretends to examine it from three angles; the economic, the political and the spiritual. He is handicapped in his examination by prejudice, lack of knowledge, narrowness of vision, and an apparently deliberate intention to misunderstand or misrepresent. He asserts that "Zionists have been working for thirty years . . . backed by millions of money from philanthropic Jews of great wealth in France, England, Germany and America," and points to the apparently small results of their capacity. The fact is that the Zionist movement was founded only in 1897, and at least six years must be deducted for the period of inactivity from the beginning of the war until the end of the military occupation of Palestine. Thus, Mr. Morgenthau's thirty years are reduced to eighteen. Within that period, considering the steadfast opposition of the Turkish authorities and the apathy and even hostility of influential Jewish personalities, the wonder is that the Zionists were able to accomplish anything at all. As for the millions of money about which he writes, these exist solely in his imagination. It was for these millions that Herzl and Wolffsohn were always begging in vain. The financial instrument of the Zionist Organization, the Jewish Colonial Trust, never possessed more than two hundred and sixty thousand pounds, subscribed by one hundred thousand shareholders in all parts of the world; and the Jewish National Fund, the land-purchasing agency of the Organization, only amounts to about four hundred thousand pounds. It is because of

the millions that are needed that Dr. Weizmann came to America, for without them little more progress can be made in the future than in the past.

Mr. Morgenthau's version of the productivity and capacity of Palestine is erroneous and misleading. He speaks of "a lean and niggard soil" and of "the sparse native vegetation." I do not know with what authority he can speak about the soil of Palestine, or how much time he has spent in examining it. I prefer the judgment of a scholar who, by virtue of years of personal observation and research, has established a universal reputation as an authority on Palestine. The Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith, Principal of Aberdeen University, writes in his latest book on "Syria and the Holy Land":

As for the soil itself, the various soils, it may be safely said that under care they are capable of a pitch of productiveness beyond that reached even in the most prosperous period of Syrian history. . . . Even Judaea . . . is not the bleached skeleton that some hurried travellers have sketched for us. It is still alive . . . alive as even the most maltreated land abides in God's hands against better times. And Judaea is the least fertile part of Palestine. The acres of Philistia and Sharon, from which a scientific farming has recently succeeded in drawing two and even three times their former yield; the constantly fruitful vales of Ephraim; the almost unbroken wheat field of Esdraelon; the rich plains and slopes of Galilee; the lower terraces of Lebanon . . . the tropical soil and climate of the Jordan valley; with the olive almost everywhere and nowhere fatter than on the limestone *debris* of Judaea and Galilee—these are the pledges of a rich and a varied future for a secure and emancipated people.

But in addition to these there are steppes and arid bottoms in the land, as ready to be transformed by irrigation or dry-farming as similarly unpromising districts have proved in California and other western States of America. To the present writer a journey into South California by the Mohave desert frequently recalled the aspects of various approaches into Syria through her encircling and obtrusive sands. The same natural difficulties, the same natural possibilities exist in the one region as in the other; given the same methods under the direction of Western experience and it is not hard to believe that the same or similar results would be obtained in the East as in the West.

Mr. Morgenthau, for his own special purpose, refers only to "the sparse native vegetation." He says not a word

about the fifty Jewish agricultural colonies and settlements that have been laboriously created and developed during the last forty years, and which have attained a degree of prosperity that has evoked the admiration of all impartial observers. The Jewish colonists have advanced far beyond the primitive methods of the Arabs, who have only impoverished the soil. They have increased its productive qualities by the use of manure, introduced up-to-date machinery, and planted numerous groves of eucalyptus trees in various parts of the country for the twofold purpose of rendering it healthier and providing needful timber. In Arab orange groves three hundred and fifty boxes per acre are thought a good average, but the Jewish planter gets an average of seven hundred and fifty boxes. An eloquent tribute to the efficiency of the Jewish colonists was paid only a few weeks ago (on June 14th) in the British House of Commons by the Colonial Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, who, referring to his recent visit to Palestine, said:

I had the opportunity of visiting the colony of Rishon-le-Zion, about twelve miles from Jaffa, and there, from the most inhospitable soil, surrounded on every side by barrenness and the most miserable form of cultivation, I was driven into a fertile and thriving country estate, where the scanty soil gave place to good crops and good cultivation, and then to vineyards, and finally to the most beautiful, luxurious orange groves, all created in twenty or thirty years by the exertions of the Jewish community who live there.

To strengthen his argument that Palestine has poor industrial prospects, Mr. Morgenthau refers to the lack of coal and iron, to the lack of "the skill in technical processes and the experience in the arts," and to the circumstance, as he alleges, that Palestine "is not in the path of modern trade currents." He is so intent upon pointing out what Palestine lacks that he fails to mention what it contains. Palestine possesses stores of quarry-stone, basalt in Tiberias, calcareous sandstone on the coast, dolomite and limestone in different mountain regions, asphalt in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea (useful for the production of pigments and varnishes), phosphates in the Judæan mountains, and sul-

phur deposits in the Dead Sea. If there is no coal or iron there will be compensation in rich petroleum deposits, if the borings, started by the Standard Oil Company in 1914 and interrupted by the war, are resumed. Moreover, there are numerous industries which can easily be established in Palestine, and the technical skill which Jews in other parts of the world have manifested will certainly not be lacking in those who settle in Palestine. It will suffice to mention preserving and fruit-canning, oil and soap manufacture (from the cultivation of olives), the production of ethereal oils and perfumes, furniture and general wood industry, tanneries and leather industries, the cultivation of tobacco and the making of cigarettes, textile and clothing industries, and printing in all its branches. But Palestine, says Mr. Morgenthau, "is not in the path of modern trade currents." Where does he think it is? At the South Pole? Commercially, it could hardly be in a more favored position, at the very meeting place of East and West, on the great highway from Europe to India, the Far East and the Antipodes. Palestine should not be expected to compete with America or Great Britain, nor need it do so, since it will not have to sustain so large a population. Mr. Morgenthau prophesies that "it will not support more than one million additional inhabitants." But is it not worth while working for the settlement of even this additional million?

On the general question of the economic prospects of the country, I should like to quote again from the recent speech of Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons. He said:

I have no doubt that with the proper development of the resources of Palestine, and that if Jewish capital is available, as it may be, for development in Palestine, for the creation of great irrigation works on the Jordan, and for the erection of electrical power stations in the Jordan valley, which can so readily be erected there, there will be, year after year, new means of good livelihood, for a moderate number of the Jewish community, and the fact that they will be gaining their livelihood by these new means will inure to the general wealth of the whole community—Arabs and Christians, as well as of Jews.

Candidly, I prefer the weighed and studied utterance of a Cabinet Minister, made with a full sense of responsibility, before the members of the Mother of Parliaments, to the lucubrations of a retired diplomatist in "one of the last chapters of his autobiography."

In his criticism of the political aspect of Zionism, Mr. Morgenthau is significantly silent about the terms of the British Mandate. As an ex-Ambassador, he should be acquainted with them. He should know that, as the preamble of the draft states: "His Britannic Majesty has accepted the Mandate in respect of Palestine and undertaken to exercise it on behalf of the League of Nations" in conformity with a number of precisely defined provisions, and the very first of these indicates that the sovereign powers of the Mandatory are limited by the terms of the Mandate. The draft of the Mandate still awaits the long deferred consideration and approval of the Council of the League of Nations, and until this formal endorsement is received, the Government of Palestine must refrain from floating a loan and embarking upon various public works. Hence, for Mr. Morgenthau to assert that Great Britain would not allow any form of government in Palestine "that was not in fact an appanage of the British Crown" shows that he bases his views not upon the actual facts and data of the case, but upon the flimsy foundation of his imaginary hypothesis. It is indeed curious that whilst he is trying to belittle Zionist prospects on the ground of Great Britain's political interests in Palestine, the British Cabinet should repeatedly defend its retention of the mandate for that country against the increasing criticism of the "Anti-Waste" party, mainly, if not solely, upon the ground of the solemn pledge contained in the Balfour Declaration and of the necessity of honoring the pledge if the moral prestige of Britain is not to suffer.

But why is Mr. Morgenthau so much concerned about the exact political future of the Jewish Community in Palestine? If he were, like Mr. Zangwill, a hundred percent political Zionist, I could understand him withholding his

support unless he received guarantees about future Jewish sovereignty. But as he declares that Zionism is "impossible of realization," and as he alternately emphasizes that its realization is undesirable, why does he disparage it because there are no guarantees concerning the maximum possible demands? He cannot in the same breath fight us as an anti-Zionist and then argue against us as a political "maximalist." Or perhaps he can accomplish that acrobatic intellectual straddle!

But when we examine the "profound reasons," as he euphemistically terms them, why the British Government will not grant the Jews "even the name and surface appearance of a sovereign Government," we see again how superficial is his knowledge of the subject. According to Mr. Morgenthau the reasons are because the Mohammedans would never consent to their holy places coming under the control of the Jews, because the British Government cannot afford "to trifle with the fanatical sensibilities of the Mohammedans in its Indian possessions," and because the Christian denominations would likewise object to their sacred shrines falling into the hands of the Jews. But have the Jews ever demanded the control of the Moslem or Christian holy places? This man of straw is fully anticipated in the Mandate, which guarantees the immunities of "purely Moslem sacred Shrines," and provides for the appointment of a special Commission "to ensure that certain Holy Places, religious buildings or sites regarded with special veneration by the adherents of one particular religion, are entrusted to the permanent control of suitable bodies representing the adherents of the religion concerned." The draft even provides that in the event of the termination of the British Mandate, the Council of the League of Nations shall make arrangements for safeguarding the aforesaid rights "in perpetuity, under guarantee of the League." Hence the terrible perils that Mr. Morgenthau foresees are the mere figment of a most undiplomatic imagination. The real reason why the British Government will not grant the Jews or any

other people "even the name and surface appearance of a sovereign government ruling Palestine" is because it has no power to do so. The British Government simply holds Palestine in trust on behalf of the League of Nations. Politically and legally, the ultimate arbiter of the country is the League of Nations. Humanly and actually, the ultimate arbiter is the Jewish people, for upon its attitude and decision alone, now and in the coming years, will the destiny of the country depend.

When we come to the final section of the article, in which Mr. Morgenthau undertakes to deal with the spiritual aspects of Zionism we cannot conceal our astonishment, for he seems to understand by spiritual values the enjoyment of material comfort, social advancement, and civic equality. He emphasizes the manifold opportunities that are open to Jews in America and thus tries to discount the advantages of a Jewish resettlement in Palestine. Such a narrow-minded conception of the Jewish question savors much more of a parochial politician than of a retired ambassador. He points to "the brave Jews" in England who fought for political emancipation as an argument against Zionism, but he overlooks the significant fact that the most prominent Zionists in England are Lord Rothschild, the lineal descendant of the first Jew who entered the House of Commons, and Sir Alfred Mond, a member of the present Cabinet. He also omits to observe that it was whilst the battle for civil rights was being fought by the Jews in England that one of the most distinguished among them, Sir Moses Montefiore, by his seven pilgrimages to Palestine, laid the first foundation of the Jewish colonization of that country. He refers to "the wise Jews of France" who "have fought this same battle," oblivious of the fact that in their case a battle was rendered superfluous by the French Revolution, and he fails to draw the moral from the noble munificence of Baron Edmond de Rothschild who has lavished a fortune upon the Jewish colonies in Palestine.

Mr. Morgenthau emphasizes that the "anti-Zionist Jews

of America have found that the spiritual life in modern times can be most fully enjoyed by those people who accept the beneficent progress which the world at large has made in science, industry, and the art of government." Does he suggest that Zionists, whether in America or elsewhere, are indifferent or opposed to the benefits of science, industry and the art of government? Does he not know that science is taught in all the Jewish schools of Palestine; that the Jews are doing all they can in the present difficult times to foster industry there; that the art of just and beneficent government is passionately desired there? Does he not know that one of the most ambitious enterprises of the Zionist Organization is to establish a Hebrew University in Jerusalem, which shall be abreast of the highest scholarship of the day and take the lead in science? Or has he not heard that the greatest thinker of the day, the second Newton, Professor Einstein, is an ardent Zionist and is working for the successful promotion of the University? That Mr. Morgenthau should refer to spiritual values yet makes no allusion to the wealth of spiritual potentialities contained in the Jewish resettlement of Palestine is typical of his range of vision. The revival of the Hebrew language, the creation of a new Hebrew literature, and the fostering of Jewish culture, are no mean factors in the world of modern civilization which derives so much of its moral equipment from ancient Hebrew lore and thought. The Jews in Palestine could contribute something of value to the solution of social problems; they could act as the intellectual intermediaries and interpreters between East and West; and by building up a great peace-loving community they could exercise a tranquilizing influence in a notoriously restless part of the world.

There is just one aspect of the question, and that not the least important, upon which Mr. Morgenthau does not touch at all and which I painfully miss. That is the terrible plight of the Jews in Eastern Europe, who are now passing through a worse tragedy than any that has been

known in the annals of Israel since the middle ages, and perhaps even surpassing in the mere volume of unspeakable horror the tale of persecutions of many centuries. Mr. Morgenthau's article seems to have been written in a mood of personal egotism and a sort of moral vacuum, alive only to the financial success, the social position, and the material reward that the Jews in America can gain. He tells us that the Jews in France have found France to be their Zion, the Jews of England, England, and the Jews of America, America. But what of the millions of Jews in distracted Russia, in blood-stained Ukraine, in intolerant Poland and Rumania, in Anti-Semitic Austria, Hungary and Germany? Have they found their Zion yet? They are seeking it where their forefathers have always sought it, and where hundreds of thousands of their brethren in other countries are helping them to find it—in Palestine. But they will not reach it unless there is greater cooperation and more generous sacrifice on the part of all Jews who are enjoying the financial success, the social position, and the material reward which Mr. Morgenthau holds in such high esteem.

If at such a time of unparelled Jewish suffering and stress, any Jew of means and influence who still regards himself as a Jew, fails, by reason of prejudice or baseless selfish fear, to help his fellow-Jews to enter the avenue of salvation now open in Palestine, and even deters others from helping, it is he who is guilty not only of a dereliction of duty, but of a craven betrayal which not even the most plausible of diplomatic apologies can excuse or extenuate. Particularly unworthy is the demagogic appeal to race prejudice on the baseless pretext that there is an element of disloyalty to Americanism on the part of American Jews in championing Zionism. It is a gratuitous insult by a man who in every line demonstrates his want of understanding of the aims of the movement and of its idealism, of the great Jews of France, England and of America who are its enthusiastic sponsors, of whom men like Baron de Rothschild, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Israel

Zangwill, Justice Brandeis, Judge Mack, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Professor Frankfurter and Nathan Straus are illustrations that come to mind at the moment—to say that they are guilty of the unspeakable treachery of promoting a movement that seeks to undermine the loyalty of Jews to the countries of which they are citizens. Words are inadequate to characterize the offence that Mr. Morgenthau has committed in his misdirected zeal to weaken a movement by rehashing stale objections that have for years been answered over and over again. As one who has known him from early youth perhaps I will be pardoned for expressing my doubt that he should be held responsible for all that appears in that article above his name, and the hope that nothing approaching it will be disclosed in the forthcoming history of his life that has been announced under the grandiloquent title "*ALL* in a Lifetime." Curiosity will be aroused to a high pitch to learn what unheard-of accomplishments are to be revealed under cover of this mysterious *ALL*!

MOON

By PAUL TANAQUIL

A million lovers plight their troth,
Calling on her to bless each oath.

She does not shine more bright because
They will be faithful to her laws.


She does not hide her head and weep
For brave-made vows they will not keep,

She ever looks austere and cold,
I think the moon is growing old!

PROGRESSIVE ITALY

By ROLANDI RICCI,

Ambassador to the United States from Italy.

 THE commercial depression and industrial crisis are still "*let motiv*" of the present situation; the one affecting the whole of Europe, the other being especially felt in manufacturing countries. But there are already suggestive elements which promise a greater general stability.

Prices, money, salaries, etc., seem to tend towards normal lines again; the markets are more open and steady, and nations heretofore privileged, begin to feel the effect of an intolerable stabilizing competition.

Without taking into account the item of war reparations (which, however, will have to be considerably modified), there is a tendency in the economic system of every country to stabilize itself. The best sign of this tendency is that coercive measures and state intervention are being abandoned, in spite of renewed talk of protectionistic tendencies, especially in those countries where new industries feel the effect of the diminished buying power of the people. In the broader field of international intercourse we notice the disappearance of the recently popular theme of the arbitrary distribution of raw materials. Europe is over-ridden with goods of every kind.

Commercial intercourse is becoming easier in spite of the disorganization of transports in the eastern section of the European continent, where there is an overflow of merchandise, and prices are rapidly falling, especially in Rumania and Bulgaria. Money is scarce and the depression

of western Europe is felt all over the eastern part of the continent.

It was a common opinion that Russia was indispensable to Europe. As a matter of fact, even in normal times, the commercial relations between Russia and Europe were limited both in quantity and quality of goods. Today we see how that opinion was exaggerated. The absence of Russian goods from the markets of Europe is not felt.

As a market for manufactured goods, Russia has never been an essential factor for the industries of western Europe, owing to her prohibitive protectionistic duties; and the industries of Poland, owing to present conditions, cannot compete with those of western Europe. It is worth noticing that just when we realize that Russia is not an essential factor in the economic balance of Europe, there is the tendency there to resume trade relations with the western section of the European continent.

It remains to be seen, however, whether the European industries are capable of the "pliancy" of cost, finance and commercial penetration, which will enable them to resume their places on the markets of the world with such quantity of production as to compete with North American industry. It is a well-known fact that North American industry has developed during the war more than the industries of any other neutral or colonial country.

The industries of the neutral countries, which developed during the period of greater war activity (especially Danish, Norwegian, Swedish and Spanish) show very little strength on the face of resumed competition; and even in Switzerland (where, according to recent statistics, there are thirty-five thousand workmen out of work altogether and seventy-two thousand partially so), there is a tendency to raise the duty on imports, some of which would be absolutely barred from that country. It is hard to understand how such measures could help the exporters who are most seriously affected by the crisis. The former belligerent nations have little to fear from that quarter.

Conditions in South America are not very different from those in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Foreign loans are being advanced to the republics of South America, especially by England and the United States. These foreign loans were an indispensable element of development in the pre-war period, and are still the fundamental element of credit in South America. The resumption of regular importation of foreign capital will restore the trade balance of the South American republics. The resumption of immigration will also tend to re-establish the necessary equilibrium and promote evolution. There is no doubt that the solution of the South American trade problems will be settled after the settlement of the same problems in North America and Europe; because not only the financing of South America by Europe and the United States is subordinate to a favorable solution of the industrial crisis in Europe and the United States, but also the normal resumption of the exportation of raw material from South America is dependent upon the ability of Europe and the United States to return to a pre-war basis of production.

From the point of view of European industry we can say that the world markets are not closed: on the contrary, in many cases they are more active than before; and in any case they are not radically upset by the prevailing crisis. The truly new factor in the situation is the growing North American competition. The United States during the war did not conquer new markets; on the contrary, in some instances her commercial position in Europe, Asia, Australia and even South America, was shaken (particularly serious have been the losses of the United States in Latin America, and of England in Asia); but the war has created the permanent factor of the financial independence and exuberance of the United States in regard to Europe.

In my opinion Europe will have to compete with the United States in technical skill, will have to employ all the resources of her old banking and commercial experience,

will have to establish a permanent continental equilibrium if she is to regain her productive and commercial position.

Looking at things with these facts in mind, one can see that during these last few months steps have been taken towards more favorable conditions. The greatest obstacles to stable conditions are:

(a) The difficulty of definitely settling the Franco-German dispute; (b) The interest (which does not always agree with the interests of the rest of Europe) of the British Empire in resuming a dominant position over world commerce.

Better than any other nation, Italy realizes the grave danger resulting from the lack of proper agreements, which delays the return to normal conditions in continental Europe. The obscure economic situation of continental Europe therefore is the result of some particular political factors. If these factors were eliminated, Europe would gradually and steadily recover.

The world-wide crisis of the maritime industry is due to three things: Overproduction of tonnage, falling of prices, and increased cost of production. The overproduction of tonnage is the most evident factor. In 1920 the tonnage launched amounted to five and a half million of tons; and at the end of the same years there were one thousand nine hundred and eighty ships in the course of construction, amounting to a tonnage of seven million, one hundred and eighty thousand, of which only sixty-eight thousand were represented by sailing vessels. The increased cost of shipping and the lowered value of the money of many countries have reduced the demand for bottoms to strict necessity. As a consequence of these conditions ten per cent. of the entire shipping world is already out of operation.

Italy is passing through a period of transition tending towards better conditions.

The government control of minor cereals and rice has been given up, as will be soon done in the case of wheat. A more normal market prevails in all kinds of similar prod-

ucts; natural production is increasing and consequently importations from abroad, which weighed so heavily on our commercial budget are diminished. This gradual, though slow, return to normal conditions is an effect of a general "*detente*" and gives the impression of a more stable state of affairs all around.

Undoubtedly many products of agricultural exportation are going through a critical period. Thus the silk and hat industries, the wine industry, and others are in bad shape; and stockholders in these lines of business are facing heavy losses. But the general trend of national economy is encouraging. After years of pessimism during and since the war, a more sober and optimistic view can be taken of general conditions.

So far as Italy is concerned we can say that the pessimistic prophecies on the commercial unsettlement of the country have been already proved mistaken or exaggerated. Thus has been demonstrated the fallacy of the statement, made even in Italian books and papers; namely, that Italy could hardly hope to react and prosper unless raw materials were given her through international agreements at exceptional rates and special conditions of payment. This supposition was due to the particular angle from which things were looked at, and to the failure on the part of the critics to observe a change in the general conditions.

Even during 1920 various elements fought energetically to counteract the conditions of economic inferiority in which Italy had been placed by the war, especially by the not always favorable treatment she received from England and the United States. The restorative elements referred to above, have now an unimpeded way open to them, and in spite of the disappearance of sudden fortunes and the persistency of the commercial and industrial crisis which has affected Italy as well as other countries, there is greater confidence in the future, owing to a brighter outlook in the field of business. Fewer people out of work and less decrease in production are to be found in Italy than elsewhere. And

there are almost no strikes of an economic character. The law controlling industries is strongly opposed in some quarters. But probably, instead of becoming a revolutionary weapon, it will assume some of those subtle forms which are generally successful in social democracies like Italy.

It is hard to foresee how good the crops will be this year. But thus far the agricultural reports seem generally favorable.

In my opinion Italy has found her way out of her difficulties without artificial help or long-term obligations. It would have been a mistake to give any importance to such projects of international financing as Termenlen's. We now see a return to normal commerce through the extension of credits from foreign capitalists to Italian interests.

At the beginning of this year, Italy was hard hit by the world crisis. Before then, the economic unsettlement which had been evident abroad for seven or eight months, did not appear either imminent or dangerous in many of our political, commercial and industrial circles, although the same confidence was not shared in the financial circles. As a consequence of this optimism, every industrial and commercial firm took its own measures to meet the crisis, and these measures were not always wise. Moreover, striking difference in the power of resistance was demonstrated by industries born or inflated during the war (which were often managed by incompetent persons) in comparison with those which had long traditions and more solid foundations.

However, the improvement in the conditions of the finances of the State and of the national banks, cannot be taken as an absolute sign of entirely restored conditions; because it is one of the effects and not the cause, of the improvement of the economic situation. Therefore, without overlooking the consequences beneficial to national activity which will follow this improvement, the improvement itself will have to be taken as an indication rather than as the foundation of the new state of affairs.

Judged in the light of the above observations, we find that the various branches of industry (which have been most affected by the crisis) are in the following condition:

The steel industry has been seriously affected. Many of its ills are attributed to speculation. As a matter of fact the fundamental cause of the crisis is the fall in the price of iron. As this drop came after considerable reductions in the price of many branches of goods, and as the steel industry was in the hands of strong organizations, people were inclined to believe that there was a tendency to present deflation in this field. On the contrary, in the course of a few weeks prices precipitated; and in spite of great need, the demand for iron is today less than in June of last year, when prices were double what they are now. Hence the sudden character of the crisis. But the actual need for iron is indispensable when we consider that there is urgent demand for building and railroad material.

It is quite clear, and it was foreseen, that the lignite mines, partly closed now, could not constitute a truly safe investment.

It was also evident that German competition would reduce production in several mechanical industries which grew out of the necessity of the war.

Cost of production in Italy is cheaper than in America, England, Switzerland, or France. But Germany can often produce at a lower cost than Italy and thus provoke a request for a higher protective tariff by the Italian manufacturers, who claim the necessity on the ground of the high price of raw materials. There is a great deal of truth in this allegation, but it is a fact that the high prices paid by the other countries, except Germany, do not prevent them from producing. It is quite probable that in the course of stabilizing industry we may have to sacrifice some branch of it. But the gradual return to a more normal valuation of money, which is unavoidable, will smooth out a great many sharp differences which today hinder the productive ability of nations in competition with Germany.

It is interesting to note the fact that in the first two months of this year the exportation of some mechanical articles, especially automobiles, was more than double the exportation of the same articles in the first two months of 1920. It is true that, in a large measure, this increased exportation represents the filling of pre-war contracts. But we find these Italian goods in every market of the world, which proves that this branch of Italian industry (the money value of which reaches the sum of several hundred million dollars a year) is well established.

The general character of the difference in the ability of different branches of industry to cope with the present crisis, is particularly evident in the chemical, pharmaceutical, soap and rubber industries. Thus, for instance, we find that dye factories are practically all closed, while the fertilizer plants work full time.

In the textile industry, which is the largest and most important of the Italian industries, we find a difference in the degree of resistance to the present industrial crisis. The wool industry reacts in a way peculiar to itself and quite different from the reaction of the cotton industry. The same can be said of the silk production. The wool industry is affected by the greater home production and demand. Besides it is greatly affected by world competition to which the Italian wool producer is entirely new. However, it is interesting to see that during the first two months of the present year the exportation of finished wool products has amounted to seventy million liras, according to official figures. In the first two months of last year there was practically no exportation.

The general conditions of the cotton industry in the world markets have greatly reduced the value of the raw material, without reducing the cost of production in a way proportioned with the reduction in the cost of the finished product. The cotton industry was better prepared to meet a crisis, owing to greater financial resources, better management, greater experience, and ability to meet foreign com-

petition. It will undoubtedly overcome existing difficulties and stabilize itself.

The silk market had a very poor outlook some months ago. The reduced rates of exchange increase the difficulties of marketing the new silk. But in Italy there is a return (though too sudden) to normal conditions after the boom of 1920 from which the silk industry benefitted greatly.

The foodstuff industry is greatly diffused in Italy (cheese factories, flour mills, sugar refineries, marmalade factories, etc.). It is not in an abnormal condition. The return to complete freedom of commerce at home and abroad will help the development of this industry in all its branches.

The building industry, while affected by the general crisis, is not depressed. Slowly but surely it is becoming more and more active, especially where financial help is given to it by political bodies. It is to be expected that large capital will be invested in buildings as soon as the industrial conditions are markedly improved. There are large works to be undertaken, which will occupy unskilled labor released by the specialized industries, such as steel and mechanical plants.

The ceramic and glass industries have been heavily affected in many places. Factories are running on short time and their production is greatly reduced, owing chiefly to foreign competition. Less serious is the situation of the paper industry. The leather industry is greatly depressed, and the shoe factories are mostly closed, as are the tanneries.

The branches of Italian industry which are really on the brink of a precipice are those which deserve to fail. Most of them were counting on an indefinite continuation of a period of inflation rather than on a return to normal conditions. Their salvation would have meant the ruin of the working mass of the nation, the continued lack of raw materials, the disorganization of public and private finances, the increase in the rate of exchange, wild speculation—in

short, the salvation of some particular branch of Italian industry would be contrary to the true interests of the nation at large. As regards the situation abroad, we can say that the Italian industry has become emancipated from foreign control: a control which threatened to become dangerous politically.

In the agricultural field there is a contrast between the conditions of last year and conditions now. Last year, when the commercial situation favored the producer, there were, except in the case of grapes, small crops. Today, after a general depreciation, there is every prospect of a good harvest.

A still greater agricultural productivity would be highly desirable, agriculture being the foundation of our national economy. But the depreciation is so great as to disturb all previsions, the more so as this depreciation has probably not yet reached the maximum—especially for some products peculiar to Italian agriculture, such as wine. It is true that the wealth of the farmers has greatly increased in the last years; but this favorable element should not induce us to lose sight of the fact that a stable equilibrium can only be maintained by the right balance between prices and costs: a balance which is often lacking. Besides, the discontinuance of the political control of bread (the last article remaining under government supervision) may greatly affect the wheat industry.

In Italy, as elsewhere, domestic and foreign commerce has given visible signs of depression. On the other hand, foreign trade, on the whole, has lost in part the Italian market. But the amounts imported seem in several fields increased in the first two months of this year compared with the same period of last. After the decrease of buying abroad, which owing to the rate of exchange and the labor disorders was noticeable during the last months of 1920, the inevitable results made their appearance. The value of the commercial disproportion seems therefore increased, if

a comparison can be made between the grand total of 1920 and 1921.

But in such a disturbed period it is difficult to deduce the actual disproportion of the effective balance of credits from the commercial unfavorable balance. Certainly it may be said that the unfavorable balance of credits is not compensated by the addition of foreign and more or less political loans, falling due at distant periods which (it has been recently affirmed) should weigh on the Italian public economy. This situation is, in a great measure, compensated for by constant and economically legitimate factors; and if the increase of private debts has been counted, this is due to the growing confidence in the stability of our country and especially, during the first two months of 1921, to the fact that foreign countries (swamped as they were by their own raw materials) were obliged to sell. An index of the financial resources is the data on the visible savings paid into the institutions of credit. The absolute figure is now about twenty billions (including the ordinary and postal savings banks, the large banking institutions, and the national banks); that is, more than triple the pre-war account, thus being reconstituted a conspicuous part of the actual value which was lost by the depreciation of paper money. But what is more important is the continual increase of this visible saving which, for the most recent period for which we have statistics (December, 1920—January, 1921) sums up to about half a billion a month. Presumably the commercial and industrial settlement has helped this increase in savings, which however, in great measure, is the result of a vast and uninterrupted movement. The betterment, which appears to be lasting, of the state bonds is an index of other safe investment of capital.

The finances of the State may be judged by the fact that the revenue of the nation from July first, 1920, to April first, 1921, was seven billion, six hundred and seventy-nine million, and from July first, 1919, to April first, 1920, was

five billion, four million, showing an increase of two billion, six hundred and seventy-five million.

Even discounting the due amount for the increase in disbursement, especially owing to the better treatment of the employees, it may be said that the "*detente*" has begun also in this field and that it will soon be true that the income will equal the expenses.

Great attention should be given the data concerning the situation of the Bank of Italy on May 20th of this year. The Bank shows such an improvement in its financial conditions as to appear as favorable as they were eleven months ago, that is June 20th, 1920. All the losses which had been sustained by the Bank from that date to the end of 1920 have been balanced by the constant improvement from January first till the present time. From the maximum circulation reached last year, there has been a reduction up to May 20th, 1921, of lire one billion, eight hundred and fifty million.

If this must not lead us to an excess of hope that we may see the exchange go to normal, or even only to very low rates, there is sufficient ground for the belief that the gain made by the exchange will not again be lost in spite of possible and probable oscillations, which will bring up the dollar, temporarily, several points.

Summing up, the economic situation of Italy is a confirmation that the world crisis has not affected our organism. We have had losses, but they have not been as serious as those of other industrial countries which benefitted so much by the period of inflation.

In Italy no more than two hundred thousand men are out of work. The freedom from commercial restrictions at home and abroad is of greater benefit than damage to us. All the financial prospects are favorable. Italy gives such evidences of vitality that she can confidently face the future even if the present crisis should become more serious than it now is. Italy works, produces and saves.

The perfect political accord of Italy and the United States will undoubtedly tend toward increasing their commercial exchanges—especially if the leaders of commerce and finance in our two countries will do their part, as I trust they will.

THE CREED OF YOUTH

By HARRIETT SCHLEITER

Believe in all that's beautiful,
For all that's beautiful is God—
And God is Life,
And Life is Love.
Oh, let your thoughts soar high above
Prosaic things.
Believe in Love,
And Life,
And God.
Forget things dull—
Believe! Believe!
In all that's beautiful.

STRAVINSKY—THE ENIGMA

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

IGOR STRAVINSKY is today the most discussed, most advertised, most detested, and most eulogized of musicians. To some he seems another Bach or Berlioz. By others he is viewed as an imposter. In London and in Paris his more recent works are being lauded to the skies, and torn to tatters. And, on the strength of the abuse which has been heaped upon him, his noisy worshippers have founded a new cult.

Abuse however, may be right and fit, as well as senseless; and it would not be wise, I think, to add Stravinsky to the masters of his art merely because some of the most accomplished critics who have heard his later music have denounced him as a humbug. Among those critics there are men like Ernest Newman and Percy Scholes—and men known and much respected for their competence and freedom from the chains of vulgar prejudice. It does not follow that, because composers are attacked as Wagner was, they are on that account themselves new Wagners. The *fumistes* also get their share of mockery; and, after stirring up vain storms, are rightly slain. There are pretenders of so many kinds in music; some whose pretensions will next year be laughed at. It is not easy, for the layman or for the musician, to see the difference between these and the masters—to judge offhand between a mere Prokofiew, trifling with "The Love of the Three Oranges," or devising inanities like a "Chout," and a Debussy, lending new and lovely poetry to a drama of Maeterlinck. The Prokofiews loom large for a short

time and cause much talk by their impertinence. But, soon or late, their tricks are all laid bare, and they go down to what is well-deserved oblivion.

Stravinsky had, however, proved his talent—and perhaps his genius, before he set all Europe by the ears with his two works, “The Rite of Spring” (“Le Sacre du Printemps”) and what he has named his “Concerto,” not “for” but “of” wind instruments. It is around these that a discussion is now raging, which has provoked more savage outbursts, and more fury on both sides than has been known in music since the birth of *“Tannhauser.”* The advocates and opponents of the Russian have not been fencing with the usual foils. They have been stabbing one another with sharp weapons. Stravinsky has been mixed up in the fight. He has been quite as offensive as his friends and foes. He is not by any means a modest soul. He has, or seems to have, supreme self-confidence. His claims are hard to state in simple terms. But he pretends that he has given the world new forms of art, and he insists that in his startling “Rite of Spring,” he has produced what he declares to be pure music, music which stands or falls on its own worth, regardless of its meanings or no-meanings. His mad disciples, among whom is Edwin Evans, have wrapped his theories up in obscure words. No average mind, and very, very few trained minds, indeed could find much sense in the absurdities they utter.

According to Stravinsky, in his present mood, to write music one should “juxtapose tonal values.” One should despise nuances or “shadings” of all sorts. Each round produced by every instrument in the orchestra should be considered, heard, and judged for its own sake. Symphonic notions and developments such as we have admired in Brahms and Beethoven are damned as futile. Stravinsky hates not only Richard Wagner, but also the composer of the works which have been named “the immortal nine.” He bows to Mozart and to Father Bach, though his own works appear to most a negation of the inventions of those masters.

For, in his "Rite of Spring"—which to his followers is as great as "Tristan," and the "Choral," and the "St. Matthew Passion Music"—he has replaced the formal styles of Bach and Mozart by sheer disorder. To me, and to a majority of listeners, his "Rite" is, to real music, what Trotsky and Lenin are in politics—the expression of a primitive kind of anarchy.

As for the theory, in a London interview, Stravinsky himself tried to make it plain. To him his theme is a mere pretext for "pure abstract music." And this, he said, applied to all his works.

"Understand," he added, "that this idea which I have just expressed is not one which underlies merely my most recent music. I have always felt the same. I have never made 'applied music' of any kind. Even in the early days, in 'The Fire Bird,' I was concerned with a purely musical construction. The only forms which are worth anything are those which flow from the musical material itself. We have wind instruments, stringed instruments, percussion instruments, and the human voice. There is our material. From the actual use of these materials our form should arise.

"In 'The Rite of Spring,' for instance, the pretext of the pre-historic birth of Spring has suggested to me the construction of the work. . . . The pretext I chose is but a pretext, like the painter's pretext for painting. If anyone objects, and prefers anecdote to a simple musical monument, he is surely in his mental infancy."

Which tells one little that is new or strange. But what it tells is in absolute opposition to what was set forth at great length in the programme notes I read at a concert in Queen's Hall, at which "The Rite of Spring" was played twice this summer. On the surface, what Stravinsky said was an indictment of what is called programme music—a form which Brahms and Berlioz and Liszt and Beethoven have all employed. The "explanations" of Stravinsky, of course, do not explain the barbaric and atrocious sounds evolved in what has been in turn presented as an unusual sort of sym-

phony (minus the chief and secondary themes, developments and suggestions of all symphonies) and as a setting for a primitive Russian ballet. The writer of the Queen's Hall programme notes lent to "The Rite of Spring" an elaborate significance. If he knew anything about that baffling and bewildering composition, it symbolized "a contest between the two chief forces of nature, as understood by the primitive people taking part in it—the earth and the sun. It is divided into two parts. In the first, the fertility of the earth prevails. In the second, the sun is propitiated by a sacrifice." And this seems more ingenuous, more near the truth, than the assertions of Stravinsky in that interview. But, if "The Rite" does really tell a tale, what is it but another piece of programme music?

When I reheard the work as it was mimed and danced by the members of the Russian Ballet, my programme gave no hint of any tale at all. "The Rite," I was assured, was only an evocation or suggestion of pre-historic Russia. The music had been used to suit weird dances. Now this interpretation of the work may be correct. But how can both interpretations fit the case? Yet the composer has approved of both the readings—that of Mr. Eugene Goossens, who conducted at Queen's Hall, and that of the leader of the Russian Ballet orchestra, M. Ansermet. Can he be laughing at the world, as some suppose? Perhaps. Who knows?

But the essential is not theory, but the created work. On that point I agree with Ernest Newman—a fair critic.

"No one worries in the least about a theory," says Mr. Newman. "If a man who has no emotion can still put together an interesting piece of music by juxtaposing tonal values (i.e., presumably, by inventing a succession of detached tones or sounds) we shall give the music a welcome on its merits. But surely everything depends on what the tonal values are, and how they are juxtaposed—just as in the music of emotion everything depends on the quality of the emotion, and how it is expressed. There must be good and bad works in each genre; and our complaint is that the

apostles of the genre of "juxtaposition" do not show the slightest capacity to distinguish first-rate work in that genre from the merest rubbish or charlatanry.

Stravinsky, in the heyday of his art life, has renounced, has turned his back on, the achievements of his youthful days. After hearing his three best known works in London—his early "Fire Bird," his "Petrouchka," and his "Rite," I felt compelled and not without some pain, to ask myself if we had not been taking him and certain other Russians far too seriously. Even "Petrouchka," as I listened to it lately, though full of interest, both dramatic and ironic, seemed to be fashioned out of very trivial folk songs, and when analyzed, meant less than I had fancied. In his own way, Stravinsky had done something not unlike what, in "Louise," Charpentier had accomplished with his Paris street cries. The beauty, the attraction, of "Petrouchka," as I found, lay not in the invention of ideas and themes, but in the weaving of trite themes or tunes into a curious and, I grant, effective whole. There are much finer things and much more subtle things in "The Fire Bird," which charms and holds one by its fantasy. "The Rite of Spring," however, neither charms nor holds one. It is a tantalizing, often hideous, effort to surprise and horrify.

Despite the false or at least disingenuous statements I have quoted from Stravinsky, it was quite clear that, in this monstrous composition, he had introduced suggestions of a story which included various episodes—a pre-historic "Incantation Scene," a "Rape Scene," a primitive "Combat Scene," a "March for a High Priest," a "Sacrificial Scene," recalling vaguely part of what was shown us a few months ago in "Iphigenia," by Miss Margaret Anglin. The "March" was grave and sad and had real beauty. Some of the folk-songs, which were freely used, impressed one, although trite, by their strange character. But these were incidents in an amazing work which sought to shock, distress and terrify the ear. The "tonal values" juxtaposed by the composer were at times so awful that they recalled the noises

of a modern boiler factory. The players banged on the percussion instruments. The wood-winds and the brass blasphemed to heaven. The strings let loose weird floods of anarchy. The effect was Bolshevistic, brutal, bestial.

The audiences were split up into camps. Most smiled or shuddered at the so-called music which had been offered as an improvement on "The Choral" of Beethoven, the "First" of Brahms, and the tone-poems of Debussy. A wild minority though, cheered and cheered, till the composer at last bowed his grateful thanks.

The flesh and blood Stravinsky whom I saw did not suggest a genius, but a man aflame with eagerness to win loud notoriety. Of less than middle height, with his long nose, his restless eyes and his aggressive manner, he seemed, not an apostle of pure music, but a rank *arriviste*—or, as we say, a "get there." The sight of him, to me, was like a douche. It chilled the pleasure I had owed him for "Petrouchka" and that enchanting "Fire Bird." It stirred up anger at "The Rite of Spring."

If that last mentioned work is really music, we must all go to school again and get new ears. Or we must learn to draw distinctions between music of this kind and that—unless we swallow noise itself as music.

There is a difference between dissonance and discord, though many may object to both as ugly. But raw cacophony such as Stravinsky gives us in his present phase, will seem to even those who still admire him, blatant insolence.

This daring Russian sneers at the poor critics. And in the same breath he declares he never reads them. "If the critic does not understand," he tells us, "he should wait. But, in all countries of the world there are critics who will not admit that they do not understand."

This might be crushing, yet it does not hurt so much when we remember that Stravinsky has damned Beethoven. He treats that master as he treats trained experts, of good faith, who do not like him. He tosses him aside contemptuously, as children fling away a toy they have outgrown.

"Beethoven's works," says the Lenin of tonal values, "are never purely musical in their construction. The form is always dialectic, influenced by the philosophical constructions of Hegel. Wagner commits the same sin, influenced by Schopenhauer. And so on with all the Germans"—with whom he does not class Mozart, the Austrian.

The critics have replied to all this nonsense in unsparing terms. They have proclaimed that the great Igor is now dead, killed by his madness and above all by his barrenness of ideas.

"I have never seen it done," says Mr. Newman, "but I believe that, when a chicken's head is chopped off with great suddenness, the astonished little fellow is unable for the moment to realize that he is dead, and his body keeps running round the farmyard for a while. We need not be surprised then, reasoning by analogy, if the little group of Stravinsky fanatics among us, although it has been slain by a suddenly enlightened public opinion, will still make a show of some of the signs of life a little longer. I am afraid it is only too true that in these days the beards of our fathers exist only to be pulled by every cocky street urchin. . . . It is a great mistake, in London and Paris just now, to be an ancestor."

I am not prepared to go so far as this. Stravinsky may, or may not, be quite dead. It is conceivable that, like so many more, he has been shattered for a time by the upheavals and excitements of the hour. What in his art to me seems Bolshevistic, may be discarded in a year, or two or ten years. But, for the moment, even those who have believed in him, are disconcerted by his vaunted "Rite of Spring." If he had written that mad symphony or ballet under Lenin's influence, there might be hope for him. In point of fact, however, he produced that work not only before Lenin became mighty, but before the war. His Bolshevism antedated that which is now ruining Russia. Eight years ago, Nijinsky used the music of "The Rite" for his own purposes. The new dances—if the word can be applied

to the queer posturings of the Diaghilev Ballet—have been invented by Massine. The ballet of Nijinsky was, as Stravinsky says "subjected to the tyranny of the bar." That of Massine has been planned out less rigidly. The movements of the dancers are adapted to long drawn out phrases, extending often over several bars. The change of method, I regret to add, has done little to enlighten the dull Londoners as to the meanings of the performers of "The Rite"—if they exist. And their existence, as we know, has been denied by both Stravinsky and Massine.

Then, some may ask with a good show of reason—"why the 'Rite'?" And to that question it is hard to find the answer. Unless (the very thought is most distressing) it is supplied by an irreverent layman, who, commenting on the work, maintained that the Russians and the Slavs in general might have great ideas, but were constitutionally unable to carry them to their logical conclusions. That sort of weakness, he went on to say, may be observed any day in a monkey house.

"A really clever monkey grabs a feather from a woman's hat, and for a moment it seems that he is going to make something highly decorative out of it. Then he throws it away, and chases a piece of straw, or another monkey's tail. So it is with the Slav, whether in war, in commerce, in government, or—in music."

But this is ribaldry. I draw the line. For, though Stravinsky has dismayed all but a noisy group by his more recent works, there was in him, and there may be today, the making of, not a new Bach or Beethoven, but of a new Moussorgsky. The pity of it is that he lacks the simplicity and, it may be feared, the sincerity of that master. He is truculent. He is conceited. He is cynical. And he denies too much. It is just as well that we should pause awhile before accepting him at his own "tonal value."

HOW ENGLISH LABOR THINKS

RT. HON. LORD ASKWITH



THE labor question in the United Kingdom is at the present time largely affected by insular prejudice and international aspirations. These two factors might at first seem to be incompatible, but they exist in the minds of the same individual, and of large groups of individuals. The coal trade may be cited as an example.

Last autumn the miners chose to strike—dealt a serious blow at their own industry, all other industries in the country, and Europe generally. They insisted on increases of wages which the industry would not bear, hindered reconstruction, lost the chances of good export trade, and put the industry in the position of being run at a loss of five million pounds a month. They have now demurred because the Government, which means the general taxpayer, was not prepared to subsidize this particular industry with this huge sum at a time when there was more unemployment than had been known for many years.

Parliament having definitely decontrolled the mines, the Government naturally said no. The coal workers seemed to ignore the fact that the taxpayers and ratepayers of the whole country were sick of subsidies and doles, and not in the least prepared to select coal as a special industry which should receive money from the emptied pockets of other industries. They seemed to have no idea of the European situation, but looked to their own interests, and assumed that the country and consumers generally, were rich and could pay. The view was narrow and insular.

Industrially in the country itself the miners have always been somewhat isolated, possibly through the nature of

their work and the local concentrations of their calling. Miners have felt a good humored contempt for the people who have to live on the surface of the earth, even if in late years their protection has been gradually given to the surface workers immediately connected with their industry. Their insularity led them to think that their earnings could remain at about the same figure, even though economic law was against them. The lesson shown at the time of the autumn strike that their export trade, the most important branch for their own and their country's prosperity, could be lowered or even stopped if the costs of production were too high, did not seem to be realized.

The competition of German coal in France and the coming in of American coal, too, were largely ignored. When the strike was over, the market for export coal at the required price was gone. The high price of coal had also reacted upon other industries. Their products were too high for the capacity of buyers. Stocks increased, manufacturers could not both sell existing stocks at a loss, and pile up new stock at the same cost, with the certainty that the buyers would be incapable of paying the price. Europe was poor, the exchange was bad, customers could not pay, and yet without exports a thickly populated island could not get sufficient food. All sane observers knew that a cut must come, both in profits and the costs of production, including wages.

At the same time, while this insular view was so strong, certain theorists held and busily preached the assumed value of international solidarity, the overthrow of capital, and even with the example of Russia before them, the marvelous results which would follow from pursuit of Marxian doctrines. Those doctrines appealed to the desire of material profit, continued high wages at the supposed expense and discomfiture of the capitalist, and suggested alliance with international labor. The extremists met in every mining lodge, passed resolutions, and never heard or met any adequate opposition. One-sided propaganda has been rife

throughout the country and has received much credit. It has engendered a sense of unrest, and been the chief cause of district disturbances.

The common sense of the country has, on the whole, countered half-baked ideas, and maintained a sound middle course between the dull creed of the reactionary and the fervor of apostles. Labor dimly realizes that it marches on its stomach, not on phrases. It dislikes dictatorial action, and objects to the control of fear. But in Great Britain labor is extraordinarily ignorant of economic facts, does not recognize the devastation of the war and its effect upon all the countries of the world, and is too prone to listen in some cities to the doctrines of fanaticism.

There exists, however, a very strong middle class gradually asserting opinion against extremism and against the continual strikes which have hindered production and revival. These classes do not favor socialism, and are keen for individual liberty. Many of them have suffered heavily in their means of livelihood. They strive to maintain those amenities of life which lie outside the satisfaction of material gain, and will more and more exercise a controlling influence.

In the present coal dispute it has become plain that labor as a whole will not act with solidarity for political objects, and when it was alleged that the objects of the miners were not political, neither leaders nor the rank and file were ready to support a dispute in another industry and bring the country to the brink of civil war. Why? Because at the last minute it was seen that the miners' leaders were clinging to their own scheme and refused compromise or discussion. This attitude was so contrary to the general views of the best methods for settling industrial disputes that the rank and file everywhere showed disinclination to obey orders, to break contracts, to give up agreements, and come out sympathetically for a quarrel which was not their own. Other trades had sought conciliation or arbitration and had found that no deaf ear was turned to legitimate grievances.

Why should the miners alone refuse compromise or discussion? It was denied that there existed any conspiracy amongst employers for a general reduction of wages. In point of fact no such conspiracy existed, and the public knew that the accusation was incorrect. Increase of wages had been largely given to meet the increased cost of living. The cost of living was beginning to come down rapidly. The reasons for the increase of wages were diminished, while some trades were actually working under agreements for rises and reductions in accord with statistical figures reflecting the cost of living. When wages in these trades were reduced, others by analogy also fell. In addition it was plain that consumers would not pay the high prices, that the costs of production must come down, that competitive nations were throwing goods on the world's market—and when a general cut all round was necessary, wages alone could not maintain their high standard.

However much international socialism may be preached, the British workingman is very individualistic and national. He is not partial to the schemes of foreigners, and there is no appeal to the majority of women, in the theories of Bolshevism or the stories of the doings in Russia. The international effort falls flat. The Insular idea for the present dominates the International idea, but both ideas have a varied influence.


THE PASSER-BY

By HELENE MULLINS

I have seen the shattering of shells
And the shattering of hearts,
And I do not know which is worse—
Only, the wound I got
From the shattering of shells
Is nearly healed—
While I cannot wash away
The spitting of blood on my dreams
From the shattering of hearts.

NEW YORK CITY'S PROBLEM

By HIRAM W. JOHNSON

N ancient proverb tells us that Truth could be found only at the bottom of a well, but her seekers gazing down into the limpid waters, too often found but their own faces reflected, and left firmly convinced they had made the great discovery. So in political campaigns, not infrequently, our prejudices, our interests, our partisanship, our vanity sway our judgments, and we fondly imagine that in the reflection of what most concerns ourselves, we have found the righteous side and are struggling for the triumph of truth. There are, however, elements in the present New York campaign quite out of the ordinary, issues divorced from partisanship, which compel the interest of the thoughtful and the activity of the patriotic. In these issues personalities and politics may be eliminated. Independent citizens, believers in popular government, the men and women who constitute the great inarticulate mass, and who desire only their country's welfare and the preservation of its cherished institutions, have real questions now before them. A combination of circumstances has made New York the battleground for the fundamental principles of democracy; and these fundamentals must be rightly decided without regard to the politics of the situation or the personalities involved. The first of the issues, of transcendent importance to the city of New York, and of only less importance to every city and every locality in the country, is the new Traction Law. If, with impunity, the greatest city of the nation can be deprived of its property and robbed of its inherent right to govern itself, a precedent will have been set which complaisant or corrupt legislatures will not be slow to follow.

It is true that the Traction Bill was heralded as a Republican policy, sponsored by a Republican Governor; but it was never a part of a Republican platform, nor otherwise than by traction companies made a Republican measure. No candidate in the State campaign, preceding its introduction in the Legislature, even hinted at such a law; no party advocated it, no platform mentioned it. Whatever may have been the secret purposes of its progenitors, they remained secret during the campaign, and the people voted in ignorance that their right of self-government was threatened. And nothing better demonstrates the infamy of this Traction Law than the fact that no candidate in the present local election in New York City will espouse it, and all political parties condemn it. Certain Republicans in the Legislature at the behest of certain bosses, who in turn acted at the behest of traction companies, voted for the Bill. The same members of the Legislature and the same bosses now repudiate it. Their belated repudiation is not enough; they themselves should be so thoroughly repudiated that neither legislator nor boss will ever again dare to commit such an offense against the people. The present attitude of these legislators and bosses illustrates what has ever followed in our political life. A job can be perpetrated in a Legislature; even a job which takes the property and destroys the rights of a people. With the aid of newspaper allies the job may be brazenly, cynically and arrogantly committed; but how all the offenders scurry to cover when there is an accounting before the people! Where are the advocates of the Traction Bill in this campaign? While the Legislature was in session, it wasn't difficult for concentrated power and wealth and their journalistic allies to send train loads of exultant individuals to Albany in behalf of a Traction Bill for the enriching of private corporations. It was of little consequence to gentlemen of easy conscience that the greatest city in the world should be deprived, in dealing with railroad companies, of every vestige of self-determination or home rule. Where are these merry people

today? Where are the eloquent speakers who talked in Albany of seven-cent fares and the necessity of having a State-appointed Board rewrite the contracts of New York City, and, without the people's consent, take their property? As this is written, *every* candidate is against the Traction Bill; *every* citizens' combination repudiates it; *every* party denounces it. Ignorant or designing men may job the people with a legislature. They daren't even attempt to justify the job when it is up to the people themselves. And just here is the second fundamental issue presented.

The vice of the Traction Bill is not in its pretense at regulation, for the right of regulation under the ordinary circumstances requiring it, must be conceded. Far beyond regulations does the Act go. It suggests regulation, and enacts confiscation. It authorizes the rewriting of the city's contracts, the abrogation of old contracts and execution of new. The State-appointed Transit Commission may make terms and conditions which the City must obey in its relations with the railroad companies, may require payment by the City of any amounts the Transit Commission may ask, for any purposes of the Commission, and the amounts must be paid without itemization or detail of any sort. The Commission is authorized *without hearing of any kind*, temporarily (and this may practically be indefinitely) to increase fares. Jurisdiction of the streets of the city substantially is conferred upon Albany's appointees. But outrageous as all these things are, worse even than requiring the treasury of the City to respond, without knowledge by officials or citizens, to every demand of the Commission, is the destruction of the right of the people to govern themselves, of the principle of home rule. Of course, in this day of reaction it is neither fashionable nor scarcely permissible to speak of home rule for cities or for peoples. But there is a vital principle in local government, without which democracy is a mockery, and this principle has gradually become known as Home Rule. By the Traction Bill, when contracts are to be altered or new ones made

with the railroad companies, they must be submitted to the corporations and to the city. The corporations may accept or refuse. The city can only accept. If the city does not consent, then the Commission executes the contracts in the name of the city. And this too, may be in respect to the city's very properties—the subways owned by it, and upon which it has expended three hundred millions of dollars. Of course in an article of this sort there can be neither legal argument nor a detailed analysis of the law. Suffice it to say, under an Act now repudiated by the party which it was originally asserted sponsored it, now denounced by every candidate and political organization, an act which *before the people* had neither apologists nor defenders, New York City is deprived of the right to deal with its own property and the most cherished privilege of American life, self-government, is denied to seven million people.

If the law is as indicated, or if it is in any aspect a hundredth part as bad as described, now, when the people themselves for the first time may express themselves, it presents an issue, serious and all-important, the answer to which must be made in no uncertain tones.

Nearly fifty years ago, one of the most eminent of American jurists, Judge Cooley, disposed of such a law in this apt language:

And the question, broadly and nakedly stated, can be nothing short of this: Whether local self-government in this state is or is not a mere privilege, conceded by the legislature in its discretion, and which may be withdrawn at any time at pleasure? * * *

The state may mold local institutions according to its views of policy or expediency; but local government is a matter of absolute right, and the state cannot take it away. It would be the boldest mockery to speak of a city as possessing municipal liberty where the state not only shaped its government, but at discretion sent in its own agents to administer it; or to call that system one of constitutional freedom under which it should be equally admissible to allow the people full control in their local affairs or no control at all.

No longer novel or original is the course followed by exploiting power or wealth. When a bill like the Traction

Law appears in a subservient legislature, the cunning men behind it know they must not be content with the easy victory before the people's representatives, but they must look to the future to prevent any overthrow of their will by an indignant and outraged public. To them representative government (that is, where they control the representatives) is not a mere fetish, a shibboleth to conjure with, but a palpitating necessity of their profit. They and their allies of the press frown upon popular expression, no words can adequately express their contempt for the idea that the people should pass upon what most intimately concerns them. Reaction depriving the people of what is theirs requires reaction precluding the possibility of the people righting the wrong.

When it was certain the Traction Bill would pass, it was prophesied by the experienced that this sort of spoliation would be followed by the endeavor to curtail the political rights of the people, and the events immediately following the passage of the Bill justified the prediction. No sooner had the Act been put through than an attack was made upon the direct primary. While in all its phases the direct primary was not destroyed, it was limited in its scope and rendered much less efficacious. The old stock arguments, which have been so often disproved, were utilized to the full in the very short period of discussion. The expense of the direct primary system, the fact that occasionally men were nominated who might not possess the highest qualifications, the difficulties that always beset popular expression, were magnified; and the same individuals who appropriated that which belongs to all who compose the government, sought to take from them, too, their one political weapon of defense. The rebuke of the passage of the railroad law should be no less stern than the rebuke of the endeavor to destroy the direct primary. The argument against direct nominations resolves itself finally into suspicion of the electorate and distrust of democracy itself. Analyzed, it is, that the voters have intelligence

enough to elect their officials, but are utterly lacking in sufficient intelligence to select them. The men and women of a party have been endowed with the ability and the discrimination to choose delegates to a convention, who in turn choose candidates for them; but they do not possess the ability and the discrimination to choose these candidates for themselves in the first instance.

The direct primary, of course, has its faults, but, after all, it is democracy. The Convention system has its faults of another character, much more menacing to our institutions. Whatever may be the ills resulting from direct nominations, they represent the will of the electorate. And, under our system, the people have the right to decide their own fate politically—the right not only in elections, but the right in nominations too.

And just a word may be permitted concerning such laws as the Traction Law, and that impairing the direct primary. There is only one way in which the people may be protected from them. In the hot enthusiasms of personal candidacies it is difficult at times to separate issues. Upon mere personalities may turn the event, and because personal passions and prejudices may have their part in elections, often momentous questions affecting the people may be undecided or forgotten. The disinterested should seek some remedy against iniquitous exploiting laws and those which deprive voters of their political rights. There is a remedy, and an effective remedy. It is the initiative and referendum. If New York State had the initiative and referendum, no public official would dare espouse, no legislature would dare pass such a traction law; and if a legislature were so far recalcitrant, under a referendum, the remedy would be speedy and certain. The objection to the initiative and referendum are substantially the objections to direct nominations. The people haven't sense enough, it is insisted, to pass upon laws most intimately concerning them. The Assemblyman from the most remote county in the State of New York, and the Senator from the least

populous district, neither of which may be within shotgun distance of a trolley line, may intelligently pass upon the street railway problems of New York City; but according to the distinguished gentlemen who arrogate to themselves the right to govern the rest of us, the people of New York City are utterly devoid of the business acumen, or the intelligent discrimination with which the country legislator is so richly endowed. Give New York the initiative and referendum and there will be an end of legislative interference with New York City, an end of spoliation of its people.


And so in the present campaign of the Empire City of the World, those who turn from mere personalities or individual candidacies, may whole-heartedly devote themselves to real and vital issues affecting not only their property but their daily lives, to fundamental principles, the destruction of which makes a mockery of democracy.

SMOKE

By CHARLES MCMORRIS PURDY

Dead, for a god they thought was right.
Four dark men on a winter's night,
"Woe, oh, woe!"—Life, fleeting, slipped. . . .
By the time that the fourth a prayer had lipped,
"Woe, oh, woe!" was his sad refrain;
Then the third man sung a song of the rain,
"Woe, oh, woe!" (like an evil trance).
And the second crooned as he danced a dance,
"Woe, oh, woe!" was four men's wail;
The first spoke low, and he told of a tale,
And their heads began to nod;
And they stared and they stared till the smoke was thin,
And an incense pot was their god,
Four dark men on a winter's night,

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

ESSIMISTS as to American politics, those who believe with the late Senator Ingalls that purity in Politics is an iridescent dream, have been wont to point out the English Parliamentary system as one free from the errors, faults, and deficiencies that mark our own system. In recent years there had been some agitation to place our Cabinet ministers in Congress, presumably in the Senate, in order that they might be subject to interpellation on matters pertaining to their respective departments. The English system has been the subject of much discussion, principally by those who knew little about it—but now come two volumes by an Englishman on the English Parliament that give us the opportunity to see just what is this system that is so frequently held up to us as a model.

The differences between the English and American peoples in their attitude toward their respective governments is the difference that naturally exists between a people who glory in their traditions and one that has been brought up to glory in its future. The Englishman is proud of his ancestors, the American of the fact that the chief magistrate of the country may some day be selected from his family. European critics for generations have laughed at the simplicity of a people who asked the travelers to our shores what they thought of us. Childishly eager for praise or approval, the American for years has welcomed the slightest friendly gesture from any foreign critic, especially the British.

There was no snobbery in that—it was the youthful nation, eager to be right and to be great, sincerely believing in the truth of the much quoted dictum of Horace Wallace Binney that foreign opinion was that of a contemporaneous posterity.

The English attitude has been the reverse, and what

foreign critics had to say, especially American critics, has hardly even amused them. Dr. John H. Finley, the poet and educator, tells of making a pleasant speech in London and receiving an anonymous postcard the next day stating, "We don't need you to patronize us." Col. I. N. Lewis, the inventor of the Lewis gun, a genuine admirer of England, tells of a luncheon in his honor at which the host in introducing him to a distinguished peer, stated, with something of a glow, that Col. Lewis through his gun was responsible for the destruction of more of the German enemy than any other individual—something like two hundred and fifty thousand Germans.

"Very interesting," commented his Lordship, "pass the salt."

Sir Ashley Sparks, the very able resident director in America of the Cunard Line, recently told a group of American Rhodes scholars who were his guests at dinner, that it was a tribute to the loveliness of the American character that in two months they had found themselves at home in Oxford, the usual thing in England being for people who moved into a community to be known as "the new people" for twenty-five years.

In "The Pageant of Parliament," by Michael MacDonagh, it is refreshing for an American to learn that Parliament has been described as "inefficient and corrupt," and that "the authority of Parliament and the esteem in which it is held have sadly declined." This, of course, will come with a shock to those critics of our own Congress who believe that it is only American institutions that are on the downward path.

It was Edmund Burke who said that it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. It is only in New York and the New England States that we find the old Tory or Federalist idea that the judgment of the representatives is superior to the judgment of those who selected them; those holding to this theory forgetting that

the representative system, as this author so well points out, is a check not on the people, but, for the people.

That our system has never been quite as corrupt as the English system is shown by the fact that when the eloquent auctioneer offered the notorious borough of Batton with its estate and its mansions and two M.P.'s, he set out:

"No claims of insolvent electors to evade,"

"No impossible promises to make,"

"No tinkers' wives to kiss."

As late as 1880 Parliament faced ninety-five petitions, including corruptions, bribery, intimidation, personation of dead or absent voters, and "most of them were sustained."

Even under reformed conditions, there was corruption by unscrupulous candidates who would get possession of the writs of election, and by corrupting the messenger of the Great Seal, hasten the election and thus forestall opposition. It was not until 1858 that the Property Qualification, which made a seat in the House of Commons the privilege of the rich, was abolished. Even then the electorate was restricted to householders, and as late as 1906, Mr. Austen Chamberlain had to vote as a liveryman in the employ of a company in London as he had no standing because of his being a resident of his father's house.

Rowdyism at the poles has long been a characteristic of English elections. The author quotes Bernard Osborn as admitting that he had frequently hired prize-fighters and that "one of his most efficient supporters in Nottingham was a man who was always clothed as a clergyman of the Church of England, but who was really an ex-champion of England—Bendigo by name." When John Stuart Mill stood as a candidate he was pelted with dead cats and garbage by the porters of Covent Garden.

Independence is not tolerated in the House of Commons. Party discipline is so strict that the man who wanders not only is jeered at when he speaks, but is black-listed. As an example of the impartiality of the speaker, let us quote the writer:

On March twentieth, 1902, Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, speaking on the concluding stages of the South African War, quoted a saying of Vilonel, the Boer General, that the enemies of South Africa were those who were continuing a hopeless struggle. "He is a traitor," interjected John Dillon, the Irish Nationalist, and Chamberlain retorted: "The honorable gentleman is a good judge of traitors." Dillon appealed to the Chair whether the expression of the Colonial Secretary was not unparliamentary. "I deprecate interruptions and retorts," replied Mr. Speaker Gully, "and if the honorable gentleman had not himself interrupted the right honorable gentleman, he would not have been subjected to retort." "Then I desire to say that the right honorable gentleman is a damned liar!" exclaimed Dillon. He was thereupon "named" by the Speaker, and on the motion of Arthur Balfour, was suspended from the service of the House. On May seventh, J. J. Mooney, a member of the Irish Party, moved that the Speaker ought to have ruled that the words applied by the Colonial Secretary to Dillon were unparliamentary, and accordingly have directed Chamberlain to withdraw them. On a division, the action of the Chair was supported by three hundred and ninety-eight votes to sixty-three, or a majority of three hundred and thirty-five.

To the Editor of The Forum:

Leonard Liebling's article in the August FORUM, deploring what he deems the low musical taste of American newspapers, referred twice to The Associated Press. Both references are absolute misstatements of facts.

He first attributes to us the distribution throughout the United States of a half-column article vulgarly describing the mishap to a singer's dress on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

He next carelessly blames The Associated Press for circulating all over the United States an equally vulgar report of an alleged quarrel and physical encounter on the same stage between Geraldine Farrar and Caruso.

The Associated Press gave to its nearly 1,300 daily newspapers not one line relating to either of these alleged affairs. It endeavors not to deal in such trivialities. It does not regard it as flattering to have anything which appears in any newspaper attributed to The Associated Press.

Is it too much to ask that THE FORUM tell its readers that Mr. Liebling in his article altogether misrepresents The Associated Press?

Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK ROY MARTIN,

General Manager.

July 29, 1921.

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—Robt E. MacAlarney.

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

THE CRIME OF KOREA*

SELDEN P. SPENCER.



HIS book is the cry of a broken heart—the record of a tragic history—the hope of a future of justice and independence.

Korea is so old in years that her generations had long since passed, even before the power of nomenclature to designate this country the United States was born. By a strange coincidence it was the United States that first led this patriarch of the nations, after more than four thousand years of seclusion, out into the dazzling light of international relations—and the dazzling light has for the time blinded her.

Japan was enabled to see the exceeding value of Korea—as an entrance to China and Siberia—as a fertile home for the surplus of Japan's millions—as an asset to Japan's wealth; and first she wooed, and then she threatened, and then she took, and now she holds, Korea—always by force.

How it was done—the attendant breaches of faith—the atrocious murders—the studied and continued brutalities—the enforced ignorance, are all told in this book by one who knows.

Americans ought to read it—once read, it will never be forgotten—not read, there is a real loss of knowledge of historical matter unequalled in pathos and tragedy and hope.

Korea is rich in treaties, and a pauper in their fulfillment by other nations.

When the United States in 1883, by treaty solemnly agreed with Korea that at any time in the future: "If other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government, the other will exert their good offices on being informed of the case to bring about an amicable arrangement, thus showing their friendly feelings"—both nations knew well enough that Korea could never, in all probability, be able to help the United States. The reciprocal covenant of help was inserted to recognize the pride of Korea in her most ancient government, but to Korea the treaty was her strength, her most treasured national possession, her safe conduct in the unknown journeys before her. Was she not befriended by the greatest Republic on earth?

* "THE CASE OF KOREA," by Henry Chung, A.M., Ph.D., Member of Korean Commission to America and Europe. Fleming H. Revell Company.

What mattered the million millions of Chinese on the one hand, or the envious designs of Japan—looking with eagerness across the Japanese Sea?

There was nothing to be feared!

If either should “deal unjustly or oppressively” with this once “Hermit Nation,” now timidly crossing the crowded thoroughfare of the world, a single cry of distress would instantly bring the “good offices” of “the great country” that knew the ways of the world, and that had promised that its “good offices” should ever be exerted “to bring about an amicable arrangement.”

The absolute trust of Korea in this treaty, which by the way she has never broken, is pathetic.

It was the absolute reliance of the little child upon the strength and love of the father. Nothing could harm Korea since she had the friendship of the United States.

Alas and alack! We, of the United States, have seen the whole sad picture, and perhaps regretted it—but in silence, and have gone on our way with seemingly more important things to attend to, while our trusting friends (about twenty million of them)—so simple as to think that a promise is a promise, have been swallowed up—by Japan.

Look at the dates! American treaty with Korea in 1883—a recognition of the independence and territorial integrity of Korea by both Japan and China in the Shimonoseki treaty between them—a recognition brought about by the intervention of the United States.

When later Japan needed Korean territory as a means of access to China in the Japan-China War, she expressly put her demand for such territory on the ground that she desired to “maintain the independence of Korea,” but when the war was over and the alleged necessity of Korean occupation had entirely ended, Japan refused to leave.

The much revered Queen Min of Korea persistently and vigorously opposed this continued Japanese occupation of her country. Her opposition resulted only in her own murder by the Japanese.

This murder of Queen Min was too raw an exhibition of force. As the facts became known, the Western world was horrified. There was an immediate easing up by Japan in Korea.

In 1896, the following year, Japan agreed, but it was only an agreement, that she would withdraw her troops from Korea as soon as it could be done with safety to Japanese residents in Korea—for the “mild” Koreans had become dangerous avengers in their grief and indignation at the murder of their queen.

In 1898, Japan agreed with Russia to recognize “the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea.”

In 1902, Japan agreed with Great Britain that "the territorial integrity of Korea" should be respected, and declared that she had no "aggressive tendencies" toward Korea.

In 1904 when Japan declared war on Russia, she urgently proclaimed that the "integrity of Korea" was a "matter of greatest concern to the Empire."

The integrity of Korea evidently was a matter of the greatest concern to the Japanese Empire, but in an unfortunate sense for Korea, for in spite of all these treaty obligations and definite agreements, and in spite of the fact that Japan in February, 1904, expressly agreed with Korea that "the Imperial Government of Japan definitely guarantees the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire," this is what happened:

First, Japan in August, 1904, forced Korea to engage as financial and diplomatic advisers "Japanese subjects," recommended by the Japanese, and not to conclude "treaties or conventions with foreign powers" without consulting the Japanese Government.

Then in April, 1905, Korea was forced to surrender to Japan the postal telegraph and telephone service of Korea.

Later on in the same year, a Japanese protectorate was forced over Korea by a series of tragic conferences and threats that thrill with indignation the heart of the Anglo-Saxon as they are read.

A poor feeble-minded Korean prince who was "non compos mentis" was for a time put upon the throne by Japan in 1907, with the form of power, but without the slightest substance of authority—until in 1910—Korea was finally annexed to the Japanese Empire, and the transaction long deferred, but never out of the Japanese mind, was completed.

"The Case of Korea," or as it might well be called, "The Rape of Korea," has also to tell of the formation of the "Korean Republic"—its wonderful support by the Korean people—its secret development—its undying hope that justice may yet be demanded for Korea by the nations of the world—but with the greatest hope through a faith that nothing has been able to destroy, that this demand will come first through the United States of America.

PARIS OF YESTERDAY*



R. STUART HENRY knows perfectly France and the French. He has studied the French literature and he understands it. He lived in France and he noticed all he saw. It is the result of this study and observation that he gives us in his book—a collection of chronicles about varied subjects whose connection is that they all belong to France. They

* "FRENCH ESSAYS AND PROFILES," by Stuart Henry. E. P. Dutton, \$2.50.

are not less interesting because of their diversity—and certainly not because of their selection.

Mr. Stuart Henry depicts some celebrated notables of past and present time, who have held or hold a large place in the literary and artistic life of France—novelists and authors, actors and dancers.

We have a complete and accurate study of Leconte de Lisle—man and poet—chief of the Parnassian school—admirer of ancient Greece, and advocate of the Classic school as opposed to the Romantic—the latter, of which Victor Hugo was the promoter, being greatly in vogue at the time he lived. It was a singular coincidence later, when Leconte de Lisle, elected to the seat of Victor Hugo in the “Académie Française,” praised as was the custom his predecessor, while he opposed his theories.

Mr. Henry tells much about Madame Mennessier Nodier—“daughter of the French Romantics.” She lived in the circle of the first followers of romanticism, who held meetings at the home of her husband, Charles Nodier, and for many of whom she was the poetic muse.

An account of the brilliant era of the French ballet in the last century reviews all the famous dancers and their style, from Taglioni to Mauri, who is today dance instructor of the Opera. At this time the English chorus girls were not yet in great favor in Paris, and the Russian ballets, which represent the new art of dancing, were unknown.

When Mr. Henry was in Fontainebleau, the magnificent shadows of the famous wood suggested to him a study of the Sociological rôle of the forest. Fontainebleau! Napoleon’s palace where, at the height of his power, he held the Pope prisoner, and where, when defeated, he addressed the pathetic adieux to his faithful guards. Admirable views of the forest that have suggested pictures—master-pieces—to great artists like Corot, Millet, and Théodore Rousseau.

We do not think as Mr. Henry when he explains the reasons of the failure of “Hedda Gabler” in Paris by the difference in spirit of the Scandinavians and the French. It is only a question of vogue and epoch. At the time “Hedda Gabler” was shown in Paris, Ibsen was not yet known and appreciated—while now he is in great favor, especially since the French have an author who compares to him, M. François de Curel. Wagner experienced the same hard luck in France before his music was admired there.

In the “Profiles,” we have, among others, well informed accounts of Jules Claretie who was, for more than a quarter of a century, Administrateur Général of the Comédie Française; François Coppée, the generous poet of the humble, Gyp, grand niece of Mirabeau, the sketch of whom is a pleasant caricatural satire of the manners of the upper strata of society; Jules Lamaitre, critic and author, Frédéric Mistral, singer of beautiful Provence; Pierre Loti, bewitching author of such multi-colored writing,

Dumas the elder, powerful and animated novelist; Dumas the younger, author of the immortal "Dame Aux Camélias," etc.

It was a great pleasure to me—a Frenchman—to read "French Essays and Profiles." It is full of the charming atmosphere of America—a country the French admire for its course of life and thought.

—ALBERT LIEBERFIELD.

THE ALMANAC DE GOLGOTHA*



HENRY H. KLEIN, in the latest of his series of illuminating works*, by putting dollar signs and figures after the names of those who usually have their places in the Social Register, has produced an arresting picture of economic America—a picture which reflects something truly sinister. Without argument or rhetoric, with nothing but cold, uncompromising facts, set down for the most part as lists and not as paragraphs, he proves to what an extent this country is in the grip of a few families and how far we have left behind us the idea of Government of, for and by the people.

A much less valuable book would have been produced had an attempt been made to "fill in" with nicely rounded phrases. The result, as the author no doubt realized, would have been the production of the usual, hollow rantings of the soap-box orator. Instead, we have a work which beyond doubt would have travelled in the bag of Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Klein not only indicates an ulcer in our economic organism, but at the same time he points out what he believes to be the cure for it. The excessive concentration of wealth in few hands he would cure by limiting personal fortunes and by effectively checking monopolies. He begins with a list of the Dynastic Rulers of America and then proceeds to list overlarge estates recently inherited and still growing. Next he shows how the various industries, such as that of steel, copper, oil, beef, railroads, coal, and so on, are closely held and controlled. The control of our public banks is not overlooked nor is that of our public utilities. There is nothing new in all of this, but the manner in which it has been brought together is not only novel but very useful, since the work must stand as an authoritative and comprehensive guide, excellent for ready reference, for those who are in any way interested in matters of public welfare.

With regard to the cure for the evil he indicates, he says in part:

"Why should not the constitution be amended to cure a fundamental economic ill? Why should it not be amended to limit excessive private fortunes so that all may again prosper? Why should it not be amended to continue peace and prosperity in the United States? If private fortunes

* "DYNASTIC AMERICA AND THOSE WHO OWN IT," by Henry H. Klein.

are limited, so that the surplus or excess goes back to the nation, the government representing all the people, becomes the principal stockholder and bondholder in all monopoly, in place of the Few. As principal stockholder and bondholder in monopolistic corporations, the government can fix the price of commodities, establish the rate of wages, and otherwise direct Big Business in the interest of all the people, including the small stockholders. Big Business is now conducted mainly for the benefit of the few largest stockholders."

The purpose of these paragraphs is not to question the remedy which Mr. Klein sets forth so much as to indicate the nature of the cure. The Few Stockholders will quarrel with his ideas, so will the socialists, the single taxers, and those who do not think at all. However, if the work serves no other purpose it will at least stand at the cross roads where meet all who sense the obviously wrong direction in which the country is drifting and it will clearly mark that direction. This is a good service and one which has made the effort worth while.

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The Forum

OCTOBER, 1921

THE "GROTESQUES" OF PIRANDELLO

By EDWARD STORER

 VER since Giovanni Grasso went touring out of Italy with his players, most people have come to associate the Sicilian drama with every form of violence and sudden death. But the plays with which the lusty Sicilian actor astonished a world unused to such vehement emotions have long been surpassed, and the new dramatists of Sicily, among whom we may include Dr. Luigi Pirandello and Rosso di San Secondo, belong to quite another school. For Pirandello is a Sicilian, and is proud to remind us of the fact now and again in a preface or note to one of his numerous novels or plays. But in speaking of him as a Sicilian, we must not allow the fact more than an accidental significance. He is no truculent highly colored figure in art, no Gascon of the theatre, but rather a weaver of fine dialectical pieces, a creator of cerebral situations infused with a life that is poetic

and mystical, even philosophical. The language of his plays and novels in its occasional raciness and explosive nervousness is often meridional, but the pains, the doubts and the plaint which inspire this author's work do not belong to the delightful but provincial island of Sicily, but are of our own modern day.

Dr. Luigi Pirandello, who lives in a villa on the outskirts of Rome, began life in the scholastic career, and even now that he has become famous in his own country, still carries on the profession of University professor. When I went to see him and explained to him that I wished to write of his work for the English-speaking and reading public, he at once placed himself at my disposal for such bibliographical information as I required. He mentioned some of his works that have been translated into German, Russian, Spanish and French, and told me the curious reason why his play *Così è, se vi pare* (*It's So, if You Think So*) failed to be presented some time ago in London.

In this short article on Dr. Pirandello, who is generally recognized to be the most distinguished dramatist of the new Italian comedy, I propose to treat more of his plays than of his novels, since the former illustrate his later development, and are perhaps more characteristic. But mention must be made of his well-known novel, *Il Fu Mattia Pascal* (*The Late Mattia Pascal*), in which contemporary criticism agrees in finding the starting-point of the "grotesque" movement.

One may say straightaway that, apart from this new dramatic movement of which Pirandello is now the recognized head, or *capo scuola* as they say in Italy, the literary and dramatic field offers few novelties and fewer tendencies. The colored melodramatic-poetic style of D'Annunzio has found imitators and followers in men like Sem Benelli, but the movement is at an end.

Luigi Pirandello's literary activity dates back over a number of years, not many less than thirty. His first productions were novels and volumes of short stories, which,

if they contained hints of his future development, were not particularly striking and would hardly have led us to expect such works as *Six Personages in Search of an Author* or *Così è, se vi pare*. We were still a long way from arriving at what is sometimes spoken of in Italy as "the Pirandellian conscience" or the Pirandello state of mind. It is of this later phase that it will only be profitable to treat of Pirandello the pessimist, the profound pessimist, whose pessimism, because it is profound, is not sad or oppressive, but like a white light of criticism, purifying the life it touches while seeking to exile itself from it.

But a swift synthetic picture of some of Pirandello's best-known works is far more likely to convey an idea of the man and his writings to the reader unacquainted or imperfectly acquainted with them than any amount of theorizing.

The novel *The Late Mattia Pascal* has been rightly judged to be the fecundating influence of the long series of so-called grotesques which have held the boards of the Italian theatre in the last five or six years. The very plot of it, dealing as it does with a supposed suicide which thus allows the protagonist to double his personality, is also the theme of the first grotesque to be played under that designation, the *Maschera e il Volto* (*The Mask and the Face*) of Luigi Chiarelli. In *Mattia Pascal*, whom his family suppose dead and who changes his name and becomes another man with another history, we have the first appearance of a theme dear to Pirandello: that of the man standing outside of himself, the renouncer of life, spiritually beautiful in his almost ascetic resignation. The type is sensitive and suffering, and one does not know if it be more patient in supporting life or more curious as to its puzzling developments. As illustrative of this curious half-wistful kind of curiosity, we may notice the trifling incident in *Mattia Pascal* where the protagonist, finding no one else to talk to in his pension, converses with the canary. "It jumped about its cage, turned, twisted, looked sideways, shaking its head; then it answered me, asked me questions

and listened once again. Poor little bird! It understood me, while I did not know what I had said to it."

The central motive of *Il Fu Mattia Pascal*, which in its essence is poetry, since it holds life for a moment in a crystalline solution of thought, is repeated with greater poignancy and with richer effect in the truly extraordinary play, *Così è, se vi pare* (*It's So, if It Seems So*). This play, like most of the author's later ones, has a poetic core from which, if many thorns of unseizable dialectic grow, there exhales also a pure spirit of poetry. The atmosphere of the comedy, or "parabola," as Pirandello calls it, is tenderly human, and though the play closes on a baffling note of interrogation, only wilfully pragmatic spirits will be discontent with the mystery under which truth always veils itself. For in *Così è, se vi pare* we are perhaps only incidentally concerned with the hopeless question: What is the truth? Pirandello is too fine an artist to pose directly and brutally so disturbing a conundrum to his audience of fellow human beings. He allows a suggestion of the question to reveal itself.

We are introduced to a little provincial town in Italy which for some days has been all excitement on account of a scandal or seeming scandal that has arisen there. A certain mysterious person, Signor Ponza, about whom no one knows anything, has just arrived in the town with his wife and mother-in-law to take up his duties at the prefecture to which he has been attached. But to the amazement of the townspeople, Signor Ponza houses his wife and his mother-in-law in two separate apartments, and will not allow them to meet. The gossip to which this fact gives rise may be imagined by anyone who knows the life of small country towns in any part of the world. The inhabitants can give themselves no rest until some explanation of the supposed mystery be forthcoming. A committee takes the matter in hand, and contrives to make the mother-in-law and Signor Ponza give their accounts of the affair. The new employee at the prefecture says: "You see, my poor

mother-in-law is mentally deranged. She is under the impression that my wife Julia is her daughter Lina, who was my first wife and who died with all her relations in the earthquake. This second wife of mine, Julia, is of course a different woman, but my poor mother-in-law won't believe it, so to comfort her I allow her to think Julia is her daughter. But, naturally, I must keep the women apart, or the illusion would run the risk of being destroyed." This is quite convincing as far as it goes, but the statement of the mother-in-law, Signora Frola, deepens the mystery. "My unfortunate son-in-law is quite mad," she says in effect, "and he has the strange notion that he lost his wife in the earthquake. He is under the impression that he is now living with a different woman, and insists on calling her Julia, whereas, of course, she is my daughter Lina."

This is a necessarily abrupt and thin description of a situation which in the play is enriched with a multitude of details, all tending to give plausibility to a situation, metaphysical, arithmetical almost in its bareness. The answers given by Signor Ponza and Signora Frola in no way satisfy the townsfolk, now devoured with curiosity. Every tenth man and woman in the place becomes an amateur detective, but the great difficulty which all these worthy people encounter is that the earthquake, which is the *deus ex machina* of the piece, has destroyed all the evidence, written and human, which could go to show whether Signora Frola or her son-in-law were mad. Things at last arrive at such a pitch that the prefect is obliged to intervene and to order the wife Julia or Lina to submit to a cross-examination.

And here the poetry which tenuously haunts most of the plays of Pirandello breathes forth from among the waspish and humorous comments of the townsfolk all pettily determined "to get at the truth." The wife appears before the prefect veiled and disconsolate, sybilline and apart.

"What do you want of me?" she asks. "Here is a private grief which must remain hidden, since only so can the remedy which pity has found for it be of avail." The philo-

sophic irony of the piece which amounts to dramatic literature is revealed in the final scene:

The Prefect—"But we are ready, we are anxious indeed to respect this feeling of pity. We should, however, just like you to tell us. . . ."

Signora Ponza—"What? The truth: it is simply this: that I am the daughter of the Signora Frola and the second wife of Signor Ponza, and for myself I am no one."

The Prefect—"Ah no, for yourself you must be one or the other."

Signora Ponza—"No, gentlemen; for myself, I am she who people think I am."

The illusion, the poetry, is rather fine, we admit, built though it be on a perilous premise. But that cannot exclude from the charge of a too robust positivism that London manager who, so Dr. Pirandello told me, was anxious to put the piece on at a West End theatre if only the author would agree to alter the ending, and make it clear to the public which of the two characters, Signor Ponza or Signora Frola, was really mad!

Pirandello's literary and dramatic activity, extending as it does over some twenty-five or more years, has produced works of all kinds from the early novels and volumes of short stories like *La Vita Nuda* (*Naked Life*) and *Quando ero matto* (*When I Was Mad*) to his latest and in some respects most remarkable work *Sei Personaggi in cerca d'Autore* (*Six Personages in Search of an Author*).

Pirandello is an extremely prolific writer, and his latest phase has proved more prolific even than the earlier ones. He has written some fourteen or fifteen plays in the space of eight or nine years, besides novels and volumes of stories. He has three new plays in course of preparation at present. He began his dramatic period with some Sicilian peasant plays: *Lumie di Sicilia* and *Liola* (1917). *Liola*, which is one of his best plays, is a country comedy full of the color, the shrill voices and the perfumes of Sicily. It was originally written in the difficult dialect of Girgenti, that shrine

of Hellenic memories where the two magnificent Greek temples still stand on the burning seashore.

In the early days of his career as a dramatist, Pirandello's works were given almost exclusively by the Sicilian company of players captained by that greatest of living Italian comedians, Angelo Musco. Bit by bit Pirandello emancipated himself from the dialect play and the strictly Sicilian atmosphere, and began his later series of marionettish comedies, including *Pensaci Giacomino!* (*Think About It, Jimmy!*), *Il piacere dell'Onesta* (*The Pleasure of Honesty*), *Tutto per bene* (*All for the Best*), *Come prima, meglio di Prima* (*As Before, but Better than Before*), *Così e, se vi pare, L'Innesto* (*The Graft*), *Ma non è una cosa seria* (*But It Isn't a Serious Matter*), *L'Uomo, la Bestia e la Virtù* (*Man, Beast and Virtue*) and the latest, *Sei Personaggi in cerca d'Autore*.

But before looking at the plots of some of the more characteristic of these pieces, it may be well to emphasize some of the faults and weaknesses of the Pirandello comedies. They have often a tendency to be too sophistic; the atmosphere is sometimes so rarefied that there seems no possibility of humanity and human manifestations existing in it. Pirandello, we must recognize, is not an author in his maturer work to please the big public, or the "Sunday public" as they say in Italy, where the middle classes flock to the theatres on the day of rest. The laughs and smiles which he brings to the faces of his audiences have often something bitter about them, or rather they are too little vulgar to please everyone. Again, Pirandello is often exaggeratedly casuistic, and he requires on the part of his audience a mind rendered supple by a certain course of mental gymnastics. He is not always an easy author, and even those who admire him cannot but recognize that he is often an exasperating author. But such are the inevitable faults of this new school of "grotesques," or marionette dramas, where seemingly volitionless puppets are moved by pains and passions, that, torturing them, yet seem to leave them cold. Nor is

this impression without its inevitable reaction on the audience which derives a refined, an intellectual stimulus from the various manifestations of the Pirandellian conscience. Yet irony, as Nietzsche saw many years ago, is the especial art of our epoch, self-conscious and spiritually diffident, and the irony of Pirandello is fine and at the same time tender—a poet's irony, in fact.

In *Pensaci Giacomino!* (*Think About It, Jimmy!*) we have a typically Pirandellian theme, artificial, grotesque, not quite credible in fact. Marionettes, too, are the characters in *Il Giuoco delle Parti* and *The Pleasure of Honesty*. Yet they interest us as the lineal descendants of the Maeterlinckian shades from whom they really derive, rather than from Bernard Shaw, between whom and Pirandello certain critics have sought to establish an affinity, if not a relationship.

The grotesque note is struck in *Pensaci Giacomino!* by the character, Professor Toti, who at seventy years of age decides to take a young wife for the original reason of revenging himself upon the government which he thinks has always underpaid him. By marrying, he will thus be able when he dies in a few years to oblige the government to pay a considerable pension to his widow. The matter becomes a trifle complicated when the professor discovers that the girl whom he proposes to marry is indeed in urgent need of a marriage in order to regularize a love escapade with a certain young man of the town. So much the better, says the original professor, who is convinced that his action will be thus doubly good and meritorious. We have thus the spectacle of the old professor of natural history careless of the indignation of the whole town which he has aroused, and official father of a child which is not his, looking after Lillina and arranging that Giacomino shall marry her after he is dead. And when Giacomino gets tired of the arrangement and wants to marry another girl, it is Professor Toti who tells him to "think about it, Jimmy," and reconciles

him with Lillina. Difficult or impossible as the situation is, it gives rise to several extremely amusing scenes.

In *Come Prima, meglio di prima* (*As Before, but Better*), we have another of Pirandello's curious inversions, this time of the traditional trio of husband, wife and lover. The personages do not seem to act from instinctive motives, but rather from prejudices or cerebral conceptions. This comedy is not one of the best works of Pirandello, but it exemplifies very clearly the peculiarities and the excesses of his style. The characters do not philosophize or make speeches, as they do in some of Shaw's plays, but a similar process seems to be going on inside their minds. The audience only gets glimpses of their exaggerated introspectiveness in a series of allusions, of ellipses, of swift changes of front.

In *Sei Personaggi in cerca d'Autore*, the latest play of Pirandello produced in Rome in the spring of this year, we have what is perhaps one of his most characteristic works. At the first night of this "comedy in the making," as the author calls it, there was witnessed at the Argentine Theatre a curious scene. The comedy excited the public to the point that the audience divided itself into two factions, one of which applauded the production vigorously, while the other half hooted, screamed and yelled its disapproval. The majority of opinion was slightly in favor of the play. The audience could not be got out of the theatre after the fall of the curtain for a full quarter of an hour, during which time scores of arguments pro and contra the merit of the new production were taking place in all parts of the house.

In *Six Personages in Search of an Author* we are shown the stage ready for a rehearsal. One by one there enter the manager, the actors and actresses, the electricians, the stagehands and the prompter. The company is about to rehearse one of Pirandello's plays, *Il Giuoco delle Parti*, for which the actors seem to have a distinct aversion. Suddenly the door-keeper comes and tells the manager that there are six

persons at the door who insist on coming in. The manager storms and raves, but the six personages walk in unannounced. They are dressed in black; their faces are mysteriously pale; one man has flaming red hair. A tragic air hangs about them all. They seem scarcely human. "Who are they? What on earth do they want?" the astonished manager asks. Timidly, but with a curious unnatural insistence, the red-haired man, who acts as spokesman, explains "We are looking for an author." General consternation. Then bit by bit comes an explanation. The six personages are the members of a family round whose lives fate has woven a web of drama. There is "the father," a man of about fifty; a veiled woman, "the mother"; "the son," a young man about twenty-two; "the step-daughter," a girl of eighteen or so; a youth of fourteen and a little girl of six or seven. The actors think them mad, and want them turned out. The manager says he has not time to receive visits from whole families of unknown people. But the "father" begins to talk, and gradually the company fall under the spell of his words. Involuntarily they listen. The "father" explains that they are six personages of a drama, which one day caught the fancy of an author who was afterwards unwilling or incapable to write their drama. The manager must hear their story. They crave to put themselves into the living action of a drama, they who are real personages with a reality truer and more immutable than that of men. Then we learn their story, or a part of it.

Many years before, "the father" abandoned "the mother," carrying away "the son." "The mother" then took a lover by whom she had three more children, "the step-daughter" and the other two children of the personages who appear on the stage. When this lover died, "the mother" and "the step-daughter" fell upon bad times, and came eventually to work for a modiste of somewhat doubtful character who even allowed her shop to be used for appointments of an irregular nature. "The father" became "a client" of the establishment, and one day was surprised there by his wife, whom he had lost sight of for years, just as he was

embracing and offering money to "the step-daughter," whom "the mother" had always supposed to be quite virtuous. In the scene that followed, the father learnt who the girl was, and filled with pity for the unfortunate situation of his wife, took the whole family to live with him under his own roof. The experiment, however, proved a failure. One day "the child" is found drowned in a large fountain in the garden of the villa. The manager listens to the strange story, and in the end agrees to fall in with the idea of "the father" and make a drama out of it. The "personages" will react the scene at Madame Pace's, the modiste, and afterwards the actors of the company will repeat the action. The manager casts the parts for this very original comedy, but the "personages" protest that the actors are not in the least like them. In the end, they become convinced that they must let the actors do the acting of their play. When the leading man and woman try to react the scene at the modiste's, of course the whole thing is turned into irony and farce. While they are finishing the scene, Madame Pace herself arrives at the theatre in order to look for her assistant. At this point, "the step-daughter," infected with the tragic reality of the situation, pushes the actors aside and, taking the centre of the stage herself, launches herself into a fine scene of realism. The manager, intent on noting the points of the "comedy," cries out to the stenographer, "curtain, curtain," and the stage-hand, thinking he means the direction literally, lets the curtain down.

In the third act the actors proceed to the reconstruction of the episode when the family are all living together again. "The son" tells the story of how he found "the child" drowned in the big fountain, and while he is engaged in doing this the youth falls to the sound of a revolver shot. To assure everybody, the manager cries out that it is only acting, but "the father" says, "No, no, it is reality." This curious play, full of the wavering, acute and subtle spirit of its author, closes on this note of interrogation. What is realty? What is fiction? The author does not answer us: that is his secret, a secret which he, too, is unable to answer.

EDUCATION OF THE ADULT WORKER

By VISCOUNT HALDANE

A SOCIAL problem which is today confronting most of the civilized nations is unrest among industrial workers. There appears to be increasing dissatisfaction on the part of labor with the position in which it finds itself. There is an obvious resentment at the extent of the gap which severs the employed from the employer.

Scrutiny seems to disclose that this sense of unrest is due to something deeper-lying than mere difference in the distribution of profit. In this world it does not appear probable that there will ever be equality in the apportionment of riches. Superior intelligence directed to acquisition is likely always to enable certain men to secure more than their neighbors. Even among the working people themselves this is apparent today. But intelligence is no mere gift of unaided nature. It depends for its efficacy on knowledge, and knowledge is largely due to the extent to which the mind has been trained. Consequently if adequate mental development is made the monopoly of a particular stratum in Society the advantage of those in that stratum gives rise to feeling. The question is put why such a monopoly of education should exist. And as the recognition grows of the large part played by intelligence in enabling wealth to be not only accumulated but created, the demand for equality of opportunity in mental training tends to become acute. I think that it is so tending today and will tend to be so still more in the days of trial ahead.

It is interesting to observe, what my own experience of the working classes has shown me, that the satisfaction of the demand when it exists materially lessens the mere desire for money as an end in itself. The larger the outlook and the greater the sense of the freedom which knowledge brings, the less appears to be the discontent with inequality in the possession of money.

If a man has this outlook and the feeling that in consequence doors are no longer locked on him, he begins to think that there is that which counts far more than large wages. If he has enough to give him a decent home and adequate leisure, he prefers the higher things of the mind to the lower delights of material prosperity. His sense of values alters. I have often noticed this among individual members of the laboring classes in Great Britain and I believe the same thing to be true in America. No doubt men differ—some are innate materialists, but human nature has many varieties and among those who work with their hands there are as many divergences of view as among those who work with their heads. Spinoza, Jacob Boehme, and John Bunyan earned a livelihood with their hands, and found that this did not preclude them from being thinkers and artists of a very high order. The first of these indeed chose the vocation of a polisher of optical glasses in preference to that of a teacher. All three knew well that for him whose mind is full its riches can be made to grow and to be given off in the interstices of labor with the hands. Their experience was not in reality different from that of many a professor.

It is for this reason that education, if it be made adequate, may be looked on with hope as a palliative of industrial unrest. No doubt the standard sought, with this before his mind, by the educated worker is not likely to be a low one. He requires a certain minimum if he is to be really free. But he is also probably thereby the more efficient as a worker. He has a pride in his work as a means to an end and as a duty. It is an integral part of his life for without

it he would not have earned his leisure, which is most precious when it is the result of effort in earning it.

It is the use made of this leisure that matters just as much as that made of the hours of work. The man who knows and cares how to make the most of his time will look on his life as an entirety, on his work and his interval of rest and reflection as parts of a single whole. Money will not be his chief concern. He will think still more of the chance which his training and knowledge afford him of communing with the best society, with the great minds who have revealed themselves in unrestrained intimacy in the pages of the great books which they have given to the world.

It is the development of the soul of the democracy in this fashion that the movement for the education of the adult worker aims at. The universities effect it for their students within their own walls. Can they not do much to extend the influence which they wield beyond all others to those who cannot come within these walls. Within their walls we cannot bring our democracy excepting occasionally. If we tried to make every workman a university student in the ordinary way we should swamp the universities and sacrifice quality for quantity. But can we not develop the extra-mural work of the universities? Is it not possible to give them a new mission and assist them financially to fulfil it, so that they may be able to train more teachers of high professional attainment and personality, who may go forth into the populous industrial centers and there radiate out the university influence and teaching? It would be a new profession, attractive as experience has shown it to be, to men who would settle for a time, four or five years it may be, and then return to their universities, to have their places taken by others who would go out and continue the teaching.

It is this plan that is the foundation of a new movement which is rapidly taking root in Great Britain, and in which the old universities—Oxford and Cambridge, as well as those which are of recent origin, are assuming their share. The organization is still in its infancy but it is a reality. It

is being extended as far as the limited means so far available will permit in various directions. I was in a midland town the other day where unemployment was rife, but where one of these university centers had been established. The librarian of the public library told me that never before the working people had become unemployed had the local public library been so run on. Serious books were being sought and study was evident in a vast variety of directions—literary, historical, philosophical and scientific. In another midland industrial center I found that the movement had brought employer and workman into consultation as to how the difficulty of finding markets and prices suitable for them could be met. In yet another center a well known public school had so organized that tutors had come from one of the old universities and systematic courses were being given for men and women alike. Not isolated popular lectures, but regular courses of from twelve to twenty-four lectures a piece, with testing of the results of the students' work and the discussion which is dear to the artisan.

The attempt is now being made systematically in Great Britain to put the movement on an adequate foundation. The record of what has already been accomplished will be found in the Report published in 1919 by the Committee on Adult Education, appointed by the Ministry of Reconstruction and presided over by the Master of Balliol. There are a number of organizations which have been at work in giving effect to the policy. Of these I may mention here The Workers Educational Association, The University Tutorial Class and Extension Movements, The National Adult School Union, and The Co-operative Union. There is a certain amount of assistance given from the Board of Education Grants and from Rates and the Trade Unions themselves are showing signs of joining in. The Universities are doing what they can. But until the Government takes up the new policy vigorously and makes grants in aid of it, progress cannot be rapid. For provision has to be afforded for the training and payment of a large number of addi-

tional university fellows and tutors and the local authorities must provide the places for work.

The latest organization to come into existence has been the recently established British Institute of Adult Education of which I am myself President, Mr. Clyner, M.P., and the Master of Balliol, Vice-Presidents, and Mr. Albert Mansbridge the Chairman and moving spirit. The object of this new association is not to interfere with the work of the organizations already existing but to define and maintain a high level for the teaching by making its true nature widely known and helping in the effort for its maintenance. It is vital, if this movement is to enlist the full sympathies of the working classes, that the workman should feel that he is being offered a training for his mind which will enable him to assimilate knowledge of high quality. Experience shows that in order to get this training many workmen will come in the evening and spend two hours after a long day of toil in attending the new classes. They often discuss the subjects systematically among themselves at other hours and they produce papers which on many occasions show freshness and originality of ideas. In addition to this they read books which thus become intelligible to them and their leisure time assumes a new significance for their lives.

Such is the plan for making extra-mural work by the Universities available on a large scale for democracy. Fifty years ago Parliament passed a great act for the compulsory education of all children. The feeling is now becoming general that the work must be completed by the offer of a chance of state-assisted education of the university type to all adults. It is true that nine out of ten of these will not have had, under existing conditions, the important preparatory training which secondary education, strictly so called, gives. But the bulk of these will have had, if the new system of continuation schools which by the latest Education Act has been established in principle, matures, some secondary education. Moreover they will have the advantage of the development of a certain moral and mental quality which

the training of industrial work in association has been found to bring.

The hopes founded on these considerations may prove to have been too sanguine. But the experience already gained as the movement is spreading does not suggest that they will turn out to be so. What is remarkable is the keenness of the response which has already been made in the industrial centers, and the rise in the general level which is apparent wherever the system has matured.

If it becomes more widely spread there is apparently ground for the faith that a method has been discovered for the elimination of much of the class consciousness that is a disturbing factor today. An educated democracy will quietly and swiftly solve its own social questions, and will do this not the less keenly or efficiently because the instrument is that of taking thought before acting, rather than plunging into movement of a revolutionary character.

DISILLUSION

By META FULLER KEENE

Why do you haunt me, ghost of yesterday?
Think not I need you, as I sit and play
Upon the broken lyre of heart and brain;
I do but wish to silence the refrain
That heralded my once triumphant youth
Whose dreams are dust: now will I seek the truth
Of ruthless facts; the cynic's cold reply
That measures with an unrelenting eye,
The eager impulse born of keen desire.
Thus will I quench the inconsiderate fire
The longing kindles in one's heart of hearts—
E're from its outworn home the soul departs,
To leave deserted all it once adorned,
Before Death coveted, what Life had scorned.

THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES OF THE PSYCHIC

By JOHN CANDEE DEAN

*'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.—Hamlet.*

ENGLISH critics appear disposed to speak lightly of our circumscribed ideas regarding certain matters of conduct and belief. Matthew Arnold, that apostle of sweetness and light, wrote a book on "Civilization in the United States," in which he tells us that an American of high reputation as a man of science, living in a city of a hundred and fifty thousand people, assured him that there were not fifty people who did not imagine the first chapter of Genesis to be exact history.

Arnold further attempted to prove the lack of general culture in the United States, by the number of Methodists. He says: "In that universally religious country, the religious denomination which has by much the largest number of adherents is that, I believe, of Methodism, originating in John Wesley. Probably if I had been brought up among Wesleyans, I should have never left that body, but certainly I should have wished my children to leave it."

He continues by declaring that to live with one's mind fixed constantly on a mind of the third order, such as Mr. Wesley possessed, and bearing on a matter of absorbing importance, appears to him extremely trying and injurious for the minds of men in general. He says, "People whose minds, in what is the chief concern of their lives, are thus constantly fixed upon a mind of the third order are the staple of the population of the United States in the small towns and country districts."

Recently Mr. W. L. George, an English writer of popular fiction, has been writing of American scenes. He ques-

tions whether Americans are as moral as they seem and tells rather humorously of the popularity of spiritualism, which is so great that for a time American industry was unable to supply the demand for ouija boards. He says, "It is repulsive to my intellect that it should be possible for a jovial party of hardware merchant's wives in Jacksonville, to call up for conversation the spirit of Napoleon. If it were true, it would make the after life even more intolerable than actual life fortified by the telephone. There is a certain type of mystic that whirls itself into intoxication by piling up words, such as: moron, endoplasm, phagocyte, dissociation, subliminal, etc. It sounds scientific. In fact it is gibberish."

Mr. George also makes some comments on the American soul: "I had not heard much about the soul until I came to America. In England the soul is an understood thing, to be taken out on Sunday for exercise; even then it has to behave, to be less evident than one's shadow. To expose one's soul in England is looked upon as a minor indecency. Of course, in America the soul takes on peculiar forms. It does not come out as an ordinary Christian soul, but as a modern up-to-date soul."

One wonders what Matthew Arnold would have thought of mass culture in America, had he lived to make a third visit and see us today, with our church of Christian Scientists having a membership of one million, five hundred thousand. After estimating John Wesley's mind as third class, in what class would he have placed the mind of Mrs. Eddy? Are the people of this country more wedded to ancient errors than those of other countries? People of all countries love and fear the supernatural. There are a hundred lunar superstitions that are quite generally believed, such as seeing the new moon over the shoulder, regarding the planting of crops, effects on the weather, lunacy, etc. It is useless to say that the moon has no effect on the weather, or in the magic of bringing good or bad luck—they reply that they know better.

Psyche the beautiful Greek goddess, with butterfly

wings, is still worshipped as the modern goddess of mystery. Her name has been coined into numerous words indicative of mystery. Among them are psycho, psychic, psychogenesis, psychogony, psychologic, psychology, psychopathic, psychosis, etc. The colossal confusion of ideas which prevail in psychology, arises from its not being treated as a physical science—consequently most of the psychological literature appears to be mere waste paper. No doubt, the preliminary difficulties of its investigation are very great, and this is most remarkable since logic itself is a branch of psychology.

Psychologists who treat the mind as an entity, or something that has a separate existence, by so doing take it out of the realms of science. This treatment of the subject, because of its metaphysical association with the implied twofold nature of mind and matter, has given it the name of the "spurious science." Christian Scientists go a step farther and repudiate all science by denying the existence of ponderable matter. To them, but one entity exists, viz.: their own personality. This ultra-idealism practically proclaims the non-existence of an external universe. Ordinary mortals are convinced of the actual existence of matter, by their common sense. The physicist demonstrates it by its mass or weight, and by chemical and mechanical experiment. If we could define the psychic, or spirit, as that attribute of matter called energy, it would fit harmoniously into the system of physical science; but if classed with the "unknowable," it would have no place in physical science.

The logical mind finds that the truths of nature are more wonderful, more beautiful, and more entrancing, than anything the imagination can produce. Is there anything in fiction more novel or marvelous than the realities of astronomy? It has been the favorite science of the poets from Homer to Tennyson. Nothing in the Arabian Nights equals the marvels unfolded by the discoveries in modern astronomy. A tenacious imagination too often leads to obstinate but illusory precepts. Herbert Spencer says, "It may do

good, and can do no harm, is the plea for many actions which have no more rationality than the worship of a painted stone."

Beginning with Montaigne, rationalism has had a hard struggle to eliminate belief in magic, witchcraft and the psychic. In view of the present rapid accumulation of knowledge, and its certain future progress, what right have we to put a limit to scientific discovery, by declaring that certain phenomena belong to the "unknowable?" We must leave something for the geniuses of the twenty-first and twenty-second centuries to discover. The collective life of humanity has been compared with that of a long lived individual. An educated mind holds the knowledge of the minds of those who have preceded it. It is like the mind of a man who has lived since the beginning of history, whose memories carry him back through all of the past.

So called, psychic force has played a conspicuous part in the phenomena of the past. Men had not then learned to judge by evidence or to place a limit on probability. It is not very long ago that gods, men, monsters, and heroes, were believed to control future events, by setting natural forces aside. The terrors inspired by the superstitions of astrology once ruled the world. In spite of the spread of education, more people today are interested in astrology than in astronomy. They love superstition, and turn from the wise mother, Astronomy, to follow the foolish daughter.

In Roman days, Neptune raised the waves. Pluto heaved the earth. The sun was the actual wheel of Apollo's chariot. Boreas and Notus caused the gales. When the fleet of Xerxes was approaching, the Athenians prayed to Boreas, with the result that part of the fleet was destroyed at Sepias. Jupiter hurled the thunderbolt. Until Franklin flew his kite, thunder and lightning were signals of God's anger. During the Dark Ages superstition and unreason held absolute sway. With the revival of learning, superstitions changed, but tenaciously survived. Copernicus demonstrated that the sun, and not the earth, was the center of our plane-

tary system, but the world—for a long time—rejected his discovery. There appeared to be a world conspiracy to stifle all scientific genius. Lord Bacon and Shakespeare were born long after the death of Copernicus, but they rejected his system and adhered to the old geocentric belief. Kepler discovered the laws of planetary motion two years before Milton was born, yet the poet did not accept the new system.

In Greek and Roman times, the planets were believed to be carried around in their orbits by the gods. In Christian times they were guided in their orbits by psychic spirits or angels, called by Dante, "blessed movers." Even after the Copernican theory had been accepted by scholars, and Kepler had discovered the laws of planetary motion, these guiding spirits were retained. Galileo lived to see his marvelous discoveries discredited, his works expelled from every university of Europe, and their publication prohibited. The triumph of superstition was complete, until the discovery by Newton of the universal law of gravitation, when planetary movements were placed on a mechanical basis. Then the planetary guiding spirits were dismissed for all time.

Greek and Roman philosophy taught their followers the dogma that they were living in an age of inevitable decay. The Golden Age, which had covered a period of thirty-six thousand years, had expired long before. The period of degeneration would last for another thirty-six thousand years, and then the world would pass into chaos. During the Golden Age life had been perfect, and mankind lived simply and happily. The degenerate age was filled with misery and decay. Christian belief was similar. Deity created the perfect man, but man fell, and during succeeding ages he had been a degenerate. The imagination of early prophets and poets had placed the Golden Age in the cradle of the human race, but modern science has shown that the Golden Age is not behind us but in front of us. The idea of human progress is quite recent. It is said that the

Abbé Saint Pierre (1737-1814) was the first to assert the intellectual progress of man.

Descartes (1596-1650) had previously declared the supremacy of reason and the immutability of natural laws. Belief in the invariability of nature, aroused strenuous opposition. It conflicted with the belief in an active Providence and denied the possibility of miracles.

The whole course of human experience had heretofore been limited and guided in the interests of the established church. Descartes' theory of the immutability of natural laws, and the mechanical theory of the world, which undermined the dogma of providential interference, was necessary, in order to prepare the world for the theory of human progress. Not till men felt independent of providence could they evolve a theory of progress. It was also necessary, in order to set forth the optimistic theory of the perfection of nature. Natural laws are perfect. He who attempts to oppose, or vary them is rapped on his knuckles by Nature. It is a blow without a word.

The mechanical origin of the entire fabric of the world is now based on Newtonian laws. Astronomy, geology, chemistry and inorganic physics, are absolutely ruled by mechanical laws, on a mathematical foundation. Haeckel says: "The idea of 'design' has absolutely disappeared from this vast domain of science. No scientist ever asks seriously of the 'purpose' of any single phenomenon in the whole of this great field. Is any astronomer likely to enquire seriously today into the purpose of planetary motion, or a mineralogist to seek design in the structure of a crystal? Does the physicist investigate the purpose of electric force, or the chemist that of atomic weight? Certainly, not in the sense that God, or a purposive natural force, has at some time created these fundamental laws of the mechanism of the universe with a definite design, and causes them to work daily in accordance with his rational will." The eternal iron laws of nature have taken the place of the notion of a deliberate architect of the world.

In the Rev. Baden Powell's, "On the Study and Evidences of Christianity," he expressed a belief in Evolution, considered miracles impossible, and expressed doubts of eternal punishment. Two other clergymen who had contributed articles to the book, were prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court. They appealed to the Privy Council. The Council decided that a clergyman did not have to believe in eternal punishment. Lord Chancellor Westbury pronounced the judgment. The verdict prompted the following epitaph on Lord Westbury:

"Toward the close of his earthly career he dismissed Hell with costs and took away from Orthodox members of the Church of England their last hope of everlasting damnation."

We are certainly more intolerant than our English cousins. Herbert Spencer, the distinguished scholar who formulated the Synthetic Philosophy, and a brilliant interpreter of inorganic and biological evolution, was a noted agnostic, yet he won the reputation of being the greatest philosopher that the English speaking race had produced. John Morley was an agnostic who backed his unbelief by aggressively spelling God with a small "g" in his essays, yet won popular favor as a statesman, philosopher, and writer. He had a distinguished political career, was made a peer, and took his place in the House of Lords in the company of thirty bishops of the Church of England. Charles Darwin, the great scientist and agnostic, was honored by the chief societies of the civilized world, and buried in the Westminster Abbey near the body of Isaac Newton. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the distinguished lawyer and orator, is said to have had an ambition to become governor of Illinois, but his reputation as an agnostic rendered his political ambition futile. It is related that one day, while Colonel Ingersoll was reading a nicely bound copy of the "Age of Reason," a friend, looking at the book, asked: "What did it cost you?" Ingersoll replied: "The governorship of Illinois."

Very recently contentions arose in a Protestant, mid-

western, denominational college regarding the teaching of science. Complaints were filed, especially against the teaching of evolutionary principles, as against a miraculous creation. It was also claimed that the president of the college did not believe in, or teach predictive prophecy, miracles, the virgin birth of Christ, etc. It was charged that present methods of teaching science were unsettling the faith and character of students of the college.

It is remarkable how civilization has sometimes moved by rapid mutations, both upward and downward. We have three historical examples of rapid advancement in civilization. The first is that of the Egyptian pyramid builders thirty centuries before Christ, who from a people with crude art and no architecture, in the course of one hundred and fifty years, developed a great civilization which embraced high artistic culture with great mechanical skill. It also furnished conclusive surviving evidence of man's emergence from barbarism, and is a witness of the far-reaching effect of organized government controlled by authority. The second instance, is the familiar example of Greek civilization which blossomed in the fifth century B.C. The last is that of our own enlightenment, with its amazingly rapid evolution of scientific knowledge and the application of this knowledge to industrial development.

Up to the twentieth century, all the world's religions taught the pessimistic dogma of man's retrogression, or fall. Now we are confronted with the optimistic science of evolution which deals with man's past, present, and future intellectual development. Evolution is the basis of a permanent belief in man's intellectual advancement. Notwithstanding the past religious and moral influence of civilization, it is doubtful whether we are more moral than the Egyptians were, at the time of their greatest enlightenment. It is questionable whether any important moral precept has been discovered within the past two thousand years. It is also doubtful whether progress has been made in the theory of ethics since the time of Aristotle. Ethics have always been

associated with religious dogma. There is really no science of ethics, or morals, nor is there a social science, or a political science. They are all man-made, and are therefore subject to alteration. Science deals only with the immutable laws of nature.

The progressive force of the world is intellectual, and its results are permanent. Society, institutions, and everything that exists, are the product of evolution. Spencer defines organic progress as the change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and he also affirms that this law of organic progress is the law of all progress. The latter part of this statement has recently been found to apply to cosmical evolution. Stars are now classified in the order of their age or evolution, by a system known as the "Harvard sequence" of stars. The youngest stars are the simplest in their composition, their chemical complexity increases with their age.

Human progress is wholly intellectual. Advancement must be accompanied by increasing intelligence, and all progress results in extending the general happiness of mankind. Moral progress exists only where there is intellectual progress. Ignorance and crime are associates. We must have the intelligence to know our duty before we can attempt to perform it. The intellectual domination of ethical action is affirmed by Comte, J. S. Mill and Buckle. Buckle says: "Progress is determined, not by the emotional and moral faculties, but by the intellect: the emotional and moral faculties are stationary and therefore religion is not a decisive influence in the onward movement of humanity. I pledge myself to show that the progress that Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity. In what may be called the innate and original morals of mankind there is, so far as we are aware, no progress."

A type of metaphysical or psychic philosophy has been taught in our universities which does not harmonize with the recently acquired intellectual treasures arising from the experimental research. The conflict between science and

philosophy, between experience and thought, is wholly unnatural. We are only at the beginning of the attainment of truth. While our accumulations of knowledge of nature are so vast, there are but few who command this knowledge, combined with the artistic faculty of presenting it to the public in a simple, comprehensive manner. The nineteenth century produced several celebrated men who possessed great talent for agreeably explaining the wonders of science in a popular manner. The pens of Huxley, Tyndall and Proctor now lie where they fell—meantime, none have appeared who possess the peculiar gifts required for taking them up.

The known universe has been greatly expanded by recent discoveries of new universes in the background of the remote heavens. Infinite space appears to be filled with millions of distant star galaxies, called spiral nebulae. These galaxies are probably as large as our own Milky Way. This enormous expansion of the material universe, causes our solar system to shrink proportionately, to a few specks of dust in the sunbeam of an illimitable universe, and man shrivels to a mere electron in the perishable framework of organic nature.

Many persist in the opinion that in addition to our god-like reason, we have two other sources of knowledge which are derived from our psychic or spiritual mentality, viz.: emotion and revelation. This dangerous error must be guarded against, because emotion has nothing to do with the attainment of truth, and we must protect our minds from all opinions which arise from our passions.

Great opposition to evolution manifested itself during the nineteenth century; on account of the rejection of a miraculous creation, and of the supernatural myths connected therewith. This opposition has now died out, except from those ignorant of the facts of biology. A rationalistic psychology was written by the British biologist, George Romanes, who produced a psychology in harmony with Darwin's science of evolution, in which Romanes presents in

natural connection, the entire chain of psychic evolution from the simplest sensations and instincts of the lower animals, to the elaborate phenomenon of consciousness in man. He furnishes convincing evidence that psychological barriers between man and the brute have been overcome. Haeckel says: "Man's highest mental powers—reason, speech and conscience, have arisen from the lower stages of the same faculties in our primate ancestors. Man has no single mental faculty which is his special prerogative. His whole psychic life differs from that of the nearest related mammals only in degree, and not in kind; quantitatively not qualitatively."

Without our senses there would be no knowledge; all science is sensitive knowledge. The sense organs of man are by no means superior to those of the highly developed sense organs of animals. The sense of smell is more highly developed in the dog. The eye of the eagle is keener than the human eye. The hearing of carnivorous animals is sharper than our own. Man by no means has reached a keener development of sensation.

We are said to have five senses, but it can be shown on ultimate analysis that we have but one, and it is the sense of mechanical contact, which we call touch. When our hand comes into contact with any material object, we say that we feel it. When we taste sugar, the sense comes from the mechanical contact of the particles of sugar with the tongue. Smelling is similar, particles of matter given off by certain substances are brought into contact with the nerves of the nose. Hearing is produced by waves of air beating against the ear drums. A bell rung in a vacuum makes no sound. The esthetic sense of sight is produced by the beating of ether waves against the retina of the eye. It will thus be seen that all our senses arise primarily from mechanical contact called touch.

The great poets of the nineteenth century have been disturbers of stereotyped thought. Wordsworth, Shelley, Swinburne and others, have with unfaltering zeal cast off

prevailing dogma and often express the pagan spirit. To John Ruskin, Morris and other Pre-Raphaelite painters, the idea of happiness was found in a region in which heaven is ignored. The agnostics put limits to human credulity, and much theology lies outside of those limits.

In England it has been the policy of enforcing the laws against unbelief, in cases of publication addressed to the masses. Works addressed to the intellectual class, no matter how radical, pass with immunity. The modern theory of human progress has turned the attention of people from the pessimistic dogmas of the past to the optimism of evolution.

One should not be too impatient regarding the persistence of popular superstitions. Real knowledge of the world will always be the possession of the gifted few who are capable of acquiring it, and who have the energy and ambition necessary to secure it. Unpopularity will always be an essential feature of science, because science can be comprehended only by tireless effort. It requires close sustained reading and mental concentration. In the past, philosophy of the learned has been concealed from the common people, and taught only to those qualified to comprehend and apply it. We may now say that we have reached that liberty of thought, where it is admitted by every fair minded person that there is nothing on earth or in heaven which may not be legitimately discussed without any of the opposition which authority used to impose. We now preach the doctrine of the greatest ultimate happiness of the greatest number, as the supreme object of action, and the true basis of morality. The modern doctrine of historical progress, and the triumphs of modern science, sustain and endorse these principles.

THE PASSING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

By GEORGE E. VINCENT

INSTITUTIONS of law, government, education, art, morality may be regarded as the habits of a nation. They are ways of collective behavior and discipline which have proved useful in preserving and strengthening the national life. But like the habits of an individual these institutions are never perfectly adjusted to present needs. A shifting environment is constantly demanding the modification of institutions which almost instinctively resist change. Thus education may be said to be always behind the times. Up to a certain point this is a valuable protection against passing whims and vagaries. Beyond that point opposition to change is a serious social handicap.

Medical education during the last two or three decades has strikingly illustrated the principle of readjustment to changed conditions; and, as well, has shown the extent to which readjustment tends to fall short of present requirements. The story of the development of the modern medical school is a thrilling tale of human progress; but none the less, an exemplification of tendency of the reform of yesterday to become the handicap of today.

Up to 1870 the best medical schools in the United States had no requirements for entrance save ability to pay the fees. Students in large groups were lectured to by busy practitioners. The only laboratory was the dissecting room. Two terms of four months each constituted the entire course. When in 1887 the average course had been lengthened to twenty-five weeks there was much rejoicing. It was not until 1877 that entrance examinations for a medical school

were held. To Harvard belongs the credit of this innovation. The establishment of the Johns Hopkins Medical School in 1893 gave a notable impetus to medical education. The new school was based on laboratories of pathology and physiology as well as upon a thorough training in anatomy. The Johns Hopkins hospital was from its opening under immediate University control. Men like Welch, Osler, Mall, infused a scientific spirit into the entire organization.

Gradually the essential features of a modern medical education were worked out and realized in a few leading institutions. A thorough and broad preparatory training was introduced, as well as limitation of numbers to keep within available resources of equipment and personnel, complete control of a teaching hospital and dispensary, careful individual training in the laboratory sciences, a similar type of dispensary and bed-side teaching in close relation with clinical laboratories, a full-time laboratory staff and other teachers devoting a large part of their attention and energies to work in hospital and dispensary, for every student an interne year of resident hospital service and study, encouragement of research on the part of the teaching staff, adequate building, and equipment and maintenance funds for the support of the entire undertaking. All these are factors which combine to make an efficient and fruitful center of investigation and training.

The modern medical school has developed in response to changes which compelled recognition. And these changes are relatively recent. Lister's method of overcoming infection, the discoveries of Pasteur and Koch in bacteriology, the use of serums and vaccines by Pasteur, Melchnikoff and von Behring, the rapid development of bio-chemistry, the astonishing advances in surgery, the constant multiplication of diagnostic resources, are practically all products of the last half century—most of them of the past thirty years. With such expansion of knowledge and growth of technical skill it is not strange that medical education had to be completely reorganized.

At the same time that a new type of school was being created, the old proprietary, part-time, unequipped, mass-lecture institutions were being drastically weeded out. In this work the American Medical Association took a leading part. A study of Medical Education in the United States made by Mr. Abraham Flexner, under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation furnished detailed information about individual schools. The weaker and less worthy institutions could not survive the pressure of publicity. From 1910 to 1920 the number of Medical Schools in the United States fell from one hundred and thirty-one to eighty-five, and the number of medical students declined from twenty-one thousand five hundred and twenty-six to fourteen thousand and eighty-eight.

With a view to standardizing medical training the American Medical Association formulated minimum requirements for the various subjects in the Medical Course, and also began a classification of schools into three groups designated as A, B and C. Criteria of classification were adopted, and schools were urged to meet the requirements for advancement from a lower to a higher class. State Boards of Medical Examiners gradually recognized this classification as well as the minimum curriculum. In some cases the standards were made a part of the official regulations. In a few states they were even included in legislative statutes.

While these many changes have been rightly welcomed as signs of progress they have involved a number of new problems. Under modern conditions greater demands are made upon bed-side teachers, the length and cost of a medical education have been increased, the number of doctors, who are being graduated has diminished, the curriculum has been overcrowded, new subjects, especially preventive medicines, are demanding recognition, recently trained physicians are showing reluctance to practice in rural districts, the resources of modern medicine are unequally available for the various groups in the country. The new system is displaying the inevitable resistance to further modification.

Early in the development of laboratory research and teaching it became evident that only men who gave all their time to the work could render the right kind of service. Bed-side teaching, however, was left to busy practitioners who—often with great devotion and sacrifice—combined the duties of instruction with the care of private patients. Of late it has been agreed that modern medicine with its new methods of diagnosis, its insistence on individual training and its demands for research, needs in dispensary and hospital a few men at least who devote all their time and energy to their official duties. So it has come about that in a number of American medical schools, in five London schools, and in a new medical center in Peking, full time clinical teachers have been appointed.

As to the wisdom of this plan and its probable success, there is marked difference of opinion. Many able practitioners are convinced that this innovation will do harm rather than good. They insist that private practice is of value both to the teacher and to the student, and that the ablest men will not forego the freedom and larger income which such practice affords. On the other hand, the advocates of the new system assert that many highly capable men will gladly devote themselves to investigation, the care of patients and to teaching on a university basis, welcoming the opportunity for scientific development and social service, as well as relief from distasteful commercial aspects of private practice. It is too early to predict the outcome of this new experiment: the difficulties are obvious; the opposition is pronounced and will doubtless be persistent—but we have reason to believe, that in the future the leaders in clinical medicine and surgery will more and more give the greater part, if not all, of their time to investigation and teaching.

The length and cost of medical education constitute a serious problem. Under the new conditions, the average age of an American doctor at graduation is twenty-five years. He must then serve as an interne for one year, and

preferably as a resident physician for at least another. He cannot ordinarily count upon a satisfactory initial income before he is thirty years of age. The cost of a medical education varies from five to eight, or even ten thousand dollars.

It has been urged for a long time that at least two years in the educational system of the United States are wasted and might be wholly eliminated if the school curriculum were properly reorganized and efficiently taught. In spite of all efforts, little or no progress has been made toward the abbreviation of preliminary education. The problem in the United States is baffling; no hopeful solution is yet in sight. The question of cost is met in part by the granting of fellowships to able medical students. It seems desirable to extend this system on a considerable scale in order to insure to young men and young women of promise an opportunity to secure a medical education as a means not only of personal success, but of community service.

The diminution in the number of well trained doctors has been a source of anxiety. It is probable that very soon the lowest point will be reached and an increase in the number of graduates will be reported. The real problem is not, however, with respect to the number of doctors, but with regard to their geographical distribution and their relations with laboratories and hospitals. Modern medicine insists that diagnosis and treatment cannot be effective unless there is the closest co-operation between the doctor, the laboratory and the hospital. Under existing conditions in the United States, only a small percentage of physicians have access to these indispensable facilities. The vast majority of doctors are working in isolation from the resources which they ought to command. It is cynically said that only the millionaire and the pauper receive the best medical treatment. In this exaggeration there is a measure of truth. The rich and well-to-do, and the very poor, are received in hospitals and attended by the ablest and best-trained men. The great majority of the population are treated by physicians who have no contact with laboratory and hospital, and

who do not keep abreast of the progress in methods of diagnosis and treatment.

In order to meet this situation, various experiments are being made and many proposals are suggested. Diagnostic pay clinics, to which all doctors may take their patients, health centers, community hospitals with resident physicians and nurses, are among the solutions that are proposed. The resistance which the mass of the medical profession offers to some of these proposals is natural and to be expected. Only a gradual readjustment can be looked for as a change comes about in medical personnel and ideals.

Another problem has arisen and that in connection with the medical school curriculum. The facts of science and the technique of surgical and clinical specialties, have developed so rapidly that the attempt to include them in the medical course has produced serious congestion. The results are unfortunate in several ways. The time of the students is too much occupied with routine instruction. They have little opportunity to develop a sense of responsibility. As one critic has said, they are being "spoon-fed." Proposals are already being made to revise the medical course, to eliminate certain subjects and to curtail the amount of time devoted to others. Curiously enough the chief difficulty in accomplishing this reform is found in the detailed requirements which various state boards of medical examiners have incorporated in their regulations. This is proving a really serious obstacle and it will require some time to secure the necessary relaxation of the present rigid and narrowly prescribed conditions. The reform of yesterday is a handicap of today.

One outstanding tendency in contemporary medicine is the change of emphasis from cure to prevention. It is beginning to be recognized that a great deal of existing sickness and death could be avoided or postponed if only the proper public measures were adopted, and if individuals would conform to the recognized laws of personal health. The doctor will more and more be required as an advisor to

keep people well, rather than as a rescuer to be called in when illness has reached an acute stage. So far, however, the medical schools have not in any adequate way recognized the claims of preventive medicine. More or less perfunctory courses of lectures on this subject are included in the curriculum, but these have little influence upon students whose minds are constantly fixed upon curative methods rather than upon those of prevention. This latter point of view must permeate the entire school and be constantly presented by all the members of the teaching staff in connection with their regular work. Progress is being made, but this is disappointingly slow.

Fortunately the interests of public health are not wholly dependent upon the medical school course. For several years instruction in preventive medicine has been given in a number of universities, a few of which have granted the degree of Doctor of Public Health. In 1917 Johns Hopkins University established a school of Hygiene and Public Health, which now enrolls one hundred students, and is doing notable work in research and professional training. Harvard University, which was one of the first to offer a public health course, is about to reorganize and augment its curriculum, which will hereafter be administered by a separate university School of Public Health. These two centers and others which are likely sooner or later to be created may be counted upon to exert an increasing influence on medical school methods and policy.

One of the most disquieting results of the raising of standards in medical training is the reluctance of young doctors to settle in rural communities. This is sometimes attributed wholly to the hardships of country life and the small income of the rural doctor. These influences are doubtless potent, but they alone cannot explain the situation. A doctor who has had modern training is unwilling to be exiled from laboratory and hospital. He wants to be where he can command these resources and enjoy the comradeship of his professional colleague. He wants to keep

in close contact with the newer developments in his own special field. The large town and city offer him a congenial and stimulating environment. The countryside can compete for his services only by developing a system of hospitals with laboratories and public health organizations which will provide reasonably satisfying conditions of work for a man with modern training. As has been indicated above, various experiments are being made with a view to demonstrating the possibility of offering in the country an attractive career to some of the men who are being graduated from our contemporary medical schools.

Enough has been said to make it clear that modern medicine and the training for its practice are steadily developing. There are inevitable growing pains, but a devoted search for truth, a refusal to subordinate science to the ambition of "schools" or "cults," an earnest desire to prevent illness and suffering, a high purpose to train men and women for service to their fellows, are the dominant motives of this modern movement and are guarantees of its increasing success. Moreover this is a world-wide co-operative undertaking to which many nations are contributing. It is one of the influences which may be counted upon to promote a better understanding and to foster good will. The true purpose of science is not the destruction of human life, but the healing of the nations.

NOCTURNE

By BEN RAY REDMAN

Soft through the shadowed silent night,
A perfume steals upon a fleeting breath;
A jasmine scent that sets the years to flight,
And wins a triumph over death.

The present holds the past, the lost is mine,
And Time gives back her treasures for an hour,
Lured by a power seemingly divine—
The magic of a fragile flower.

DANCING AS SOUL EXPRESSION

By ARTHUR SYMONS

CAN it be, in any sense, possible to conjecture that the origin of dancing came from the desire to escape from one's self, into an imaginary world? In that case, it might also have been a form of madness, as one finds it in the Dionysian intoxication at the Attic festivals, when wine and the deities, the satyrs and the maenads, were closely linked together.

Certainly, even now, one of the best means in escaping from one's self is dancing: under fixed conditions, the only one. The question is: can one ever escape from one's self? There are so many means. There is, for instance, a rapture in the dance which intoxicates every sense to a point of human infinity; that is, while one is dancing. After, comes the recoil. No rapture can ever be measured; while one endures it, it has no limits. But, alas! for one's finite nature, nothing lasts.

And one finds that the ecstatic god, Dionysus, had the gift of "passing out of himself" at times into wild gestures and into wilder leaps in the air; which have certain equivalents with what is mimetic in the ballet. But, in the first dances, Dionysus, again, is seen in his feasts, literally drinking the blood of goats while the travelling country show comes round with its puppets. Then there are the dances of the leaping maenads, to the sound of strange music as the phallus is carried in the procession. So, in his form of Bacchus, the Indian Inachus, fire-born, we see how, to the religious imagination of the Greeks, he was known as the spiritual form of fire and dew. His godless gaiety, depicted by Aristophanes in the "Acharnians" with so many vivid

touches—as a thing of which civil war had deprived the villages of Attica—preponderates over the grave. Then there is the form of Dionysus Zagreus, a god who had descended into hell; who, “like the vampire, had been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave,” and had kept the fallen day of the deep seas about him.

“It is out of the sorrows of Dionysus,” says Pater, “of Dionysus in winter, that all Greek tragedy grows; out of the song of the sorrows of Dionysus, sung at his winter feast by the chorus of satyrs, singers clad in goat skins, in memory of his rural life, one and another of whom, from time to time, steps out of the company to emphasize and develop this or that circumstance of the story; and so the song becomes dramatic.” And, as he has been always miraculous, as miraculous as the grape, as wine, as all forms of ever recurrent ecstasy, as all that fascinates us in the dark mysteries of his Rite, he is still as alive as the enormous vines of Eleutheræ—he is still as alive as the snakes that used to live somewhere in the temple court of Athene Polias.

And, in the legend, the priestesses of Dionysus would, with lights and songs and dances, awake the new-born child after his wintry sleep. Dionysus is twofold; he is a Chthonian god; he has an element of sadness; like Hades, he is hollow and devouring; he has his mid-winter madness; and still one’s imagination sees him storming wildly over the dark Thracian hills.

Apollo, I have said somewhere, is the god of dreams, Dionysus is the god of intoxication; the one representing for us the world of appearances, the other is, as it were, the voice of things in themselves. The chorus, then, which arose out of the hymns to Dionysus, is the lyric cry, the vital ecstasy; the drama is the projection into vision, into a picture of the exterior, temporary world of forms. And, out of all this—intoxication, vision, song, drama—arises the Ballet.

The ballet is certainly more than illusion, yet it gives one illusions; it can be more living than life; it can project us

out of ourselves; it can project its shadow on our inner consciousness: there are instants when it can entice us into imagining that we are alone, alone with ourselves; these instants pass, as swiftly as the mere dancer's dress that sways as she dances. And again, there is something intangible in the reality which makes itself visible to our senses. As the light changes, the sense of reality changes. And it is with all our senses that we drink in these shifting forms of imaginary intoxications; with a more ardent sense of luxury than in tasting wine.

And, it might be, if one looks on the stage, that one's vision sees double; as, for instance, after one has taken hashish; and that we see, through the fumes of heat, things corrupt, tainted with sin. It matters nothing to me if those girls who dance have the least sense of shame, in their real enjoyment of what is their art. It is not for nothing that I have lived for years in the *coulisses* to experience the fact that they themselves are aware that the indiscretion of their costumes, meant to appeal to the senses, is now filling them with the unconcern of long use. They know also, for one thing, that they dance to amuse us. Yet one's imagination goes back to the exotic dancing of Salome, who, with a virginless perversity, danced off a man's head, to the rhythm of the falling of red roses.

It is Blake who wrote in one of those gaities of speech which illuminate his letters: "I doubt not yet to make such a figure in the great dance of life that shall amuse the spectators in the sky." I have written: "It is true that Blake was abnormal, but what was abnormal in him was his sanity." His place is with Santa Teresa, who adored all beautiful and evil things and beings from God to Satan, from dancing to singing, from abnormal visions to divine visions; who was "drunk with intellectual vision; and who was one of the gentle souls who guide the great wine-press of Love;" who being perfect woman and perfect saint believed in everything and denied nothing. So, if there are indeed spectators in the sky, amused by our motions, what dancer

among us are they more likely to have approved than this joyous, untired, and undistracted dancer to the eternal rhythm? Who else, if not Santa Teresa, who gives herself to God, as it were, with a great leap into his arms?

As there is invariably music with dancing, in the Eastern music, there is one imagines, the infinite delicacy of Eastern ears, which can hear two hundred different tones, so finely divided that the Western ear cannot distinguish them. Their note is always just above or below ours; our music just falls into the interspaces of theirs; or fills the space of several. What they can do is like what Velasquez or Whistler can do with color. He gives you what seems at first a mere grey or black; gradually intricate arabesques of color unwind themselves from the mass, which lives in every inch with a subtle and various life. That is how I hear Eastern music: this breathing of sound about what seems to us a note, like wind at last able to express itself in articulate sound. So, for their harmonics, they need none of our gross effects; they can seem to keep a level or wander from order, and be rendering a whole palette of harmonics. It is an art of subdivisions, which end as they began, having unwound their circle.

Eastern dancing is something entirely different from dancing as we know it in the West. Here, all the motion comes from the legs, the body only coming into play as a sort of faint accompaniment, slightly emphasizing the rhythm of the limbs. Dancing as it is known in the East is almost entirely a rhythm of the body, and instead of requiring a large stage, can be done, as it is in Egypt, on a small carpet, or as it is in Spain, on a table. Its intention, its appeal are quite distinct from the intention and the appeal of Western dancing. It is a sort of pantomime, a little solo drama, in which the spectator can divine just as much as he likes, or which he can suppose, if he pleases, to be quite meaningless. It is a species of symbolism, and symbolism has its secret for every searcher. Eastern dancing, pure and simple, is generally too explicit to leave much room for

speculation as to its main intention, though it has its subtleties for the more profound devotee of the cult. But that variation upon it which we see in Spain—doubtless a survival of the Moors, with a characteristic Spanish turn of its own—is really a more intricate and a more artistically expressive performance. And the dance which I once saw done in London by Vita, of Chicago fame, is, after all, more allied to the Spanish than to the strictly Egyptian form of the dance. Its significance is very cleverly emphasized (and yet, perhaps, at the same time, in another sense, attenuated) by the introduction of a second person, a man, who is the Tannhauser to this symbolic Venus. The woman is a temptress. The man, fearing her, yet attracted by her, tries in vain to escape at once from this alluring woman and from his own impulsions. She dances before him, lingeringly, enticingly, weaving her fascinations about him, as the daughter of Herodias drew the soul of Herod into her fatal noose. And in this slow, snake-like undulation, which attracts and repels, which retreats and advances and coils into such strange curves, and unwinds with such intensity of deliberation, there is a certain human interest, the interest of a piece of acting, if but little in the woman who was in London, of the poignancy of a real Arab or a real Spaniard.

I have never forgotten the troupe of Bedouin Arabs who performed at the Empire, and it is twenty years (so people tell me who can remember twenty years ago) since anything so good of the kind has been seen in England. The fourteen Arabs who composed the troupe had only arrived in Europe nine months ago, and only three or four of them spoke anything but their native language. The leader, the eldest son of the Sheikh Abdullah, a picturesque old gentleman who took a dignified interest in things from behind the scenes—talked in a very tolerable German, an accomplishment which had doubtless been of the greatest service to him in his engagements at Berlin, Vienna, Dresden and Breslau, the only European towns which the troupe had yet

visited. He told me that he and his men had traveled all over Egypt—"Alexandria, Cairo, Port Said, everywhere!"—and if a better company of acrobats is to be found in the East, then the East must be singularly fortunate in its acrobats.

Imagine fourteen brown-skinned, black-haired Arabs, with vests and knickerbockers of red and green, barred and scrolled with black, white stockings and black white-laced boots. Like some Western acrobats, they have their clown—a very Eastern clown indeed. He looks more like a demon in a Japanese grotesque than anything else I can think of; or one might imagine him a wicked genie from the "Arabian Nights," twirling fantastically in a fit of malicious madness. The performance begins with the simpler forms of the somersault, or what would, if done in the European way, be comparatively simple. But the Arabs have a way of their own of pitching on to their hands heavily, abruptly, sometimes from a height of two feet or more. They do it, as they do all their exercises, with a sort of fury—the fury of the desert. One extraordinary tumbler went through a series of sidelong and gyrating somersaults.

I cannot possibly describe them in words. They are really even more difficult than the sensational feat of vaulting over a compact body of seven or eight men. After the vaulting come the pyramids, in which one man supported a number of others on his shoulders and round his body. Beginning with three, a trifle, we end with seven, a wonder, and I have even seen nine, which we must call a miracle. Perhaps the most effective position is that in which the supporter walks about the stage with one man on his shoulders and two others held at arms' length. He turns round and round, swinging his human burdens like a man who practises with dumb-bells.

Finally we came to the poses, in which the fourteen Arabs ranged themselves in lines and curves, three rows high, like carved and painted figures in some Eastern architecture. With their brilliant and barbarous costumes, their

long tossing black hair, their serious, eager faces, their strong immobility and fiery movement, these Bedouins brought something of the strangeness and color and fascination of the East into the heavy atmosphere of London. They were a living chapter out of the "Arabian Nights," and if I did not know to the contrary—alas for the sober necessities of truth—I should have said that they had come straight from Cairo, in the course of thirty seconds, on the enchanted carpet.

I had heard so much about Carmencita, I had wanted to see her for so many years, that I came to the Palace with expectations which were no doubt utterly exaggerated and unreasonable. This fact must be remembered when I say that I was rather disappointed. Carmencita pleased me, charmed me, but she did not carry me away. I had expected to be enraptured, and I was only interested. I had hoped to see Spanish dancing which was really Spanish, and it seemed to me that here was a dancer who, delightful as she was, was far from being typically Spanish. In appearance Carmencita is certainly of the true Andalusian type; somewhat plump of figure, yet lithe, with black hair and bold black eyes. She wears a curious white dress, with a hooped skirt, without a touch of color from head to foot. The three dances which she did were very quiet, with a certain amount of graceful and expressive pantomime, but with little of that fire and vigor which one had hoped for. Of the essentially Spanish rhythms of the hips she gave us nothing; with but little of those fierce and sudden turns upon herself from which the Spanish dancer gets such surprising effects. Only in one point does she fully answer my expectations, and that is in the expression which she gives to her arms. I have never seen such snake-like, rhythmical arms—not even among the Japanese dancers, who dance almost entirely with their arms. Here she is entirely and satisfactorily Spanish; but in the pirouettes and in some of the steps which she introduces in her dances, we get, not quite the genuine thing, but a more civilized modification of what is undoubtedly, in its essence, barbaric, oriental, animal.

The Spanish dance is almost as direct an appeal to the senses as the Eastern dance, from which, through the Moors, it inherits certain characteristics. In what Carmencita did, all this sensual savagery was toned down, and the result, though full of charm and not without a certain piquancy, was not quite what you may see even in Barcelona; and coming from the far-famed Carmencita, was, as I said, disappointing.

"Bullfights and dancing-houses alone make money in a land," writes Cunningham Grahame in "*Aurora la Cujini*" (1896)—a book that he sent me when I was in Seville. "The inhabitants of Madrid hissed Sarah Bernhardt in '*La Tosca*' because they found the piece too quiet for their taste." Certainly the two passions of the Spaniard are for "*le Corrida de Toros*" and for dancing; for whenever in Seville a woman walks or stands, a dance is indicated by a mere shuffle of the feet, a snapping of the fingers, a bend of the body, a clapping of hands. I shared their delight in violent sensations, sensations which are not quite natural, partly cruel, partly perverse, in the "*cuerpo de baile infantil*" which dances at the Cafe Suizo: children of eleven, who dance till midnight, learned in all the contortions of the gypsy dances, and who smile painfully out of their little painted faces.

Tortajada, known as a dancer, being ambitious to become a singer, failed; her chest notes were raucous and tuneless. In the most characteristic Spanish music there is much that is a kind of hoarse crying, but she never sang a *Malaguena*. It would have been a daring thing to have sung it, with its determinate and unending rhythm, its fierce inarticulate sorrow, for this kind of music is unknown outside of Spain, and sounds, on first hearing, like the howling of a wild beast. This is a sensation that can have an appealing and an afflicting poignancy. She suggested the *Fandango* on the table. Any of the swirling pantomimic dances can be done on the table. Tortajada has beautiful fingers, and she did the movement of the fingers perfectly; she used her

arms well, and she stamped her feet in the right way and gave the right movements of her body. But she stopped before the dance had well begun; she did so little where she might have done so much.

This leads me on to the incomparable Guerrero, who having made her fame in Spain, made, unluckily for her, not quite so much fame in London. I never could expect a London audience to understand for one instant the glory and seduction and the fascination of Spanish dancing. Certainly, had I not been in Spain, I could never have enjoyed the dances that I saw in different music-halls, such as Otero and Tortajada and Maria la Bella and la Malaguenita and Antonio Bilbao. Guerrero, who had genius, was capable of anything; she had the ferocity of a wild beast and was passionately animal. As I stood beside her in the *coulisse*, after the exhaustion of her dances, she would tear at her bodice, her breasts heaving feverishly, her whole body breathing. Always she cast on me those dangerous and tragic eyes of her, intoxicating as her own intoxication; and in her was some of the imagination of Seville, where she was born.

Unlike Otero, Guerrero dances really Spanish dances, and in a really Spanish manner. She has youth, vivid animal youth, a slender but not fragile body which has all the serpentine graces of the South in it, the great Spanish eyes, Spanish blackness of hair, and all the sombre gaiety of Seville, from which she comes. Her beauty is a young, barbarous, warm beauty, full of "savour," as the Spaniards would say; and as she bounded upon the stage, in her brightly colored black and red dress, with the great flowers on it, like the flowers on a Manilla shawl, her cheeks and her lips rouged, and her eyes darkened, she was like some wonderful creature, half tiger and half tulip. And yet I liked her better as I saw her at the rehearsal, purely sombre, the face dead white under the black hair, the black dress fitting tightly to the body, showing as she dances all the gracious lines which it is the aim of Spanish dancing to set

beautifully in motion, and which the "robes à fantasie" do but disguise daintily.

In Spain they dance in tight dresses, and I begged Guerrero to dare to be quite Spanish when she was dancing in England. She laughed at the suggestion, and said the French way was prettier; and probably she was right in thinking that in any case the Spanish way would not please an English audience. However, she danced two really Spanish dances, and Senor Chibo danced a third, in which I saw, for the first time out of Spain, the Spanish steps properly done, the movements of the body given in the right way, the characteristic business with the hat properly carried out; in short, Andalusia in London! All Spanish dancing is a pantomime with very explicit meanings, meanings which you may object to if you choose, but which are never, in their wildest extravagance, vulgar; for vulgarity does not exist in Spain. That throwing of the hat on the floor, for instance, and dancing round it, is a symbol of Woman's power over Man, as she seems to tread his pride in the dust. I will not explain all the other meanings. And those who have the true sympathy for the country in Europe least spoilt by civilization, and the people in whom the gracious human virtues, in their natural state, have kept their savour longest, will notice, perhaps, reluctantly, that by the side of this beautiful Spanish dancer, all the charming English things seem a little pale and over done. In this absolutely natural movement of the whole body, with all that mutinous grace which is Guerrero's own, there is something so profoundly human that, for the time at least, all other dancing seems as an artificial thing, scarcely worthy of the dignity of the human body.

THE LAW OF DIVINE CONCORD

By CHASE S. OSBORN

EVEN those who are most intelligent in their belief in God and His inspired words in the Bible have had to do, up to the present time, with whatever evidence they could discover and either be satisfied or doubt. So it was mostly a matter of faith, blind faith, except that those who are normal could feel something that gave them assurance even more than hope, but it was an intangible thing and could not be explained to those honest persons who did not understand. In the days of the peripatetic school of philosophers they made up the Platonists; in this time they have become the neoplatonists. It always was a disease not to feel and know God. The wholesome, natural person just moved along happily without doubt or question. Those who did not know God may be divided into two classes: the ones who could not and those who would not. The first generally wished to have faith, and the second were indifferent often to a degree of opposition. The latter refused all attempts to change their minds and still do. For them to know God would interfere with their sensuous and selfish practices.

For the time we shall dismiss them from consideration with the conviction that whenever they are interested they can join the first group who are to be given a cure. This relief shall consist of a plain justification of *faith*. They wish to know and are to be told how the prophets walked and talked with God, how Moses got his decalogue on the summit of Sinai, how Jesus Christ was able at twelve years of age to confound the wise men. Equally mysterious has been the dramatic staying of Abraham's hand as he was

about to strike down with the knife Isaac in sacrifice, and St. Paul's seeing the light on his way to Damascus. And there are almost countless other episodes and experiences that confuse those who really wish to believe but find they cannot without a basis of understanding within their own minds. In order to gain this they must subscribe to a complete belief in the postulate, for postulate it is that God is the source of all knowledge. From time to time this knowledge or as much of it as is possessed by man has been transmitted to him through the instrumentality of a few willing and concordant minds. In some cases these minds have been volitionally in accord and in other instances they have been selected by Divine agency as in the case of Paul. Nor has election or selection been confined to the transmission of that knowledge which may be classified as ethical. There have been as many times when the knowledge was practical, physical and intellectual as I shall show a little later on.

The mind of man is a registering organ; in the sense of creating anything it is not a thinking organ. It is the function of the mind to register knowledge whatever the source of immediate supply, whether directly from God or indirectly or secondarily from another human. It is indisputable that we do not learn or register unless we wish to do so, which in effect is a matter of attunement with the sending or bringing agency. Once registered, or as we commonly term it, learned, it is the further function of the mind to arrange, to transmit, to store and to apply knowledge. We learn in a great many ways it would appear, and secondarily we do, but originally and firstly there is only one way. All the senses are brought to bear in the process of registering knowledge; not all at once necessarily. The operation is exactly that of the wireless method of communication which has been known subconsciously by man for ages but which he is just now able to extend beyond himself. In the case of man the brain is the receiving instrument and God is the Sender. In order to receive, man must be in attunement with God. He sends His messages when He wills and

whenever we are in attunement with Him and seek aid, and also whenever the world is ready for a new truth. Then, no matter whether a human instrument is ready or not, He chooses one and that act of choice fits the one chosen for instrumentation. Moses and Paul are striking instances of this. The former was only in partial attunement until made perfect and the latter was not in accord at all until the blinding light fell upon him.

The fibres of Corti, called poetically the lute of a thousand strings, which convey sound from the ear to the brain, are the antennae of the human wireless receiver. Every time we converse both persons are sending and taking wireless messages during the entire conversation. The fact that they are not far apart does not remove them from the principle involved. Conversation of any kind among humans is nothing more than transmission or transportation of second-hand knowledge. Even of minor importance ordinary talking together is not engaged in without a showing of concord, which does not necessarily mean accord. It is readily to be seen then that man is a primary receiving instrument and a secondary sending device; secondary because he is only a relay and not an original in what he sends.

Knowledge is as much about us and as near and as far and as pervasive as are light, heat, air and nourishment. We are naturally and automatically equipped to appropriate air, heat and light and we nearly win nourishment automatically. In any event, the need for food is so regular and persistent in manifesting itself that it becomes a habit to seek it. It is entirely different with knowledge. Man has not learned how to appropriate the knowledge that is all about him. We are almost helpless when it comes to what is termed original thought but which is correctly only original registration. If a census could be taken of those who have given to the world a new principle the shocking fact would humiliate us that only a few hundreds have been so useful of all the billions who have lived. And we are as hungry for knowledge as we are for food of any kind. There has

been a reason why we are so stupid, but there is no reason why our impediment shall not be removed. The cure rests with ourselves. It is to understand the Law of Divine Concord and get in tune with God. To know God and to be in attunement with him is to have knowledge.

Knowledge always has been and always will be. All that man has done is to register a little of it and pass it on to his fellows. All of the error in the world is man's faulty registration of the truth. In every instance when man is out of attunement with God, if he registers at all, it is error in just the degree of his discord. Thus are accounted for the false prophets and those who have come among us with half truths more and less. It also accounts for the slowness of the world in all directions of learning. In some cases the truth has been registered and then for one reason or another has subsequently been lost. One instance is the Copernican system. It was declared in simple and complete terms 300 B. C. by Aristarchus. Ptolemy ruled the known earth or all he knew of it at that time. He was a jealous autocrat and did not wish his realm to be second to the sun or anything else, so he promptly chopped off the head of Aristarchus. This summary act was discouraging and the world went without a major fact for nearly two thousand years, until the Prussian monk, Copernicus, discovered it afresh. We speak of a thing being discovered, but may there be a discovery of anything that has always been? Indubitably it is a discovery so far as earthmen are concerned. But Aristarchus, in his time, and Copernicus created nothing. The truth or knowledge that Copernicus registered existed in the time of Aristarchus but was unappropriated until it came to them. In the case of Copernicus the act was not so much one of registering anew as it was of arrangement and application and transmission. From time to time, between 300 B. C. and 1600 A. D., there had been discoveries or registrations of astronomical data bearing upon the Copernican theory. It was an arrangement and correlation of this data that completed the work and this was the achievement of

Copernicus. The thing to bear in mind is that there was no creation of anything new. In fact, the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun grew out of the very early realization that it is a postulate that is comprehended by that remark. Take the case of Galileo. He went into the cathedral at Pisa and saw a swinging chandelier and the law of the pendulum was registered. He did not go there to study and he had been in that cathedral many times and had seen that same chandelier as it swung, but he was not in attunement on the other occasions and did not register anything, although the law of the pendulum had existed forever and had manifested itself in a thousand and more ways but had not impressed a single mind. In a similar seemingly accidental way the law of gravitation was registered by Newton. He was sleeping beneath an apple tree when he was partially aroused from his siesta just in time, somnolently, to see a defective apple fall to the ground and he registered the famous fact. Newton was not studying and was not even alert and had no conscious purpose at the time. A major truth that had been forever came through the air on the same Hertzian waves that carry all vibrations and finding a brain in just the right attunement proceeded to register.

The registration in completeness of a major truth by one mind is perhaps never done. It comes in parts to different ones and almost always at different periods so as not to give the mind more of a load than it can bear and not to clog or confuse or stupify. There are always registrations by a few far in advance of the understanding of the masses and it is the duty and function of those in advance to blaze and lead the way. Not infrequently the masses do not wish to advance, preferring a *laissez faire* policy, as in the case of Aristarchus and Ptolemy. There is purpose in this, too. The truth must not come too rapidly nor in advance of conditions permitting of arrangement, application, and utilization. This accounts for the gradual advance of mankind in

all the directions of improvement. Every urge is a partial registration of a near truth or is in the way of preparation for a registration.

Nor are urges confined to individuals engaged in what we term research work. In almost no instance has there been a major registration by a so-called scientist. In electricity the developments have come through minds like Franklin, who was a newspaper man; or Edison, who was a telegraph operator; Ohm, Watt, Volta, Marconi, Tesla, who were not primarily electricians or even first-class physicists. In striving for knowledge the research worker is not unlike a child playing with building blocks. To him the atoms are only blocks and if he can find them he can build a structure if it does not fall down before he finishes. This is not to discourage research, because it exercises the mind in a correct direction if it is correct, and prepares it for recognition of segregated portions of truth as they are registered and presented from time to time. Watt and Stephenson with their contributions relating to steam and its application were tyros and did not realize what they were doing; the one a child arrested by the performance of his mother's teakettle as its lid danced on the kitchen stove. The child got his interest white hot from the God source of all knowledge. You may have been the medium yourself of partial registrations of important knowledge. We do not know when we are being used by the God force. One thing we may know, and that is if we keep sweet and in tune with Him we will be serving if only in reserve.

(This article will be concluded in THE FORUM for November)

THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY

By OTTO H. KAHN

IT is a deplorable fact that three years after the ending of the war, a survey of the world situation must still hark back to the gross faultiness of the Peace Treaties, the evil effects of which continue to stand in the way of recovery and of a return to normal conditions, psychological, political, economic, commercial and financial, in Europe and by reflex action throughout the world. I am referring not only to the ever-recurring trouble and turmoil of the reparation question and to the matter of Upper Silesia, but to the fundamental conceptions and methods and purposes which found expression in the ill-omened work of the treaty makers.

It's no use crying over spilt milk, but there is use, and indeed there is need, for us to bend our minds to the question of what we can do to aid in preserving from further spills what milk there is left and in replenishing the world's all too scanty supply.

What can we do towards that end, and how, for our own good and that of the world? Our people have wisely determined not to enter any international relationship conceived on the lines of the present League of Nations. Yet, both morally and from the point of view of our own interests, we are vitally concerned in the re-establishment of normal conditions in Europe and the settlement of acutely disturbing questions.

For instance, the matter and the manner of the reparations to be met by Germany, is something which directly affects us. Unless Germany is permitted and directed to discharge her obligations to the Allies, mainly in furnish-

ing raw materials and services, as far as she is capable of doing so, it is manifest that she can only meet the huge burden imposed on her by a correspondingly huge expansion of export trade. And such expansion, to the extent that it is feasible, can only be effected at the expense of the trade of the leading industrial nations, *i. e.*, primarily America and England. Of course, Germany must make atonement to the utmost of her ability. But the whole treatment of the reparation question at the peace conference in Paris and at the various conferences since, has been based on either a profound economic fallacy or on unwillingness to look unpalatable facts in the face, or on considerations of domestic political expediency.

Or, another instance: In part through the destruction of the war, and perhaps in equal part through the faults of Allied and American statesmanship and the disruptive effects and economic vices of the Peace Treaties, the consuming power of several hundred millions of people has been gravely crippled. The consuming power of the world is an essential element in our prosperity; our own productive capacity has outrun our consuming capacity.

Therefore, while keeping out of European political entanglements and preserving inviolate our freedom of action, it seems to me that we must take a positive part, both in counsel and in action, in aiding to straighten out a world still sadly out of gear. We are in the fortunate position of not having any axes to grind, of not seeking anything for ourselves which will not, at the same time, be of advantage to all the world. We are not suspected of ulterior motives, and in the clash of conflicting interests and claims among nations and the, sometimes angry, divergences of views and aims even among those who were comrades in arms but three years ago, our voices will be heard and our counsels heeded.

It may be worth mentioning in this connection that in comparing my European impressions this year with those of last year, what has struck me as perhaps the most interesting and significant development is: first, that the theories of

Bolshevism are wholly discredited and have ceased to be a contagious influence and an article of faith with all but a small fraction of the bona fide working people of Europe; secondly, that the eyes of the industrial nations of Europe are on Russia as the new land of unlimited possibilities; and, thirdly, that there seems to be almost universal recognition, even in strongly antagonistic quarters, that for the commercial penetration and proper economic ordering and development of a regenerated, or to be regenerated Russia, the active co-operation of Germany is requisite and essential, owing to her contiguity and her knowledge of Russian ways and qualities and conditions. England and France are alive to that situation, and their financial and industrial leaders are astir, especially those of England, with traditional enterprise, skill and foresight. American co-operation would be welcome at this time. It would appear to me that this situation should receive the careful and prompt attention of American industry and finance, lest by standing aloof too long we may find ourselves foreclosed from desirable opportunities when the proper time arrives. This suggestion is, of course, entirely apart from the political or moral question of according any recognition to the Soviet Government until and unless it be sanctioned by unmistakable action through the free vote of the Russian people.

America looms so large as an actual, and still more a potential, factor in world affairs, that her domestic affairs form an appropriate subject for discussion in even so cursory a survey of world matters. Our own house must be in order before we can be effective in those affairs abroad which are of concern to us.

It was inevitable that the artificially stimulated boom period of the war years and the period immediately following, should be succeeded by a drastic and painful process of readjustment to normal conditions, though it need not have been as drastic and painful as it was and, indeed, still is. At any rate, it seems to me the time has come when we should rouse ourselves out of our slough of industrial despondence.

And I believe we can do so if we make a determined effort and pull together and follow that road which is marked by the sign posts of economic soundness. Some of these sign posts are:

(1) A wise taxation policy. After all, the total sum required to be raised by taxation for our governmental needs, while vast in comparison with ante-war years, is relatively light in comparison with what it is in the principal countries of Europe, as proportionate to our wealth and population and theirs. The burden of taxation, direct and indirect, resting on the man of small or moderate means in America is many times lighter than it is in any of the leading countries of Europe. That is as it should be, and no revision of taxation would or should be considered by Congress which would relieve the well-to-do at the expense of the masses of the people.

If our system of taxation has been, as undoubtedly it has been, a strongly intensifying factor in bringing about the present situation of business collapse and unemployment and in retarding recovery, the reason is not so much the total size of our tax bill—though, that, of course, was extravagantly swollen and must and will be greatly reduced—but the fact that taxation was dumped on the back of business and capital, most clumsily and crudely. We cannot have a return to normal business conditions, we cannot have vigorous enterprise, until we shall have corrected the most glaring, at least, among the faults of our present system of raising revenue.

(2) A wise credit and loan policy. There has been too much willingness in certain financial quarters to promote enterprises, to float securities for public sale and to facilitate business expansion when prices were abnormally high and a policy of caution and restriction was indicated. The concomitant of that attitude was insufficient willingness or ability to grant loans and credits when the danger flag of unduly swollen prices had disappeared.

In times like the present, the attitude of those who are in charge of the business loans and credits should be one of

active encouragement and of a ready willingness, within the limits of prudence and capacity, to extend adequate facilities to borrowers for legitimate needs at home and abroad.

(3) A wise tariff policy. Our Government, during the war and for some time after, extended huge loans to European governments—I venture to think, with undue and unnecessary lavishness. Private loans and credits have likewise been extended to foreign applicants to a very large aggregate, and perhaps not always with sufficient discrimination. Whatever may be the merit of suggestions put forward for dealing with this question, it appears manifest that public opinion and Congress are unwilling, at this time, to consider any disposition of the loans owing to us by foreign nations, except their refunding.

But we cannot eat our cake and have it. There are only a very few ways in which foreign nations can discharge the interest on the debts owing to us, let alone the principal, and of these ways the most available is to furnish us with goods and services. Furthermore, if we want the foreigner to buy from us, we must be willing that he should also sell to us. Trade, in the long run, cannot be a one-sided matter of sensational export balances.

I am in favor of the principle of a protective tariff for America to the extent that its application is necessary to preserve our industries and the American standard of wages and living. But that principle can no longer be applied, with safety and advantage to the country and with fairness to the consumer, in the old-fashioned, somewhat haphazard and sometimes extreme way. New factors have entered into the problem which must be carefully studied and taken account of. And the American standard of wages and living does not and cannot and should not mean that extravagant wholly fortuitous standard which resulted from the war and from its after-effects.

In order to use the capacity of our industrial plants and to give full employment to our workers, we must make every effort to hold our own in the markets of the world. And

that is only possible if the cost of production can be brought into line with existing conditions. To that end, the prerequisites are that waste and slipshod methods in business be eliminated, costs brought down, the "get-rich-quick-and-easy" period considered definitely at an end, and that both capital and labor recognize the need of adjusting their respective compensation to the circumstances which the country has to meet. All of us, including labor, will be better off in the long run by getting away from an artificial level, which has been of genuine benefit to no one and of considerable harm to a large fraction of our population.

(4) Sound and effective measures to aid the farming industry. The vital importance of that industry and the critical situation of the farmer, who for some time past has been receiving pre-war prices for his product while paying inflated prices for his needs and who, moreover, has been laboring under inadequate credit and distribution facilities, are so manifest that it seems needless to put forth any arguments on that score.

Second only to agriculture in national importance is the railroad industry, affecting, as it does, the public at large, the shipper, the investor and many industrial and commercial activities dependent on it to a considerable degree. It is greatly to be hoped that the long-pending settlement between the Government and the railroads will at last be consummated without further delay.

(5) Cultivation of our export trade. That is a difficult task at best, in the face of depreciated currencies, cheap labor and other stimulating factors operative in foreign countries. It requires, first of all, careful study of that field on the part of our merchants and bankers, and the setting up of organizations and machinery, to be as effective, and the training of men to be as competent and expert, as those that have been developed by our competitors. It requires us to project our thoughts and plans internationally and to establish serviceable affiliations and appropriate co-operation abroad. It requires co-operation and comparison of views

and experience between exporters and bankers among each other and between them and the proper departments of the Government. The somewhat costly mistakes which have been made within the past few years, ought to be turned to account as lessons for the future.

In connection with this problem, the question of what, if anything, can be done, to "stabilize the exchanges" ought to receive the close attention of the Government and might profitably form the subject of an international comparison of views or of a conference in which the American representative should be more than a mere "observer."

I have indicated some of the principal sign posts as I see them. There are others, which it would take too long to enumerate.

The road lies before us, broad and straight. If we will take it resolutely, refusing to be enticed into by-ways or alleged shortcuts, we shall soon find ourselves within sight again of prosperity and national well-being.

TONGUES


By LE BARON COOKE

" The speech of the poet
Is as a riddle
To him who has not dreams
In his soul:
And *his* words—
As opaque
As life without dreams,
To the poet.

JAPAN AT THE COMING CONFERENCE

By FREDERICK MOORE

(Foreign Councillor to the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs)

 HIS article is written in reply to a request from THE FORUM for a discussion of Japan's attitude at the forthcoming conference. I am writing it as an American citizen and not as a Japanese official, because I am saying certain things which I believe ought to be said in the interest of the United States as well as of other countries, and which it might be considered undiplomatic for a representative of another government to say.

The success of the forthcoming conference ought to be assured, for it is the desire of both the peoples and the governments of the principal Powers invited to the conference that an agreement or understanding shall be reached. All of the other powers that will participate in the conference would probably go further than the United States in making concessions to reach an understanding. If we would become a party to such a compact, the other Powers would undoubtedly enter into a complete alliance with us. As much as that, however, cannot be expected to result from the conference, alliances being contrary to the traditional policy of this country. But the fact that the other nations are all of this mood or disposition is an indication of the success that may be expected. What measure of success can be achieved? That is the question.

Personally, I am very hopeful; and I am glad to be able to say that the Japanese Government is likewise reassured and confident. It was natural for the Japanese, when the

informal invitation was first presented to them by the American Embassy in Tokyo, to be anxious to know exactly what the intentions of the new American Administration were. Especially within recent years, Japan has gone through a period of severe criticism by Americans, some officials as well as a number of newspapers indulging in denunciations of her policies. This criticism, while at times justified, has sometimes gone beyond reason and fairness. Had the charges, for example, that Japan was prepared to attack the Philippine Islands and the Panama Canal been confined to the irresponsible elements in our Press, these sensational alarms would have amounted to little; but the campaign went so far that many serious men began to believe there was necessity for naval preparation for defense of our own coast against that remote and comparatively poor country.

The advocates of an unduly large navy had to have justification for outbuilding the world (we are now constructing the greatest navy the world has ever seen) and many Americans who should not have done so took up the bogey with which the Germans and others have tried to frighten us for their own purposes. Coupled with the Japanese bogey, Great Britain—generally a popular target—was denounced as the possessor of a “rival” navy, although, except for a period of a few years during the Civil War, the British navy has always been superior to ours, without dire consequences befalling us. And in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which has existed for twenty years without harm to us, we have been told, since the conclusion of the war in Europe, that there is a permanent menace to our security. As a matter of fact, one of the primary purposes of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is the preservation of the integrity and independence of China and the maintenance of the “open door”—which is our own policy.

In Great Britain this post-war attitude on our part was taken with some resentment but not with sufficient distrust to provoke a counter naval program. The British have hoped up to the present that this was only a passing temper

with us and have trusted that with the coming of the Harding Administration a change of policy would prevail. But the Japanese have felt that they could take no chances. Accordingly, they began to increase their navy, following our initiative, and are expending in protective construction hundreds of millions, which they can far less afford than we. But the Japanese—even the laboring man, whose income is about one-fifth as much as the American laborer's wage—is willing to make the necessary sacrifices and pay the taxes for the defense of his country against what he considers the possibilities of an unwarranted assault.

When a conference for the limitation of armament was first suggested, a sensation of relief was felt in Japan as in Great Britain; but when the American Government attached to its original informal invitation what appeared to be a condition that the limitation should be subject to agreements on Pacific and Far Eastern problems, an excited fear developed in Japan that the longed-for relief might not, after all, be forthcoming. Were they to be summoned by the United States, the Japanese asked themselves, to the bar of justice, with the most powerful and influential judge arbitrary and prejudiced against them? If so, some thought, they might better stay out of the court altogether. Others, on the contrary, said, "No. Let's go into it. America doesn't understand. Let's go to Washington, put our case before the world, and if justice is obtainable, enter into any reasonable agreement."

Many of the Japanese papers thought an equitable consideration of their position might not be obtainable at the conference. They know that it is to the interest of certain nations and certain people to keep hostility alive between themselves and this country, and they realize that here in America much of the press might be what can be described as "primed" against them. It is entirely unlikely that the enemies of the British and Japanese will let the coming opportunity pass to affect further, if they can, the minds of the American people against these two countries.

Cabinet councils and national conferences were held in Tokyo, and enquiries were made of the American Government; which brought out statements of attitude and intention that relieved the Japanese Government of much of its anxiety. Whereupon, they then accepted President Harding's invitation.

The Japanese, believing in the propriety of their general position and being willing to discuss with other Powers any matter which is fairly open to question, have now decided to come to Washington, present their case, and reach the fullest measure of agreement that is possible. To this end the conference will show, I think, that they are willing to make surprising concessions to the American point of view in order to terminate, if possible, the present costly and menacing criticism and suspicion that prevails in both countries.

It is interesting in this connection to note that Great Britain, whose trade and commerce are far more seriously rivaled in the East than ours, has developed no such hostility to Japan in her energetic and commendable development, although we Americans can far better afford to take a more generous attitude. Indeed, both British and American trade and commerce have been, at the same time, greatly benefitted by the organization and the stabilizing of different parts of the Far East by Japan. The British Government seems to have learned the lesson that if wars for trade are to continue, no era of peace will ever be attained, and, for scores of years, has followed a determined policy of peace at almost any price with the United States. The British have long realized that war between these two countries would be the greatest crime that has yet befallen civilization.

Certain of our papers speak constantly of the menace that Japan is to the Philippines, though the British have no fear of losing their more important possessions. To our talk of the menace that Japan is to our Eastern possessions, the Japanese reply is that the Philippines are a far more serious threat to them. What would it matter to the United

States if the Japanese should take the Philippine Islands? The most serious injury to us would be that to our pride. Whereas, should we launch an attack from our Pacific possessions upon them, we should launch it at their homes and their vital lines of communication, without which, as in the case of England, likewise an island country, they cannot subsist.

In brief, a totally unwarranted scare and an entirely unfair hostility, unworthy of Americans, has been developed against two praiseworthy but less fortunate nations, and too many of our politicians, up to the present, have found it more convenient to utilize this popular antagonism than to dispel it.

As a matter of fact, the United States is unassailable. With reasonable provisions for defense, our strategic position is secure. Since the conclusion of the war, no possible combination of Powers could—even if they had the will—attack this country without serious danger to themselves. This country is a colossus of wealth, power and geographical security. Moreover, we can, if we desire, possess an overwhelmingly great navy. On the other hand, we can afford to be magnanimous and ought to be the splendid leader that the other nations are so anxiously seeking. We are, by incomparable good fortune, the leading nation of an otherwise distressed and afflicted world; and instead of indulging in carping criticism of the next two sea Powers, we ought to accept their friendly accord and co-operation. Much good for the world would thereby be accomplished. Our statesmen, however, have hitherto failed to play up to the part.

The idea prevails in some quarters that if no agreement is reached at the conference serious commercial and naval competition will result; but this, it seems to me, is unwarranted. There is no doubt that an agreement can be reached by the three naval Powers if the United States does not make our approval of naval reduction contingent upon collateral military reductions in Europe. France, for example, having failed to secure from the Versailles Treaty the future pro-

tection from Germany which she deems essential, may find it difficult to reduce her army unless a new means of protecting her is provided. A naval agreement, however, would be ratified in both Japan and Great Britain, including the Colonies. But even if it should fail to receive the two-thirds vote in the Senate, necessary to make it legally as well as morally binding on the United States, the conference promises to have valuable international results in clearing the atmosphere by showing to serious men what the situation really is.

The present American administration will undoubtedly avoid the errors made by President Wilson's delegation at Paris. There, unfortunately, the American delegation itself participated in giving dramatic effect to the conflict of President Wilson with first one then another Power, till, at the conclusion of the conference, when the Treaty of Versailles was signed, all of the important signatories were discredited in the eyes of the American people.

The forthcoming conference being staged in the United States, the press of the country will be subject, even more than at Paris, to control by American officials. Even if Japan and Great Britain should attempt to conduct propagandas for the purpose of putting their cases before the public, they would find themselves hopelessly handicapped; and I doubt whether either delegation would be so unwise as to make the effort. To re-stage the Paris conference, with its daily record of fights—America versus one or more of the other Great Powers—would be not only most inhospitable, but would actually threaten the defeat of America's own objective. Both Japan and Great Britain still, to a certain extent, dread this possibility. If the American Government will make serious effort to prevent a repetition of Paris, and will agree to a fair presentation of the cases of these two nations to the American public by a substantial measure of open diplomacy—as they undoubtedly will—the result cannot fail to be a broad enlightenment and a dissipation of much of the prevailing hostility and suspicion. In that case, as I see the prospects, even if the Administra-

tion is subsequently unable to obtain the necessary Senate vote for ratification of any agreement that is reached, the result will be a splendid clearing of the atmosphere of distrust, and a more general realization of the broad facts of the situation existing among the Powers.

The World War left but three Powers upon the seas—one in Europe, one in Asia, and one in the Americas. The vital interests of none of these Powers really conflict. Two of them are able to get along with each other, and are even allied. Whether the third, and overwhelmingly the greatest, is able to get along with the others, the forthcoming conference will demonstrate to those who are able to comprehend the lessons that it will teach.

The United States is in a position and has the opportunity practically to dictate the terms, even if those terms are not entirely equitable. What is most needed on our part is wisdom and ordinary courtesy. If we provide these—and we ought to be able to—the successful outcome of the conference is assured.


A PRAYER CONCERNING DEBTS

By MAXWELL ARMFIELD

Not for unnumbered sins I weep;
The fevered or the sluggish day.
Give them the sterile past to keep,
Its aimless way.
They are all wept:—and utterly
Made void of pleasure or of pain.
The room is garnished; let there be
Dawn once again.
All the great things I have not done,
All I have buried in the earth;
O let me but begin to do,
Give them rebirth.
For these I weep, and having wept,
All is now done.
And still, with quiet hands, I wait
To greet the sun.

SCANDINAVIA'S PROBLEM

By GENERAL CHARLES H. SHERRILL

UCH has been said and written of the world war's effect on Continental Europe and the British Isles, but next to nothing about Scandinavia's changed status due to the same cause. Before the war Sweden was ever confronted with danger from Russian invasion on her eastern front, and Denmark was still suffering from the seizure of the Schleswig agricultural lands on her southern boundary, the first fruits of Bismarck's grouping of a Pan-German bloc shortly to become, under his aggressive leadership, the German Empire. Norway had developed a splendid merchant marine with a tonnage exceeding three million, for which, however, she badly needed coal. Then the war broke out. Even though Denmark, Sweden, and Norway took no belligerent part in the great struggle, they could not entirely escape its destruction. All three of these northern kingdoms suffered from submarines and floating mines, Norway worst of all, for she lost one thousand one hundred and sixty-two seamen and a half of her pre-war shipping. On the credit side of the balance, in the matter of cold cash, the citizens of all three nations benefited by their position as neutrals, with the result that the profiteers of Scandinavia are noticeably abroad in the land. Furthermore, although non-participants in the fighting, two of those northern nations actually gained territory; Norway by the Paris treaty of February ninth, 1920, receiving the rich coal fields of Spitzbergen, theretofore No-Man's-Land, while for Denmark came a solution of the old Danish Duchies question by the Allies' return to her (confirmed by the 1921 plebiscite) of Northern Schleswig, taken by Bismarck in 1864. Together

with this territory, half again as large as Rhode Island, she receives an added population of nearly two hundred thousand, a comfortable addition to her three million and forty-nine thousand. Norway's two and a half million gained no addition from the Spitzbergen annexation. Such was the appreciation showed by the Allies for the benevolent neutrality of those two countries. But Sweden was, on the whole, pro-German, perhaps not so much from preference for the German side of the struggle, as because for centuries she constantly dreaded the Russian giant on her eastern frontier and could see only the promised friendship of Germany as a help in case of need. We outsiders may not dread the sword of Damocles, but we must not expect Damocles to forget what is constantly hanging over his head! How could the Swedes be expected to side openly with the French nation which had entered into such close relations with the dreaded Moscovite, relations both governmental and also financial, through Russian Loans bought widely by the French, peasant and banker alike. The history of Russia is nothing but a long series of absorptions of frontier neighbors, and how could a small nation like the six million Swedes resist one hundred and seventy million Russians, if and when their growing demand for an outlet upon the North Sea became insistent? For do not forget that Sweden is not only a Baltic power, but also possesses the fine ice-free port of Göteborg, looking out westerly across the North Sea.

As a result of the war Sweden has actually lost territory, for a Commission appointed by the Allies adjudicated the Aland Islands to the newly erected free state of Finland, notwithstanding the fact that those islands are inhabited by twenty-seven thousand pure blooded Swedes, who in a plebiscite voted almost unanimously (ninety-five per cent) to be incorporated with Sweden. Furthermore, they are only seventy-five miles as the crow flies from Stockholm, the capital and heart of Sweden, which could, with the Big Berthas of modern artillery, be bombarded from the Alands. The argument that the nine per cent of the Finnish population who are Swedes approve this allotment of islands to

Finland, falls to the ground when we reflect that this slender minority would naturally welcome the addition of the twenty-seven thousand Swedes inhabiting those islands. Sweden, all of Sweden, feels this decision keenly; it is a blow to her pride as well as a danger to her capital.

At first glance, therefore, it would seem that although Norway and Denmark gained by the Allies' victory in the war, Sweden the pro-German had lost; but has she? Must it not be counted as a great gain for her that at last, by the collapse of Russia, the ages-long peril on her eastern border has been eliminated? And if and when Russia casts off the hideous spell of Bolshevism and becomes once more a great power, even then is not Sweden guaranteed against a Moscovite swoop by the buffer state of Finland, a compact body of three million five hundred thousand souls, progressive and well educated? Has not Sweden thus gained, at no cost but the Aland Island blow to her pride, that very security for her future which is the one thing France is still seeking and must have? The Eastern Front Nightmare has been laid for Sweden, but not so for France, complete victor though she was in the greatest war of all history. This Russian peril, so dreaded in Sweden, was also a menace to Norway, for if Sweden were overrun by Cossack hordes, her westerly neighbor would not have escaped invasion. Some Norwegians, notably their great leader, Gunnar Knudsen, have always poohpoohed this danger, but not so most of the Norse folk. So much for the territorial changes brought by the war to Scandinavia.

And now for a further comment upon the Russian peril, which will reveal still another change due to the war. This peril existed by sea as well as by land, because Russia possessed a powerful fleet, but the Russian debacle of 1917 completed what the Japanese victory of Tsushima Straits began—the elimination of Russia as a naval menace in the Baltic. Nor does that fact alone finish the story of the war's effect upon that large inland sea, for it also reduced the German naval force to insignificant proportions. No longer will the

Kiel Canal serve as a naval shuttle to shift the powerful German home fleet from the North Sea to the Baltic or vice versa. No, the Baltic is freed from overpowering naval control by Russia or Germany, and has become an international lake somewhat like the Mediterranean. The delivery of the German fleet to the Allies at Scapa Flow restored for Sweden and Denmark the equilibrium of the Baltic, but Sweden needs a triple equilibrium—Baltic, Scandinavian and European. All three seem achieved, but unfortunately Sweden is still in the bad books of France, which now dominates the European equilibrium. Doubtless, Sweden will seek to remedy this, and given the intelligence of her leaders and the fact that her able and widely popular king is the great-grandson of the French Marshal Bernadotte, the end desired should surely be attained. Nor would such an adjustment be entirely one-sided. France has shown by her interest in Poland and the so-called Petite Entente countries of Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia, how greatly she values friends upon the eastern and southern borders of Germany, and why is it not logical that she should follow the same policy upon the north of her late foe, and realize the usefulness of a Swedish friendship? And no one can deny that the French mind is the most logical of any in Europe.

And now let us consider the post-war points of view of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, first upon foreign affairs, and then upon their domestic problems. In no other part of the world will a traveller's preconceived notions receive such a jolt—such a rude awakening to an unexpected state of affairs, as when for the first time he visits Scandinavia. He will expect to find conditions and public opinion similar in all three countries. Not at all—they are basically quite different. It is true that the Danes, Swedes and Norwegians are all of one family, that their languages are so similar as to be readily understood each one by both the others, and that they have many tastes and customs alike. But there it ends; they are all of one family, but because of Danish

specializing in agriculture, of Swedish industrialism, and of Norwegian love for sea-trading, as well as by reason of their entirely distinct attitudes upon foreign affairs, they are very dissimilar brothers. Picture to yourself three sons given a holiday to spend each as he prefers, and the Norwegian brother goes boating, the Danish a-gardening, whilst the Swedish turns to mechanics. All are of the same family circle, but each has his own individual tendencies, which, however, in no wise make for disturbance of the family harmony. And the war has brought this family closer together, for one very significant result, frequently overlooked, is that from it has grown up a close inter-Scandinavian friendship not theretofore existing.

During the fighting, the position as neutrals naturally led to conferences (at Malmö and elsewhere) upon how that neutrality should be maintained, which in turn brought about plans to exchange certain products one had in plenty and the others, because of war blockades, lacked. Those conferences developed into an annual inter-parliamentary meeting to which each of the three parliaments elects from its own body twenty representatives, having due proportionate regard to the strength of its political parties. These meetings effect a number of useful purposes; postage within Scandinavia is fixed at half the charge to outside countries, etc. Above all, opportunity is given not only for their statesmen to become mutually acquainted but also to blow off steam upon any topic which for the moment may be causing annoyance. Steam never leads to explosions unless it is confined, which is even truer in politics than in dynamics. I had occasion to remark a case in point, for I was in Copenhagen while one of these meetings was being held July sixth, 1921, a few miles away. Its most discussed episode was the ringing speech of the Norwegian Storthing's President, Gunnar Knudsen, protesting against a further development of inter-Scandinavian relations. The Danes and even more so the Swedes hastened to explain to inquiring foreigners that those inter-nation relations were in no sense an alliance, not

even an entente, but it was nevertheless clear that they were both willing to be headed in the direction which the Norwegian opposed. He protested that Norway had had enough of union, and that it might as well be definitely understood that the present status of inter-parliamentary council marked a point beyond which Norway would not go.

Was he remembering that Prussia (or shall we say Bismarck?) constructed the German Empire of a customs union plus a common victory gained by its members against an outside foe? Be that as it may, no one can blink the fact that the very existence of these inter-parliamentary meetings has perhaps unwittingly brought into existence a Scandinavian Monroe Doctrine—an unwritten defensive alliance that would unitedly oppose any seizure of Scandinavian territory by an outsider. And if ever a united front did become necessary against such a foe and a joint war cabinet were formed, it would seem as if its Minister of Marine would naturally come from Norway, its Minister of Agriculture from Denmark, and its Minister of Foreign Affairs from Sweden. Knudsen's position will be explained by remembering that it was his party, the Radicals, that commenced, in 1885, the agitation for separation from Sweden, which they brought to success in the Karlstad agreement of September twenty-fifth, 1905. The sensible and decent way in which Sweden assented to that secession of Norway displays one of the finest moments of Scandinavian statesmanship, which was "self-determination" raised to the *n*th power. All nations should take notice of this notable act by a proud people. With a population over twice that of Norway, and with a far greater wealth, natural resources, and military power, Sweden accepted her neighbor's withdrawal, and that which a century of dispute had rendered inevitable, took place. And with what result? There has come about a friendship between them, a spirit of mutual understanding and appreciation before impossible, and this has benefited and will continue to benefit both parties. Until 1905 the

Scandinavian equilibrium was always in danger, but that crisis past, it is now stable.

The Swedes believe that these inter-parliamentary meetings would have been much strengthened by a participation of the Finns therein, but the unpleasantness occasioned by their accepting the Aland Islands taken from Sweden has necessarily postponed this. Finland needs the coöperation of Swedish capital to develop her resources, which has also, for the same reason, been adjourned until the Greek Kalends. Notwithstanding the best efforts of the Geneva meeting of the League of Nations of Sweden's representatives, Count Wrangel, the veteran diplomat, Branting, the hard-headed Socialist editor (a past and perhaps a future prime minister!), and Count Ehrensvaärd, leader of her pro-French opinion, a decision was rendered that not only deprives the Scandinavian inter-parliamentary meetings of a valuable factor, but also throws an apple of discord between Sweden and Finland, who ought, for the peace of Europe, to be on the best of terms.

The foreign friendships of the three kingdoms are not and probably never will be the same. Norway is especially friendly to Great Britain and has no marked animosities in other quarters. Denmark is inclined to be self-centered in her friendship, but because of the Schleswig-Holstein episode, has long been unfriendly to Germany, while Sweden, partly by reason of her centuries of Russian peril and partly through German propaganda, has come to count upon Germany's friendship and to be somewhat anti-English. Astute Germany used the Russian peril argument with the Swedes, just as the Kaiser reiterated the Yellow Peril hint with us. And when the French made their alliance with Russia, how neatly that fitted into the German propaganda!

As for Scandinavia's attitude toward France, a clever Swede, Ivar Lagerwall, remarks that the Danes, with their esprit and vivacity, understand the French temperament, but that the Norwegians and Swedes are rather worried by it, just as a hen who sees ducklings taking to water cannot help

wondering if they will not drown—a feeling that they should not be allowed to indulge in such follies, but meanwhile fascinated by their enterprise.

Generally speaking, Scandinavia's point of view on the world politics is as far removed as possible from the *Welt Politik* of the Prussian militarist. At the very time the latter was scheming to put *Deutschland über Alles*, the former (in 1905) was demonstrating how two combined kingdoms could separate in decent self-respecting fashion, and national honor be safeguarded without recourse to arms! And Scandinavia has another and very timely lesson to teach. Is it not wiser policy to be a strong small power like Norway or Sweden, than to be a weak large one like the new Poland? Would not those newly created countries of Europe, born at Versailles, do well to study the national attitude in this regard of the sturdy little kingdoms of Denmark, Norway and Sweden?

We may remark in passing that, after a fashion, Swedish and American points of view upon foreign affairs are similar. The subject incites but languid interest in both countries. Both of us are cut off by water from continental Europe. Very many more of us visit foreign countries than foreigners come to visit us. Neither of us desires territorial aggrandizement, and we are both willing to let well enough alone. We believe that small and large countries are entitled to exactly the same treatment regardless of their size—that their status is the same, regardless of their stature; so does Sweden.

Coming now to the consideration and conduct of their home affairs, differences between the countries are as noticeable as those we observed in their attitude in foreign affairs. In this regard it is perhaps enlightening to remark how different are the leading statesmen in each land, since such dignitaries are apt to be nationally typical. A man does not become Prime Minister or Minister of Foreign Affairs unless he possesses certain qualifications of thought and personality which appeal to his compatriots. In a sense, therefore, perhaps without either he or they realizing it, he is

apt to incarnate public opinion. In Denmark the Prime Minister, Mr. Neils Neergard, by his moderate Liberalism, combined with a practical Socialism, certainly typifies in excellent fashion the marked common sense everywhere evidenced in that land of coöperative agriculture. In Sweden, where until the September, 1921, elections, there was so even a balance between the political parties that no one had sufficient working majority to undertake the responsibilities of government, the Prime Minister, Oscar von Sydow, frankly avowed that he was a member of no one political party, but only an administrative officer! His success as a judge, as governor of the northern provinces, as commissioner in boundary questions with Norway, and recently as commissioner to supervise the Schleswig-Holstein plebiscite, gained for him such wide public confidence that he was selected as the best type of non-political efficient to head a cabinet of balanced parties. Temperamentally he possesses the necessary poise for such a task, and in that regard he represents the Swedish national good sense so admirably displayed during the 1905 secession of Norway. Otto Blehr, Prime Minister of Norway since Gunnar Knudsen, his party-mate, resigned in his favor in September, 1920, certainly personifies in truthful fashion the determined Radicalism so popular in that rugged country, and both he and Knudsen (long political associates) by their mature years and sturdy forms reflect the settled opinion and forward-faced enterprise inherited from Viking ancestors.

As in these Scandinavian Prime Ministers, so too in their Ministers for Foreign Affairs, is local public opinion reflected and incarnated. Mr. Raested, the Norwegian Minister for Foreign Affairs, has had more experience therein than his appearance of early middle age would indicate. He is cautious of speech and of a simple pleasantness in conversation, during which he frequently recurs to how greatly Norway desires closer relations with the United States, and one is surely not long in Christiania before learning that in this respect the Minister is typically Norwegian. Mr.

Harald Scavenius, head of the Danish Foreign Office and formerly Minister to Russia, is the third of that name and family to hold that post in immediate succession. All three cousins are trained diplomats, but so far from constituting a political dynasty, they all differ in politics; Harald Scavenius being a Radical, Eric Scavenius a Conservative, while O. C. Scavenius, the first of the series (but now Director at the Foreign Office) has no political color at all. The unusual spectacle of three men, all of the same name, succeeding each other in the same high office is in itself a demonstration of Danish insistence upon steady governmental progress regardless of changing phases of politics. In Count Wrangel, trained to diplomacy as secretary in five legations and as Minister in Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Petrograd, and finally for fourteen years in London, Sweden has not only a thoroughly well prepared Minister for Foreign Affairs but also one who by reason of long residence in London and his charming French wife, is so informed on both British and French points of view as to be specially well equipped to treat with those two victors in the Great War. The long connection of his ancestors with their country's government means that having an unusual grasp of the historical development of Sweden's point of view, he personifies to a marked degree her foreign policy.

(This article will be concluded in the November issue.)

SIX MONTHS OF SECRETARY HUGHES

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

IF Mr. Hughes maintains the standards set during the first six months of his control of our foreign relations, history will record him as one of America's greatest Secretaries of State.

Not since the days of Root and Hay has there been such a combination of firmness, political shrewdness and idealism in the direction of America's foreign affairs. Where Mr. Hughes' predecessors since 1908 floundered or theorized or vacillated, he has kept both feet firmly on the ground, and yet not lost sight of his ideals.

There was doubt expressed when the public first heard of his selection. Mr. Hughes was still laboring under the curse of the 1916 campaign. His enemies likened him to Wilson. They said he was obstinate, that he resented advice, that he knew nothing of the world beyond America.

But it took less than six weeks in office to dispel this hallucination. Mr. Hughes, it was discovered, had lost his mantle of ice. He showed great firmness, but sought advice and readily accepted it when it was sound. He manifested an uncanny shrewdness and quickness in mastering the intricate problems brought before him. Those who had dealings with him were struck with his skill in discarding the non-essentials. He examined questions thoroughly, from all possible angles. But his decision was swift and sound.

The country, however, could only judge from his public statements. And these, instead of being in the long-winded ambiguous verbose style of the Wilson Administration, were

brief, clear and firm. The world was surprised. It had become so accustomed to Wilsonian methods that it was convinced that of the making of notes there was no end. The policy of shaking the fist and then the finger had deadened any latent belief that behind these notes was a firm intent. But in Mr. Hughes' statements, from the first to the latest, there has been a ring of conviction, a firmness of purpose, that has been as refreshing as a cool breeze after a fevered night. As they read them, people said to each other, "Mr. Hughes means business!" And this has indeed proved true.

One of the first important questions brought before the new Secretary of State was the Panama-Costa Rica boundary dispute. This had dragged along for years, and was a sore spot in our Pan-American relations. Panama refused to abide by an arbitration award made by Chief Justice White. War with Costa Rica threatened. Firm action was required. The Secretary never hesitated. A principle was at stake—the sanctity of arbitration awards. Panama and Costa Rica had agreed, before it was made, to abide by the White award, and under the circumstances Mr. Hughes announced that the United States stood firmly back of the decision of the Chief Justice. Not to enforce the award was to make a mockery of the principle of arbitration.

Panama, accustomed to the Wilson wobbling, protested again, and yet again. Mr. Hughes stood pat and in May announced that "reasonable time" would be allowed Panama to accept the award. In August, Panama being still obdurate, the Secretary announced that the reasonable time had elapsed, and dispatched a battalion of marines to preserve order. Panama accepted.

There are three lessons in this affair. The first is the unflinching adherence to a principle. This same firmness has marked all of the Secretary's acts. The second is the use of the big stick. The Secretary knew that unless American troops were near, there would be war and bloodshed. Having taken the precaution, he preserved the peace. The third lesson is the appreciation of the effect on our Latin-

American policy. South America considered Panama as the special pet of the United States. Panama counted on this and hoped that the United States would reverse the award that favored Costa Rica at Panama's expense. Therefore, when the United States upheld Costa Rica and the cause of justice, it made a deep impression in the Latin countries.

The importance of this Panama action is all the greater in view of the unfortunate blunder of the administration in passing the Colombian blackmail treaty. Mr. Hughes, it appears, had little to do with this, and the principle odium belongs to Senator Lodge, whose extraordinary reversal of the policy which he had upheld for eighteen years can find no charitable explanation. The evident part that oil played in affecting the passage of the treaty made it quite plain to the South American nations that the United States acted not because they believed Colombia's claim just, but solely because they hoped by paying this bribe of twenty-five million dollars to protect American interests from foreign encroachment. The impression in South America, where Colombia's claim has always been supported, can therefore only be most unfortunate. The Panama affair, on the other hand, will go far towards offsetting this vicious blunder. So also will the withdrawal of American marines from Santo Domingo.

Two other acts early in the Administration were also significant. The first was the declaration that Soviet Russia was still beyond the pale. The second was the approval of the China Consortium. In pledging the support of the Government to the American group in this four-power banking syndicate to control the financing of Chinese loans, the Secretary confirmed the policy of protecting American rights in China and paved the way for the active resumption of the Open Door policy. Mr. Wilson in 1913 condemned governmental support of American business in China, and later reversed himself. Mr. Hughes at once gave the policy new vigor.

More important still, he later took occasion to elucidate his position on the Open Door in a note that stands out as

particularly significant in view of the coming Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. "Your reference to the principle of the Open Door," he wrote to the Chinese Minister, Dr. Sze, "affords me the opportunity to assure you of this Government's continuance in its whole-hearted support of the principle which it has traditionally regarded as fundamental both to the interests of China itself and to the common interests of all powers in China, and indispensable to the free and peaceful development of their commerce on the Pacific Ocean.

"The Government of the United States has never associated itself with any arrangement which sought to establish any special rights or privileges in China which would abridge the rights of the subjects or citizens of other friendly states, and I am happy to assure you that it is the purpose of this Government neither to participate nor to acquiesce in any arrangement which might purport to establish in favor of foreign interests any superiority of rights with respect to commercial or economic development in designated regions of the territories of China, or which might seek to create any such monopoly or preference as would exclude other nationals from undertaking any legitimate trade or industry or from participating with the Chinese Government in any category of public enterprise."

This declaration was a reaffirmation of America's China policy.

The next important step was the note on mandates, with special reference to Yap. The Secretary picked up the negotiations started by Mr. Colby and developed them with force and finality. The United States, he pointed out, had not authorized either the League of Nations or the Supreme Council to bind it in any negotiations. "It will not be questioned," he said, "that the right to dispose of the overseas possessions of Germany was acquired only through the victory of the Allied and Associated Powers, and it is also believed that there is no disposition on the part of the British Government to deny the participation of the United

States in that victory. It would seem to follow necessarily that the right accruing to the Allied and Associated Powers through common victory is shared by the United States and that there would be no valid or effective disposition of the overseas possessions of Germany now under consideration without the assent of the United States."

Not only did this position affect Yap, but it indicated America's stand on the Mesopotamian question which had been in dispute and it did so in a manner that could not be refuted. In September Mr. Hughes took occasion to elaborate America's stand on mandates, developing this same argument. It was evident that he "meant business."

His next adventure was with Germany. Accustomed to browbeating the Wilson administration, the German Government tried the old tactics on Mr. Hughes. It sought to enlist American sympathy on the side of Germany in the matter of reparations. It hoped that Mr. Hughes would show the administration's gratitude for the German vote in the 1920 election by using his influence to moderate the reparations.

But Secretary Hughes' first announcement was to the point. "This Government," he said, "stands with the Governments of the Allies in holding Germany responsible for the war, and therefore morally bound to make reparations so far as may be possible."

Germany ignored the bitter thrust in the first part. Seeing only the last phrase, she thought it was a Wilsonism. She suggested that America act as mediator between the Allies and the common enemy.

Mr. Hughes refused, and urged the German Government "at once to make directly to the Allied Governments clear, definite and adequate proposals which would in all respects meet with its just obligations."

Germany then accepted his advice and the reparations were paid.

Poland, probably motivated by France, next tried to "pull his leg" and entangle him in the Silesian question.

Mr. Hughes at once pointed out that this was "a matter of European concern in which, in accord with the traditional policy of the United States, this Government should not become involved." The statement was categorical and effective and put an end to misunderstandings in Europe.

The scene then shifted to Mexico. "When it appears," wrote the Secretary, "that there is a Government in Mexico willing to bind itself to the discharge of primary international obligations, concurrently with that act, its recognition will take place." He pointed out that certain provisions of the Mexican Constitution could be interpreted retroactively and could then be applied in a confiscatory manner. So long as they were not interpreted conforming to international law, America could not recognize the Mexican Government. He made it plain that it was a matter of legal status, and not a question of personality.

The negotiations proceeded slowly and deliberately. It took Mr. Obregon some time to realize that Mr. Hughes meant what he said. He made various feints, and was so ill-advised as to turn (so the report goes) to one of Mr. Wilson's most notorious publicity agents for advice and counsel. He also appealed to the people of the United States through the press.

But Mr. Hughes was patient, and when someone apparently by mistake ordered several gunboats to Tampico, the Secretary withdrew them and made it plain that there was no desire in any way to repeat the Vera Cruz incident.

He allowed Under-Secretary of State Fletcher to give an interview to *El Universal*, one of the leading Mexican papers, in which America's friendly intentions were made thoroughly clear. He urged the oil men to settle their difficulties direct with the Mexican Government. He did everything in his power to smooth the path of the negotiations. Through it all he was firm but just.

Of the separate peace with Germany not much can yet be said. By cutting out all those articles of the Versailles Treaty prejudicial to America's interests, an agreement has

been reached which preserves to America practically all the benefits of this treaty without its disadvantages. The fact that we have not taken up the European's burden seems to have annoyed the Administration's critics. They appear to feel that we received too much in the bargain and did not give away enough. Much more to the point, however, is the fact that instead of chasing after rainbows, the Secretary has looked after America's interests first, and has among other things, obtained a reaffirmation of America's joint interest in Yap and other German mandated territories.

Stephane Lauzanne, one of France's sanest journalists, views this treaty from the point of view of America's special interests. "Happy America!" he writes. "She has just signed a peace treaty with Germany after having negotiated it alone, without partners who praise you today and betray you tomorrow, and without dealing in compromises and politics and lying promises. Her plenipotentiaries have had to consider only American interests; have had to take account of only American wishes; have had to defend only American traditions. Her statesmen will in the future have to consult only the American people if difficulties arise over the execution of the treaty. Thrice happy America!"

And yet this seems to annoy the Administration's enemies.

But in the negotiations for the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, the Secretary of State has shown that he possesses true statesmanship. Coming at the particular time and in the particular manner, it at once placed America in the rôle of world leader. More important still, it opened the way to a closer Anglo-American understanding. It made it possible to seek cooperation in the settlement of those knotty Far Eastern problems which stand in the way of world peace. With great wisdom the Secretary coupled the question of the Pacific with the limitation of armaments, realizing full well that none of the nations would consider disarming so long as there were acute problems unsolved. But he went one step further and made it possible to bring

up the discussion of questions such as came up before the Hague conferences. By inviting merely the five powers he recognized the fact that the general peace of the world is now in the custody of a particular group of nations. In them resides the power, and there can be no effective guarantee of peace that is not backed by power.

There is, of course, much more than appears on the surface in the negotiations for this conference. There have been daily meetings between the Secretary of State and foreign Ambassadors. Notes have been exchanged as to subjects for discussion. Efforts have been made to settle pending negotiations that might otherwise prove embarrassing. It has been made clear to Japan that the conference is in no way meant to arraign her before the Western powers. Proposals have been advanced to class Shantung and Yap as "accomplished facts" outside the sphere of the conference. The substitution of an Anglo-Japanese-American understanding for the old Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been suggested.

In other words, the calling of the conference has made it possible to bring up for settlement many of the most puzzling questions at present disturbing the world. And once these are disposed of it will be possible to take active steps towards the reduction of armaments.

The matter may be summed up thus:

In six months the new Secretary of State has placed America's foreign policy on firm foundations. He has recognized that economic facts are at the base of international relations. By his action in Panama, by the withdrawal of American troops from Santo Domingo, and by his Mexican policy, he has strengthened us immeasurably in South America. He has stood out against German intrigue and forced Germany to do her duty. He has negotiated peace with that country. By keeping us out of the Silesian muddle he has reaffirmed America's traditional policy of not mixing into local European affairs, but by naming a delegate to the supreme council he has reestablished contact with European

nations, and made it possible for us to speak when our interests are concerned. He has established our right to a voice in the mandates. He has revived the doctrine of the Open Door in China. And finally he has called a conference to remove the most imminent causes of war and has done it in a manner calculated to place America in the strongest possible position.

This is a record of achievement. He came into office to find our foreign relations demoralized and our national prestige frittered away. In six months he has pulled America out of the slough. Where all was dark before, we now see the dawn of a foreign policy. This is the work of Mr. Hughes.

BODY AND SOUL

By MARIE LUHRS

Her eyes are sleepily gray,
Her hair droops in oily strands,
And she has an awkward way
With her fleshy hands.
But her soul is quite different.
Her soul
Has showery hair
That curls enchantingly
When it is wound around a carrot,
Her soul
Has green eyes flecked with brown:
Little wet leaves;
And the lashes are sometimes
Webbed and wet.
Her soul
Has a mouth kiss-shaped,
Cheeks petal-pallid,
And walks with pardonable vanity
In garments that are influenced by the rainbow,
Infatuated with the wind.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

O the American people deserve all they get—in the theatre? Are they as unintelligent as their regular dramatic entertainment would make them seem? Are they as fascinated by banality as the theatrical producers believe? These and other time honored questions are suggested by the recent address of James M. Beck, in which he pointed out that over one hundred million dollars was spent in New York City alone for theatrical and similar entertainment.

Of course the answer on the part of the manager is that he gives the people what they want—to which the intelligent theatre goer retorts he doesn't want the trash that the manager produces, but he has to have amusement, and so he takes what he can get. Midway between the two there should be the dramatic critic, helping the public as a guide, assisting the producer by fearless and intelligent criticism. A mighty vantage point, not always overcrowded, however.

Before the curtain on the opening night of his new play "The Silver Fox," Mr. William Faversham, one of the most delightful of our actors, in a brief but graceful speech referred to the characters of his play as "five egotists," a description that one wished were true. For egotists are real people, very human beings with whom most of us are familiar and to most of us quite understandable. Not so these five characters of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's translated play, but rather the veriest skeletons of manufactured comedy, awkward as mannikens, mere artificial creations of the oldest type. There was the complaisant husband who introduces the reluctant lover to the historically unsatisfied wife. The comic relief in this comedy was furnished by that other pleistocene theatrical person, the short skirted ingenue, who fools the sapient novelist and reveals all her innate vulgarity in gaudy hangings about the house of the

man she finally leads into wedlock. The fifth character was introduced for no very clear purpose unless possibly to visualize that dramatic antiquity, the Lovelace who lures ladies to his rooms for an adulterous lunch and a bottle of champagne. If the Eighteenth Amendment accomplishes nothing more, at least it may be effective in driving the American dramatist to invent a new situation, or at least discard one of the most threadbare ones.

When one has stated that the play is the old story of the lax husband who turns his loose wife over to his wobbly friend, one has said all that is necessary, for the elaboration presents nothing of originality and little of amusement. The "brilliant" epigrams that seemed to fall on the ears of the critics with so much originality would seem to argue that it doesn't take much to amuse a dramatic critic. The best that could be said of the unfortunate affair is that Mr. Faversham worked hard to create illusion, but his fervid speeches, lifted as they seemed, out of some past romance, emphasized only the ineffable silliness of the evening.

Rather than condemning the unfortunate dramatic critic for his errors, perhaps one should pity him, for it is little that he gets of the one hundred million dollars that Mr. Beck says is wasted by New York people on the theatre. But what shall one say of an intelligence such as that of Percy Hammond, which seems to be lost when it is transplanted from Chicago to New York? We have long thought of Mr. Hammond as one of the ablest of critics, but in his review of "The Silver Fox" he flounders about, and when it comes to the final declaration, compromises with his apparently uneasy conscience, by a stolid semi-prophecy to the effect that he will be much surprised if the play does not run "long and prosperously." Even Mr. Alan Dale who, despite his lack of scholarship, is a good judge of dramatic values, declares the time worn construction to be an "unusual play." Mr. Alexander Woollcott of the *Times* was apparently the only critic who correctly sensed the play.

* * * * *

What excuse is there for such a thoroughly inane production as Ziegfeld's Follies at the Globe Theatre? Yet hundreds of people are led there by the spurious criticism and absurdly flattering notices that appeared in the New York papers at the time of its first production.

The appalling lack of originality and the absence of humor makes one wonder at the effrontery of the producers. Surely the tragedies of Kotzebue would afford the "tired business man" more light and shade and entertainment than this feeble and most amateurish attempt to amuse. Even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *The Old Homestead* would be more enlivening.

* * * * *

Those to whom the Irish playwrights speak poetry—in whom the pathos and whimsy of Irish drama awaken sympathy and affection, will be well pleased with the Play Boy Company's production of Synge's "The Well of the Saints," at the Provincetown Play House.

Had that well worn "smiling-face-covering-an-aching-heart" phrase first been uttered concerning a Synge audience, it would not have been inàpropos—for one sits through this play with many smiles, but they frequently are twisted smiles. For even in Synge's plays of a satirical vein, such as this one and "The Play Boy of the Western World," one is made to feel faintly but persistently the tragedy underlying Ireland, though not as poignantly of course as in "Riders to the Sea," of which every line is a poem.

Fearsome water lies in "The Well of the Saints." Perhaps Synge was answering—in a truly Irish way—the familiar invocation—"Oh, wad some power"—when he showed that unhappiness would be concurrent with the much prayed for power of seeing ourselves, our husbands, our wives, with unbiased vision.

Mr. F. S. Pelly, the producer, has given this play a delicate interpretation—and in every instance has laid the emphasis on the Irish character with exquisite and accurate touch.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

CAN A GENIUS BE DECENT?*



HERE lived in Paris throughout the latter two-thirds of the Nineteenth Century a man named Paul Verlaine. He was a poet of a high order, because he founded a school of poetry. He was a man of a low order, because he was a vile beast. He published during the first forty-four years of his life nine volumes of verse and prose, and in the last eight years of his life twenty volumes. Most of the latter are worthless. Most of the former have something in them which have carried his name around the world.

He was a dipsomaniac, half the time crazed with drink and drugs. He lived in abject poverty most of his days in the company of the worst type of street walkers. He died of a complication of diseases made up of anthritis, diabetes, syphilis, heart disease and bronchitis, in the arms of two women of the town; and five thousand of the most distinguished people of Paris crowded to his funeral which was officially conducted by the French Government.

All this is familiar enough; and from the immense amount of writing which has been done to tell it one would think that another biography of this man would be superfluous. And yet what Mr. Nicolson has written suggests a good deal that is perhaps new to the average reader—to anyone who has not made Verlaine's career a special hobby.

To one reader there is a suggestion that may be a foolish one, but it is nevertheless uppermost when he considers such a life.

Here was a man who, as an example to her son, would be abhorrent to any mother anywhere in the world. There does not appear to be anything in his life that should be emulated by any of us. That life was of a nature concerning which even the realists do not dare to speak openly. And yet the mind of the wretched creature had stored within it a genius which will keep his name before the public as long as the history not only of French, but of any literature exists. Can a man be a genius and be decent? Can a man be a genius and be at all normal? And if the answer is in the negative to either or both of these questions, why do all want to be geniuses?

It would seem that the greatest ambition a human being could have was to be normal, to be inconspicuous, to live a life that contributes to the history and development of mankind its quota of decency, of uprightness,

* "Verlaine," by Harold Nicolson. Constable & Co., London.

of family life, of children, of high business and professional conduct, and a total absence of the unusual and abnormal. And yet if we were all normal and inconspicuous, what should we do for orators who help us to rise to great occasions, generals who lead us to win great battles, scientists who show us the new development, statesmen who govern us?

It is an amusing paradox. If a child shows signs of being a genius his parents struggle to prevent it. If little Willie takes to drumming the piano father worries and forces him into the counting house. When little M. A. Buenarotti of Casentino tried to draw pictures his father and the other elders shook their heads and worried a great deal and tried to make him a merchant. After all Buenarotti Sr. was an important man in Casentino. What could his son do better than to tread in his father's footsteps? Yet the name of the father—even the name of the town—is long ago forgotten, while the name of the son—Michael Angelo—rings down through the centuries to stimulate and cheer millions of us, hundreds and hundreds of years afterwards.

This somewhat ancient query has been answered in all sorts of ways. Great minds can digest great crimes; geniuses are outside the law; the great are a law unto themselves, and so on. The truth of the matter is that in the first place all geniuses are not impossible creatures, and in the second place all vile creatures are not geniuses. In any case people cannot help being geniuses. Perhaps some people cannot help being vile. The very fact that certain men do, or write, or paint things of great and therefore unusual moment is the result of an abnormal and unusual makeup, and although they may do, or paint, or write something that is wonderful, other things that they do may be quite the reverse. The evil doers frequently go to jail. So do some of the geniuses. Verlaine did. O. Henry did. Yet in order to be a genius it does not appear to be necessary to go to jail. We cannot avoid doffing our hats to Verlaine for some of his amazing verses, but it is a pity that his beastly life has to be advertised because of his poetry. We are taught, we are almost born, to look up to geniuses, and yet nobody would take the bad with the good that many of them possess.

If some great supergenius could come along and write, or paint, or sculpture the story of the normal commonplace human being, the one who after all makes the world go forward, what a blessing it would be! Once in a while we get a glimpse of this. Millet's "The Sower" is one instance. He has made the farmer who tills the soil famous through all time. Some of the old Italians have told the story of a mother's love in their pictures of the Madonna; but the instances are very rare, because the supergeniuses are very rare. No historian has done it, since no historian spends much time on the good people of this world or the peaceful times. He only writes of kings and villains and wars. The answer to this is that the humdrum, normal, proper, decent life is not interesting. The answer to that is that it is interesting—the most interesting thing in the world—but

that practically nobody has ever lived who had the ability to show it. Only one exception to this seems to exist amongst the fine arts, and that is the art of fiction. Here after all we do get pictures of the normal, commonplace person, and perhaps the fact that half the books taken from public libraries are fiction is a witness that the interest in the normal person is far greater than the interest in the genius.

Verlaine is therefore a man to be cursed by all of us, while some of his volumes are always to be revered. Let us keep his poems—those that are fine and high—by the bedside, and let us stop writing about the man. The less said of his life the better. Perhaps the more said of his best poems the better.

It is an interesting question—this one of the genius and the commonplace—for after all the difference between Shakespeare and the inmates of Bloomingdale is far less than the difference between either of them and the millions of real people who go on doing their best and living decent lives day by day.

Oh, for a man to tell us, through whatever medium, of these splendid, decent millions all around us at this moment!

JOSEPH HAMBLÉN SEARS.

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO WASHINGTON*

WHEN an anonymous Englishman wrote a series of brilliant sketches of contemporaneous English statesmen and the book found a ready sale in the United States, it was foreordained that an American with the requisite knowledge and the same powers of penetration should find a publisher who knows his market and there would be a counterpart American volume. Hence "The Mirrors of Downing Street" is followed by "The Mirrors of Washington," a book that is now being widely read.

"We need fearless criticism of our public men," Mr. Roosevelt remarked in one of his essays, and "The Mirrors of Washington" would have delighted him. It is both fearless and critical. Mr. Roosevelt had a cynical sense of humor and a rather clear insight into the frailties of his companions. He was intimate with some of the men reflected in the Mirror, he knew their weakness and their vanity, and in the privacy of his study he would have read the book and chuckled, and sternly reprobated the irreverent author for daring to strip the great of their tinsel.

That is what this book does. It is a mirror held up to nature, a mirror with the latest scientific improvements, which not only reflects objectively, but as an X-ray attachment that goes through the outerappings and searches the souls of men, their motives and purposes; the thought that is born in their brains, the ambitions that have controlled them and

*"THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON,"—Anonymous, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the influences that have made them what they are. The book does not make pleasant reading—to some of its subjects. If Hearn was correct in his belief—"that literature is an art of emotional expression", and that the business of the writer is to produce an emotion—he does not say a pleasurable emotion—assuredly the author of "*The Mirrors of Washington*" measures up to the requirements of Hearn's test, for he must have produced more than one emotion in the bosoms of the men whom he has sketched, and an entirely different set of emotions in his readers.

A book of this character must either be as light and cloying and unsubstantial as a soufflé—a bit of froth hastily whipped up to leave a pleasant taste—or it must have the sharp tang of vinegar to stimulate a jaded palate suffering from an over indulgence of fulsome biographies, and made-to-order memoirs paid for by the grateful heirs, or lives of men who living, were commonplace, and whom not even "the shadow and the dust" could make heroic. In the art of short fiction America now takes first rank, but rarely is a good American biography produced. The reason is simple enough: it is the morbid American fear of saying aught of the dead except praise; the consequence is that so-called biographies are usually "write ups", and they display more of the ingenuity of the press agent than historical knowledge or discriminating analysis or critical study. What American would dare to write of a President or Senator, living or dead, as Lytton Strachey, for instance, wrote of Queen Victoria or Beaconsfield—without malice but with discernment, exposing their foibles, their obstinacy, and their insincerity, and yet giving us perfect pictures of two great historical characters? If that should be done in America the publisher, I am afraid, would face a libel suit and the author would be denounced as a muckraker.

It is a wholesome sign, it is for the advantage of literature and for the benefit of the future historical student that in the author of "*The Mirrors of Washington*" we have a writer who knows how to use satire and irony, whose cynicism is redeemed by a calm philosophic detachment, who has not been dazzled by the reflections from the mirror of greatness and yet is not blinded by the occasional gleams it flashes; who, writing out of a full mind with an easy and attractive style, is able to keep his balance and sense of proportion.

Bernard Baruch told a woman interviewer in a sentence that he was unable to answer her question about the treaty, because he did not know, and then talked for two hours about himself. "I am what I am because when I was nine years old I saved nine cents." With that as a text here was material for the article to delight a certain type of magazine "How I began life at nine years of age with nine cents and made nine millions before I was nineteen"; articles of that character being, in the belief of the editor, an "inspiration" to the boy who is carrying the newspaper and has made up his mind even at that tender age to own the newspaper and be elected President. Instead of "uplift" we get a sharply etched portrait

of a man who has something more to commend him than his millions, who, like all men worth anything, is a curious contradiction of the play of force—vain and yet modest, going forward with driving energy but at times diffident, consumed with an unsatisfied ambition, craving place and the power it gives, but with ideals and content to serve.

To the public—knowing only the great by name, thinking that those who sit in the seats of the mighty must necessarily be of the elect, this book will be a shock. The public has a curious habit of either over-praising or underestimating its servants; it usually takes it for granted that when a man has been a long time in public life and reached an exalted position a magical transformation has worked in him, and even if he began life as a politician he has grown into a statesman; he has cast off the temptations of the flesh and, purified by service, with unselfish zeal works only for the public good. Men seldom change. What they are in the beginning they remain to the end. Men have been known to enter public life with ideals and to retain them; but in the sordidness of politics most men forget their early aspirations; it is seldom that they are spiritually regenerated in the grime of politics.

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The Forum


NOVEMBER, 1921

THREE NATIONS AT THE CONFERENCE*

By JOSEPH HAMBLÉN SEARS

1. *The Rt. Hon. Sir Spiggott Fawcett of Steam Heaten Hall, Bath, England.*
2. *M. Hushihuki of Tokio, Japan.*
3. *Mr. J. G. Honeycomb-Jones of 92 East 65th St., New York City, U. S. A.*

I.

 *IR SPIGGOTT, smoking a pipe in the lounge of the Hall, put down the Times, snapped his glass out of his eye and leaned back in his chair. There seemed to arise and pass before his vision pictures of the British Empire, and his wandering thoughts shaped themselves somewhat as follows:*

The British Empire is the greatest group of human beings upon this earth. We have done more to civilize the world than any other nation, or any other single influence, during the last three hundred years. We have introduced and established upon a firm basis the present international banking system where there was none before. We have introduced and established modern practical democratic government by our delicate adjustment of the legislative,

*Suggested by a reading of "The British in China," by C. A. Middleton Smith, M. Sc. E. P. Dutton & Co.

executive and judicial divisions of the British constitution, and we have invented modern colonial government. We have organized and reorganized the governments of wild and half civilized races and governed their people in a manner that has not been equalled, or even approached, by any other nation. Egypt, India, South Africa, but for us would be wild spaces peopled by beings who would be a continual menace to adjoining civilizations. We have demonstrated again and again our outstanding ability to govern all kinds of people with justice, generosity and firmness. We have developed the largest colonies in the world both as to area and population.

There is no attempt anywhere to question the ability of the Empire over all other nations to conduct this civilizing work. And this is conceded because we possess the genius for just dealing in trade, finance and government.

We have more coast line than any other two countries. We must have a sufficiently strong naval force to protect this area. There is no danger of the British fleet leading to war. It never has and never will be used for such a purpose. But in view of the vulnerability of the British Isles to attack from the sea, and the immense sea coasts of our colonies and possessions, there must be no question of England's ability to control the high seas in the event of war.

The responsibilities of the Empire have been greatly increased by the European War. Our colonial possessions have been enlarged. For the first time in centuries the Empire is a debtor nation. No self-respecting Englishman will delay the preparation of some plan for paying his just debts and causing the financial center of the world to return to London, whence it should never have been allowed to depart.

Our compact with Japan was a wise move. We had to have some certainty that the best organized and most powerful nation on the coast of eastern Asia would not work against, but with us, in case of any difficulty. That difficulty came in the shape of the European War, and the value

of the treaty to us was demonstrated in many ways. Just now, when it comes time to renew this treaty, our position is not quite so untrammelled. There is trouble brewing between the United States and Japan. We want to keep close to Japan, but we must have no misunderstanding with the American nation. Furthermore, we must do all we can to prevent an open break between these two first class powers. It could do us no good, and it might work us great harm.

It would appear that our interests in the Far East, therefore, demand a working agreement with the greatest power there—Japan, and our relations with the United States demand that there should be no suggestion of a misunderstanding with the American people.

Our taxation for the navy and for other purposes must be reduced, or we shall have a revolt in the British Isles. We can cut the navy and therefore taxes if Japan and the United States will also cut; leaving the balance of power the same as it is today; that is to say, the British fleet the strongest. Our suggestion to the American government that it call a conference on disarmament has borne fruit, and this Far Eastern discussion is not so unexpected. It can only bring good to the Empire, if the Empire is represented. In any conference we can hold our own because of the variety and size of our interests and because of the power behind them. The conference relieves us for the moment from offending either the United States or Japan by our attitude on the renewal of the Japanese treaty. It will be possible to work out a solution of that question in the course of the conference, or afterwards.

China is going to develop. There will come a day when all Chinamen will speak the same language. Roads, railroads, river steamboats, newspapers will bring that about. All this will be accomplished by the increase of commerce. If, then, we can hold Japan from imperialistic ambitions, we can safely take our chance of being able to furnish most of the rolling stock, steamboats and engi-

neering, not alone because we are better able to supply all these, but because we are already located in China far more firmly than any other nation.

Thus it looks as if with the European situation what it is, with the Irish situation where it is, our most important move is to cooperate with the United States in this conference in conjunction with our colonial governments, settle the Japanese treaty matter, and learn what we can as to the trend of international sentiments in regard to the reduction of the naval forces of the world.

Whatever these may be, whatever the conference brings forth, the British government must turn them to its own advantage; and the mind and intelligence of the Briton are quite competent, by his wise opportunism, to secure to himself at least his share.

At the moment it looks as if an alliance of the English speaking nations, whether written or unwritten, was likely to produce more for us than any other combination on the international chess-board.

II.

M. Hushihuki, squatting by the tea tray, gazed through the open casement at the blossoms in his little garden. In his mind's eye he could see the hills and valleys of his native land, and the picture suggested to him something of the following:

My country in the last thirty years has risen from what has been called a half-civilized nation to one of the five great powers of the world through the intelligence, industry and energy of its people. From a mediæval nation it has become one of the most modern and efficient. There is no instance of a similar change and development in a like period throughout the history of the world. We introduced methods into our war with Russia that reduced our death rate from causes other than wounds below that of any country in any war. All the world has since copied

us. We have changed our form of government from one that was obsolete, to one that is the most modern and up-to-date, without shedding a drop of blood—a step never before accomplished by any other country. We have sent our young men out into all parts of the world and through them have discovered and adopted the good points they found in modern government, industry, and business, and we have discarded such matters as seemed to be of little value.

In doing all this we have developed a natural leadership on the eastern coast of Asia. We have a manifest destiny in this part of the world. Our population has outgrown the dimensions of the Empire. We must spread as we grow. Our trade has developed over the whole of the Pacific. We have the geographical position, and natural abilities and the right in the light of history to undertake the commercial development of China, Eastern Siberia and the Pacific Islands. We know these people; we understand their strong and weak points; we are the natural agency to promote their civilization.

Forced to spread because of growing population, we must find new territory for our people, for our commercial enterprise, for our wealth and for our industry. The growth of the Japanese in the twentieth century is like the growth of the British Empire in the nineteenth. The British started before us and secured India, South Africa, Australia and America; and now they are looking to the Far East to gain more possessions like Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements. But the days of the British Empire are numbered. Already Ireland is breaking away from her. Already the colonies are insisting upon more and more economy. The children have grown up; and either the parent must resign the helm, or the grown children will take it. Already we hear talk of a premier of the Empire selected from the colonies.

In our part of the world the similar influences of Japan are beginning to do what Great Britain has done elsewhere

—and from which she has benefited as we must profit. This is the manifest destiny of Japan—not the exploitation of China, Manchuria, Korea, Shantung, and the Pacific Islands for our selfish purposes; but to develop them, open them up to the trade of the world, just as England has done in Australia, North America, and South Africa. China cannot do this for herself. She must have the stimulus and guidance of other more energetic and organized people like ourselves. The English people did this well in their time. They made but one great mistake when, through the shortsightedness of the government of George III, they allowed the American colonies to get away from them. We must commit no such grievous error in China, or anywhere else on the Pacific.

It is the function, the evident right in the light of history, the natural thing for Japan to develop the Far East in a similar manner. These people are at our door. They cannot develop themselves. Nothing can, nor must, prevent us in this work which we have to do.

In these peace conferences we are always cheated in the end out of our just compensations—the fair returns from our efficient policies. England cheated us out of our earned rights in the Chinese War. The United States cheated us in the Russian War. In the conference at the making of the Peace of Versailles we were cheated by all the powers, and only secured Shantung and Yap. Now comes the demand for us to give up even these. Yet after all, we won some right to compensation for what we did and we secured a small return compared to that of the other nations.

Our energetic countrymen are pushing forward to gain the rewards of their brains and their toil, and yet the United States calls us a yellow and inferior race, and will not permit us to enter that country and own land there. The United States has grasped the Panama Canal, has grasped the Philippine Islands, by no other right than the right of conquest, and she holds them. The Canal should be open

to us in war and peace. The Philippine Islands are a part of our manifest destiny.

We made a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with England. The world looked on with suspicion at Japan and England uniting; and yet in the end it turned out to be a wise arrangement for both of us and for the world at large. Now the British are afraid of offending the United States if they renew this treaty, because they owe the Americans money, and because the United States has shown in the World War its immense power in the international affairs of the twentieth century. The government of Lloyd George, following the dictates of the changing times as a vane follows the dictates of the changing winds, hesitates to renew the treaty because of the views of the American government and suggests that if the latter will join it, they will together be able to arrange the new treaty with us along lines more agreeable to the Americans or to do away with it altogether. Thereupon there comes a call from the United States for a conference between Japan, Great Britain, France, Italy, and China over the questions of disarmament and Far Eastern affairs.

Why China? Are we again for the fourth time in recent years to go into conference and come out stripped of the just returns for our contributions to the welfare of the world? Great Britain has the German Colonies. France has Alsace and Lorraine. Italy has the Trentino. Why should Japan be cheated again, and this time lose Shantung and Yap?

I know what will happen if we go into this conference. England and the United States will control the situation, and will say to us: "Friend Japan, we must all concede something for the general good. We all want to reduce armaments but Great Britain cannot reduce unless the United States does so. The United States cannot reduce unless there is some guarantee of peace in the Pacific. You are the disturbing influence in the Pacific. Do you want to upset our plan to reduce the intolerable taxes we are all

staggering under? The United States says she cannot feel easy until Yap is open to us all, until you have returned Shantung to China, until it is settled that you are willing that your people be excluded from her soil, until she has assurances that you have not got your eye on the Philippines. Thus, you see, nothing can be done until you agree to all this, and agree, also, to stay where you are and not spread out. And here are the French and Italians saying that if you do not agree to all this, we four—especially the Anglo-Saxons—will feel very badly, and will have to work out some plan by which we can be sure that you cannot endanger the peace of the world.”

Imagine our desiring to disturb the peace of the world! Why should we? All we want is to grow naturally, just as all these other nations have grown. War is the last thing Japan wants.

“Let us be practical, Friend Japan,” continues the conference of Anglo-Saxons. “There is no sentiment in business; and this is business. You stop growing. You allow China to be perfectly free to the rest of the world. You stop fortifying anything, give up Yap and Shantung, and go on working hard at your own business in your islands. Then we can all cut down our armaments and save you, as well as ourselves, money.”

I sit here in Tokio drinking my tea and think thus, and I say to myself: “O, Great Empire of my Ancestors! You were in existence before France, Italy, the British Empire, or the United States were thought of. No one upon this earth must be allowed to stop your world development, your great and manifest destiny! You are so far their superior in many of the qualities that go to make a great people that there must never more be any line drawn between the so-called yellow and white races. You have shown such an infinitely greater ability to develop along military, commercial, and educational lines than have these other nations, that you must not put your head in the Anglo-Saxon conference noose and allow them to talk you out

of your just deserts. Go in and talk about cutting down navies. That is easily agreed to, and as easily avoided. But before you meet to talk of these so-called Far Eastern questions, let it be clearly understood that Japan has her future course mapped out for her, not by any plan of statesmen, but by the inexorable long-ago-determined course of events—the survival of the fittest. Let it be clearly understood that if there is to be an open door in China for all the members of this conference, then there must be an open door in America and Europe for all the members of this conference. You have burned your fingers three times. If you now burn them a fourth time it will be nobody's fault but your own."

And yet suppose the other nations should set us aside and leave us out!

III.

Mr. Honeycomb-Jones, having finished his dinner of bread and milk, lit a nine-inch cigar and blew a cloud of smoke towards the imported thirteenth century ceiling of his library. There recurred to him the threads of a conversation in his office that afternoon; and, sitting there surrounded by the tobacco fumes he ruminated somewhat as follows:

The longer I live the more convinced I become that trade is the main educator of mankind. The only difference between the European and the Zulu is that one trades with other nations and gathers new ideas, views and knowledge. The other trades only with his own kind, and remains the same through generations.

Trade—the intercourse between nations and individuals—is the great civilizer. And trade is the outstanding feature of the present day and the immediate future. The extraordinary growth of the United States in the period of its short life is explained by that instinct to trade which it seems to instil into natives and immigrants alike. The

Japanese until recently have known nothing of it. So little opportunity have we had to gather new ideas, views, knowledge of, or from, each other that we do not understand them, nor they us. The result is that at present and for some time past, our relations have been strained. The Japanese demand that they shall be allowed to come into the United States, and live, and own property. The power to withhold or grant this demand has been throughout the history of nations a right reserved to each country to decide for itself as it seemed best. We have decided that the Japanese shall not have this right, because they do not become citizens, because they do not amalgamate with our people, and because, instead of adding to the wealth of our country as others do, they take a part of our existing wealth away.

Yet the Japanese have developed in thirty years with remarkable speed. They would understand us better, and we them, if we had had commercial dealings for a century on a large scale, instead of for a quarter of a century on a small scale. They have an outlook, a point of view different from ours, just as the British, French and other Europeans have; but we have not yet learned to understand their point of view and adapt ourselves to it as we have in the case of the others. Doubtless in time, after a period of intercourse, with all that that entails, we—and they—will learn to understand. Until that time comes relations with them are likely to be strained to the breaking point at any moment; and should that breaking point arrive it will be because of the inability of each of us to see and understand the attitude of the other, solely from a lack of sufficient trade relations.

Trade in its procedure involves constant contest, frequent intercourse, travel of one party to the home and office of the other, exchange of views, argument, dicker, the furnishing to the one what the other alone possesses—out of all of which comes mutual benefit. Otherwise there is no trade. There cannot therefore be too much contact just now with the Japanese on our part. If we could have a

continuous conference, it would be well for both of us in the end. If we can have a temporary conference, it will do some good and lead to others. If we do not meet, misunderstandings are sure to increase. It is with nations as with individuals. A slight misunderstanding makes each shy of the other. Time widens the breach. Many otherwise unimportant episodes, sayings, actions, assume under the circumstances large significance. Shortly the two do not speak, and a feud arises which sometimes extends to the children and grandchildren; or in the case of nations, to hostile sentiment that a small spark will cause to break out into war; and wars are by no means over. Only those are necessary, however, that are caused by the existence of a problem only solvable by force. A war with Japan would seem to me to be very unfortunate. It would do us little good and might do us a great deal of harm. Whatever the result, however, it would check trade and therefore civilization.

It looks, then, as if a meeting of ourselves and the Japanese with the English, French and Italians would be wise. Conferences do not as a rule result in war. Nobody likes to end an armistice and go back fighting. Possibly little will be settled, but a great deal of newspaper space will be occupied, as it is already, in airing divergent views; and publicity—advertising—which is a part of trade, has been proved to be good in the main.

To discuss disarmament can do no particular harm. Little is likely to come of it, since as long as Admiral Mahan's books are read it will remain true that sea power is the life of trade and therefore of civilization. England cannot very well reduce armaments relatively. We must probably strengthen our power on the high seas. When you come down to details what will happen? Shall we say, as is now proposed, that if the British Empire represents one hundred per cent in naval strength the United States may also go to one hundred per cent, and Japan be held at seventy-five per cent? What particular reason can be given Japan to persuade her to this? Why should England al-

low us to equal her? What right under international codes has any of us to suggest what the others shall do, and who is going to see that the accepted plan is carried out?

In diplomacy the end justifies the means. In trade no such thing is possible, since as soon as it exists trade stops. And trade is getting to be stronger than diplomacy in deciding the affairs of the world. No diplomat, nor yet his sovereign, will stand long against the unanimous verdict of the journalists, because the latter express on the whole the opinion of the people who permit these rulers to remain in power. I do not see much, therefore, to come from the disarmament discussion except the airing of public opinion; but I do see a better acquaintance and understanding, and a better knowledge of the ideals and desires of the people concerned.

Many things remain to be settled. The Pacific is coming into the limelight, and there are clouds on the eastern horizon for us and for both England and France that may increase, if we do not dissipate them by conversations. This country's situation at the moment, as a result of the war, is a difficult one. We are the international banker, and a good sound business policy suggested by us would be accepted by Europe and the Far East. Yet such good sound business policies are not always readily discernible. The basis for a suggestion will be found, however, in the axiom: "Let everyone trade where he will, as he will, only restricted in so far as each nation asserts its right to protect itself." There can be no international free trade; but there can be an immense increase in trade treaties.

Our look forward seems to be to protect what we have and to avoid acquiring much more—all in the interests of a hitherto unimagined increase in our trade with anybody and everybody. There is no limit to this increase. Two parties get together and produce something which neither could produce alone. That is what increases wealth. That is trade. That is civilization, progress, science, education.

The Japanese seem nervous about the conference. They are not used to such things; but if they are to play a part

in the world's history from now on, they must take part in them. I go into half a dozen business conferences a day. If I am not able to hold my own, I come out badly in the trade. If Japan cannot hold her own, she will be in the same predicament. But this world is getting too small since the arrival of the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone, and the flying machine for anyone to play a lone hand in the international game.

We have certain interests to watch in the Pacific such as the Philippines, Hawaii, and the other islands, China, and the rights of nations on the high seas. So have Japan, the British Empire, France—China herself. Let us sit around the table and discuss these things—and trade. And consider China. If China could learn to trade internationally, what an immense development for her four hundred millions! What an extraordinary benefit to those who shall trade with her! Japan cannot do it alone for want of experience and financial power. England can do it best. We can do a great deal. And the two English-speaking nations together could change the face of the Far East and the life and happiness of the Far Easterners beyond all expectation—besides enormously benefiting themselves.

Then, too, there are signs that at least a strong group of Japanese have leanings towards imperialism. Are they going the way of a certain central European nation that has recently suffered a change? Such a course followed out to its conclusion would lead to war. They could not win in the end but they could cause incalculable misery and set back the clock of the world again.

Honeycomb-Jones pushed his fingers through his hair and lit another cigar, adding almost aloud as he did so:

"If only the American, British, and French governments would invite half a dozen Rothschilds and Morgans to meet in New York and work out an international plan to finance international trade! That would be an agenda well worth while!"

GREAT PLAYS OF ITALY

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AT all times, from the glorious days of Aeschylus, there have been men who moaned about the "dying drama." In many tongues, in many scattered lands and towns, those pessimists have talked and found an audience.

There never was a time, though, when such croakings were more justified than now. The war has not helped art in any form. It has set back some arts and checked the growth of others. The drama has been harmed much more than music, if less, maybe, than poetry and painting. The emotions of the recent world-wide tragedy have almost killed the theatre. With the exception of a very few real dramatists, like St. John Ervine and Eugene O'Neill, to find great writers for the stage, one must now look, not to America or England, but to the Continent—the European Continent.

The Germans can still point to Gerhart Hauptmann, though he has given us nothing lately half as potent as his gripping "Weavers" or half as lovely as his "Sunken Bell" and "Hannele." Beside the least impressive of his works, the freaks of Shaw and Barrie seem grotesquely futile. And now and then we get some play from Hungary, not made, like most of ours, for money only. But just at present we might turn our eyes to Italy, when we are searching for examples of great drama; and chiefly to a young and gifted writer, whose best achievement at least seems to hint at genius.

His name—Nino Berrini—is as yet not known to many of our playgoers. Nor have our critics so far told us much, if anything about his finest work. It took our managers ten years to see the dramatic value of the play we call

"The Jest," and it may take them quite as long to give Berrini's strongest work a respectable hearing. When they discover it, its author may have lost his early power and inspiration. For as we know, some Latin authors soon wear out. They shoot one mighty bolt, or two, and that ends them.

What this Berrini may accomplish none can say. He may have touched the very limits of his force in his most famous play. But, even so, he will have left his mark on the Italian stage, both as a dramatist of the first rank, and as a poet. He is still young enough to turn out more great plays; and with the latest and best of various dramas which his country owes him, he has amassed what in his country is a fortune. His "*Il Buffardo*" (or "*The Jester*") is now popular in the Italian cities as it may some day be in France and other lands, less squeamish and more literal in their views about the stage than ours has been. In book form it has proved quite as successful as on the Italian boards—a test few plays not of the highest kind, of course, could stand.

The title of the drama was ill-chosen. It is a pity that Berrini should have picked out "*Il Buffardo*" for his purpose. The name recalls "*The Jest*" of Sem Benelli—known to Italians as "*La Cena delle Beffe*." The work is of the same general class and rank as Sem Benelli's masterpiece. But the resemblance between the two most admirable of Italian modern dramas is not so close as one might fancy from their titles. Berrini's plot and also his chief characters are quite his own. They are as strongly made, as personal and true to the strange life of a stern age—the thirteenth century—as Sem Benelli's are to that of "*The Magnificent*," Lorenzo dei Medici. The period revived in "*Il Buffardo*" is identified with Dante; the hero Cecco really was a youthful poet who had talked with the creator of "*The Inferno*." One might, indeed, infer from certain passages in the drama that he had friends to whom his verse had the allure of Dante's cantos. The background of the

grim and stirring plot is Florence, the City of the Lilies, tinged with poetry and stained with blood. In the Florence of which our Berrini writes, all things might happen—the noblest deeds and the most awful crimes. There were no bounds to the amazing possibilities to chain the dramatist. He could not, if he would, have overstepped common facts of daily life. It was an age of radiant dreams and mystic visions. But it was also one of terrible brutality.

The poet who harks back to such a period is hampered by no petty modern fetters. We must remember this in judging "*Il Buffardo*," or we may fail to understand its wide appeal. The Italians do not baulk at things which shock the rigid Anglo-Saxon mind. They accept the bloodshed and the most dreadful facts of life, when they are molded in the shape of a great play.

The plot is based upon the tragical relationships between Cecco Angiolieri, a wild, wilful poet; his mother, Lisa—for whose love he hungers; the hatred of that mother for her son who is the unlonged-for offspring of her old and grasping husband; her devotion to an illegitimate daughter, Fioretta, of whom the father is her husband's treacherous steward—Mino Zeppa. So in essentials, as we see, there is a gulf between the story of "*Il Buffardo*" and that related with such skill by Sem Benelli in "*La Cena delle Beffe*." And in the treatment of his play Berrini has, I believe, excelled his rival by the beauty of his workmanship. His verse (which could, by the right man, be put into equivalent and fine Shakespearean lines) is clear and virile, it rarely fails in its direct, poetic charm. It has at times, a thrilling force for its own sake. But it is free from the deliberate affectations of d'Annunzio's verse. It is the expression pure and simple, of the characters with which the author deals, and therefore it is thoroughly, and as a rule convincingly, dramatic.

Here is one passage, in which Cecco tells us of himself:

S'io fossi foco, arderei lo mondo;
 S'io fossi vento lo tempesterei;
 S'io fossi, acqua io l'allagherai;
 S'io fossi Dio lo manderei'n profondo.
 S'io fossi Papa, allor, sare' giocondo
 Che tutti i Cristian' tribolerei;
 S'io fossi imperator, sai che farei?
 A tutti mozarei lo capo a tondo.

A fair equivalent for this, without rhymes, might read as follows:

If I were flame, I would destroy the world;
 Were I the wind, I'd fill the world with storm;
 Were I the waters, I would flood the world;
 Were I a God, I'd send it straight to Hell.
 If I were Pope, my great delight would be
 To plague and trouble all good Christian souls;
 Were I an Emperor, what would I do?
 I'd see that everyone should lose his head.

But Cecco, who is a distressing ironist, is talking then to his most hated foe. That foe is Mino, whom he suspects of being his mother's paramour and also a rogue, seeking to supplant him in his father's graces and plotting his expulsion from his father's home. He grows more serious when, at the end of his diatribe, he tells Mino what he might do—if he were Cecco.

S'io fossi Cecco, com'io sono e fui,
 Torrei le donne giovane e leggiadre—
 Le brutte e vecchie lasserei altrui.

Which rendered into English, would mean this:

Were I plain Cecco, as I was and am,
 I'd have my way with young and charming ladies—
 The old and ugly dames I'd leave to others.

There is something of Don Juan, then, in Cecco, though he is rather apt to swank and prank at times. His life has been so full of bitter pain that he has come to be a kind of madcap outlaw. He roams the town with a few kindred blades, mocks at his father, and defies his mother. But in his attitude toward that mother, there is something—a great deal—of Hamlet, when he rebukes the faithless Queen and tortures her. He must be cruel, only to be kind. And he is anguished by her unrelenting hatred. Why does his mother Lisa hate him so? There comes a point—in one of the most powerful episodes in the play—at which he questions her, and implores an answer. And then she tells

him, in unbridled words, that she had hated him because he was the child of an old husband, whom she loathed, and who had married her by force, when she was young. He wrings from her the confession of her love for Mino, the father of Fioretta, whom she worships.

To avenge himself on Lisa's paramour, Cecco has spirited away his own half-sister. No harm has come to her. But she has vanished and Lisa shudders at what may result. She implores her son to give her back Fioretta, her flower of purity, her dear, her joy—and Cecco pities her, despite her hate. He does restore Fioretta to her arms. But not until he has denounced his life-long enemy to old Angioleri, who in the last act murders Mino, not only to chastise that rascal for dishonoring him, but incidentally as well because his steward has for years been cheating him. The double motive is supremely human, and true as truth to Florentine psychology, as it once was and as it is today.

There is a danger point in "Il Buffardo." The abduction episode is hard to stomach. Not to Italians, but to Anglo-Saxons. As it now stands, it is a handicap, as Shelley's theme was when he wrote his "Cenci." The suggestion of the relationship between Cecco and Fioretta would terrify the most callous Broadway playgoer. If "Il Buffardo" is performed here, some changes in the plot will be required. And it may puzzle the most excellent adapter to get around this stumbling-block. Yet, even though it should not reach our stage, Berrini's work should be on all our book shelves. It has tremendous power and interest as a drama, and which counts most, it is intensely human. It is a bold and grim expression of one of the most picturesque and tragic times in history. While as to form it is impeccable, Berrini's verse is, I repeat, much more effective, because more sincere than that of Sem Benelli or d'Annunzio. The construction of the play, again, is masterful. From the exposition to the dark catastrophe it has no flaw. And through the ironies and mockeries of "The Jester" in the case, young Cecco, there runs a strain of genuine tenderness and pity.

Each character is drawn with a firm hand. The central figure in the play is not malevolent, although he seems a cynic. His ribaldries, his sneers, are the result of undeserved and honest grief. Berrini's Cecco has a beating heart besides a brain that can devise and scheme. His actions are not prompted by stark vengeance, like the "jest" of Giannetto in "*La Cena*." In Lisa, Mino, Messer Angiolieri, Berrini has evoked a tragic age. But his Fioretta has a radiant quality. She is ingenuous, even when she seems most frail. Above all, she and all the other characters in "*Il Buffardo*" are sheerly Florentine. One need not have been born in Dante's day to feel and understand that they are of that period.

John Barrymore is not our only actor who might be suited to the leading part of Cecco. I can imagine it as well within the grasp of say, Gilda Varesi. It is too delicate although so strongly drawn, to be done justice to by our new Yiddish actors. Perhaps the character demands a Latin artist—Gilda Varesi—yes, she might be the right person.

The role is worthy of a Sarah Bernhardt. If Sarah had been born in young Berrini's time, she would have loved to make of it a splendid counterpart to her Lorenzaccio. Some may remember what she did with de Musset's hero, who might claim kinship with, not only Cecco, but also with Benelli's Giannetto. The Neri of "*The Jest*" is just as close to de Musset's brutal tyrant, Alessandro. Perhaps de Musset, like the Italian author, found inspiration in the same old chronicle of Florence. That is the only explanation I can see for the strange likenesses between the chief characters in "*La Cena*," and those in the de Musset masterpiece. I speak with something more than casual knowledge on this subject as I once made an English drama out of "*Lorenzaccio*" and the "*Lorenzino*" of the Elder Dumas, for Henry Irving. Though our bright critics have ignored the point, it is impossible to those familiar with both plays not to be struck by the analogies of which I speak.

Sem Benelli, by the bye, has turned out nothing in the past few years that could be mentioned in the same breath with his "Cena" or "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Can he have lost his early fire and inspiration? Or is he planning some new work that will be worthy of those two superb achievements? His latest play, a very weak and sickly effort, is named "Ali" ("Wings"). It is a study of a sentimental idealist, who though he has married and had one child by his wife, preaches purity in the monastic sense. He has attracted a large number of disciples who take him seriously as a new-fangled saint. The fact that he has broken his own rule, does not prevent him from still posturing as a teacher. At last his double dealing spells his ruin. A "vamp" who has beguiled him from his virtue, and who to him now seems a danger to his soul, rebels against his merciless austerity and, in a not unnatural fit of indignation, shoots him down. But even on the brink of death he postures. He has been posturing from the first. He cannot help it.

How the same mind can have conceived "La Cena," and afterwards this drab and mawkish "Ali," will always be to me, an Italian mystery. The play, which is in four acts, and in prose, is so obscure in thought and labored in style, that it is scarcely bearable. It is preposterous from the standpoint of the stage, incredible as an adventure in psychology. The first act is unwholesome—more than morbid—the invention of a brain that seems diseased. The "hero," Luca, has been mourning his dead wife. Her parents, who live far away, are hurrying as they fancy to her grave. But (as he tells a sympathetic friend, a doctor) the husband, out of pity for their sorrow, has spent three days or more in hiding her decease and pumping fluids into her unconscious body. In short, to give her parents time to look upon the face of their dead child, he has—well, to be plain he has embalmed her. When he explains things, both the father and the mother are filled with horror at what they regard as a sacrilege. The father rushes off in consternation. The

mother lingers by her daughter's bedside. But, as she leaves the future "saint" soon after, she wrings from him a pledge that he will live on till he dies as an ascetic.

And that is Sem Benelli's exposition.

The rest is the deduction from the opening scenes. No wonder the play drivels into nonsense. In a long preface, Sem Benelli tries, though vainly, to defend his drama. The more he argues, the more futile he becomes. Why he or any man should write such plays, and why a publisher should put them between covers, no Anglo-Saxon mind can understand. If "Ali" represents the highest work its author can produce after his beautiful "L'Amore Dei Tre Re" and his much greater "Cena," we may assume that his career is nearly done. But we will hope that when he wrought out his mad "Ali," he was affected by a passing post-war mood. It would be pitiful indeed if all the promise of his youth should end in bathos. It would be well for him, perhaps, to take a rest, to lay aside his pen for a few months or for a year or two; then with a mind refreshed, and sane once more, he may delight us with some new and wondrous drama.


DESPAIR

By HELENE MULLINS

Here lie the ashes
Of my burn't dreams,
And desires.
Hold! be careful how you stir,
Lest from their inanimate whiteness,
A red spark leap forth.

A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ZIONISM

By W. H. WORRELL

 HE recent attack on Zionism by Mr. Henry Morgenthau and the reply thereto by Mr. Samuel Untermyer, represent, or nearly so, two typical positions in the Zionist controversy; and there are, of course, many others. Both are Americans of Jewish extraction and Reform-Jewish religious affiliations. The former represents the opposition to Zionism which goes with denial of Jewish community interests of a cultural or national sort. The latter recognizes these interests, and allies himself with the work of the official organization entrusted with the realization of Jewish cultural and national aspirations in Palestine. Both attack and defense are complete and typical. And yet both are simplifications of something infinitely more complicated. Both are pleadings in defense of positions, constructions in support of attitudes of mind and heart. Perhaps they had to be so in order to be understood and to take effect. For both writers a very real conflict is going on, in the results of which both are involved as no Gentile bystander could be. But if I, a Gentile, were privileged to speak, I should prefer to avoid being involved in that debate, and begin anew on my own account—it matters little where.

What is Zionism? It is many different things in the minds of different friends and foes; for it is a vast affair with many aspects, beyond the power of any man to comprehend. Moreover it is, like similar movements among men, constantly changing its shape as we watch it; so that we are neither sure of what it will become, nor even of just what it is at present. So many forces, within and with-

out, are acting upon it that probably no statement with regard to it would pass unchallenged. But one may say what Zionism seems to be, and whither it seems to be tending, to the one observer.

Zionism is not a Yiddish movement, or at least does not wish to be. The Judæo-German of the Polish and Russian Jews is not permitted to appear in Palestine, in the press or on the boards. Many Zionists there refuse to answer when addressed in that curious un-Hebraic idiom of the unhappy Slavic Diaspora. And yet, through weakness of will, or a positively different ideal, both the Yiddish speech and the Yiddish view sometimes threaten.

Zionism is not a Hebraic movement, although it would wish to be. How again should the temple with its cult be restored, or a Solomon reign in oriental splendor? Even the ancient type of Old Testament Hebrew is not possible of restoration. Instead of it the New Hebrew of later times, with its Aramaic and Graeco-Roman, is made the standard by those most influential. This is not to say that the Prophets and other mighty men of pre-Exilic days are not energizing ideals. But, if we may make the comparison, it is rather the Hellenistic age that is the ideal of the reconstruction. Just as the best of Hebrew cultural strain fused, so they say, with the best of Græco-Roman; so now the new Zionist community shall combine its Jewish heritage with what it may well borrow from the modern nations of the earth.

Zionism is thus a Jewish movement. But here again one must speak as an individual observer. As interpreted often to the British and American public, it is to be the establishment of a Jewish homeland in the Holy Land under the protection of Great Britain, the mandatory instrument of the League of Nations, without prejudicing the civil or religious rights of non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country. It is to be friendly to Great Britain, the Power in the Land, reasonable in its conception, conciliatory in spirit,

practical in its methods, uncontaminated by other and non-Jewish movements that are agitating the world. It goes without saying that there were and are as queer people among Jews as there are among Christians—the reader may here insert his personal illustration with less offense than the writer—and that they have wanted queer and impossible things, or wanted things too soon. They have been sometimes unreasonable and unconciliatory, and unpractical; and they have taken upon themselves at times the troubles of others unrelated in any way to Jewish problems and destiny. Yet all this does not obscure the ideal of giving a positive content to the age-long negative Jewish separateness, which said chiefly: We are *not* as the nations. For Jewish separateness did not exist for its negation. It held on in the hope of a day of realization of positive values. It is of no profit for anyone to lament the Great Misunderstanding. It is for the world to solve the Jewish problem either by realization or annihilation. If what the Jews are, or can become, is not placed before what the Jews are not, then there had better be no Jews as such. And to that many Jews themselves would say Amen! The obvious Christian solution to the problem, however fondly cherished, is for the present as remote from success as ever; nor would it be a complete solution now. The more violent form of annihilation, still practiced while it is condemned, has in no small measure made the Jewish problem. Zionism is to establish a background that shall hearten Jewry as the British Isles hearten those who say:

“Home of my fathers, home of my brethren still, and of my mother tongue, sacred in song and story!”

That there are others who need no such heartening, to some of whom no doubt the memory of their Jewish heritage is disheartening, relieves in no wise those who do.

Medio tutissimus ibis is true only in a moral sense. It is safest to take the middle road only because, after all, it is safest to take the right and true road. Otherwise the middle way is notoriously dangerous, swept as it is by the

fire of both hostile fronts. No doubt Moses himself appeared to his sweating Hebrew brethren a silk-stockinged miserable assimilationist; while to hundred-percenter Egyptian nationalists he was an alien labor agitator. And when in a moment of anger he forgot, it was an extremist of his own people who made him repent of that act. So also in Zionism, it is difficult to find the true middle, and when you have found it to keep it in spite of all. The difficulty arises, as the reader may suspect, from the different values given the Jewish ideal by Jews of different origins. Unless there is much moderation in the glorification of things dear to particular communities, even essential Jewishness itself becomes a matter of dispute. Herein lies perhaps the greatest danger for Zionism.

Of the three great types of modern Jewry, the Oriental Jews are the fewest in number and present the least difficulty, the Slavic Jews the most numerous and problematic, and the Western Jews the most powerful and—as a Westerner would of course say—the most enlightened. But there's the rub. The Jews of the world, after centuries of separation, have come to have the ways of the nations among which they have lived, and also the qualities that are protective reactions to these ways. A British Jew may be both British and Jewish, a Russian Jew both Russian and Jewish; but in the latter case he may also be Russian-Jewish. However that may be, there is danger of elevating diasporal peculiarities to the position of a norm; and much friction can result therefrom. By reason of poverty and recent wandering the Slavic (Russian, Polish, Rumanian) Jew often finds himself a stranger and social inferior in the West. The older, assimilated, element holds itself aloof from him. It belongs to the Reform congregations, and he is orthodox. He is Zionistic and ergo it is opposed to Zionism. When there did arise a Zionist in the camp of the Reform Jews, lo! there was the Israelite to say: "Who hath made you to be princes and judges over us?" When unity and leadership were demanded, behold there came some Pied Piper

of Pinsk to lead him off with his melodies. He had Slavic and social prejudices. When the klaxon voice of the hired anonymity of Dearborne was declaring that Jewish nationalism was Bolshevist internationalism, some mediæval would demand minority political rights for American Jews. Russian and Polish Jews have seemingly no political rights to be injured by anything. Naturally they would think of securing minority political rights for Justice Brandeis, Samuel Untermyer and Henry Morgenthau! Having given Zionism a soul by their dreaming, they refused it a body. Having risen above persecution, they thirsted for spectacular defeat when they might have had prosaic victory. Having learned the value of propaganda, they refused to learn the value of bookkeeping. There was no discoverable reason for appointing to the highest liaison position in Jerusalem a gentleman limited (or self-limited) to Yiddish, Russian and Hebrew, unable or unwilling to use the English of the Empire, or the French of international courtesy, or the Arabic of the predominating and ancient population of the land; there was no reason for approaching British officials through an interpreter, unless it was to emphasize the self-consciousness of an opposing group. A great part of the world rightly or wrongly has come to feel that it is Russia's fate somehow always to be wrong; that one does not learn self-government in Moscovy, nor toleration in Poland, nor moderation in either. As long as that is the case, it is surely unfortunate to obtrude the Russian idea.

Making, or appearing to make, Jewishness Russian, is what most seriously alarms both Oriental and Occidental Jews, to say nothing of the Arabs. In a recent number of a Jewish periodical is printed a despatch from the Jewish Telegraph Agency in Jerusalem. It says that the Jewish organization of urban and rural settlers in Palestine has submitted a memorandum to the Zionist Congress in Carlsbad, deploring the break in the ranks of American Zionists. The text following contains evidence that the writers of the memorandum quite agree with the American Zionist leaders

in the position which they took when Professor Weizmann came over last spring; a position which resulted in their resigning office with their following, and forming a new organization. In the same periodical is a despatch from Carlsbad stating that the head of the Zionist Commission (the liaison official mentioned above) is encountering opposition, chiefly because the Commission "had been captured by the 'lefts,' that it had destroyed private initiative, and that it was responsible for the lack of progress in the reconstruction of the country;" but also because "Sir Herbert Samuel," the British High Commissioner, "would much prefer to have another man to deal with in Palestine." A pamphlet entitled "Summary of the Position of the Zionist Organization of America in Conference with Dr. Weizmann and Associates," explains this situation:

PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES

The Zionist Organization of America stands for

1. Concentration of the Zionist Organization's activities on Palestine as against diffusion on "Gegenwartsarbeit" and Diaspora Nationalism.
2. The Zionist Organization as the Jewish Agency versus the proposal, made repeatedly since 1919, to substitute for the Zionist Organization, a coalition composed of representatives of Zionist and non-Zionist organizations or of those elected by a general Jewish congress.
3. Commonwealth versus Cultural Center. Primary emphasis on, and direction of activities to the economic upbuilding of Palestine, as against primary emphasis upon general cultural activities. A living culture-creating and culture-radiating Israel cannot arise and endure without permanent economic foundations.
4. Separation of funds for economic development in Palestine from those destined for communal purposes, as opposed to commingling of all funds and consequent disregard of responsibilities created and trusts imposed.
5. Budgetary system and efficiency in operations in Palestine as opposed to the present financial policies of the Zionist Commission.
6. A policy of federalism promoting strong responsible federations, as opposed to a centralization imposing rigid uniformity in methods and means as well as end.

By *Gegenwartsarbeit* is meant, I believe, national cultural work among Jews at large, scattered among all nations (in the "Diaspora"). It could not exist without the theory of Diaspora Nationalism, which was rejected by the American organization with the declaration that "the restoration of the Jewish people to Palestine does not imply that the Jewish people, as a whole, or any section thereof in lands other than Palestine is a political entity." To have taken any other than the American position would not only have justified the worst fears of anti-Zionist Jews, but would have violated the spirit of the Balfour Declaration which speaks of the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine without prejudicing "the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country." Diaspora Nationalism was born of East European conditions and the War. The Commonwealth as over against the Cultural Center idea, is merely American common sense, as opposed to precipitate idealism; and that again is a Russian, though a very old difference. As for the other points, separation of investment from charity funds, and the employment of a budgetary system: to a mere American—who to a Russian would seem, like the Russian to the American, to be standing on his head—they would leave no doubt as to the objectionable character of the financial policies to which they are opposed.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau's attitude toward Zionism lies at one extreme and Professor Weizmann's—which by a kind of polarity induces Mr. Morgenthau's—lies at the other. Mr. Morgenthau might and probably would, still attack a more moderate Zionism; but he would find it far less easy to do so. In two points only do the two agree: Both believe that Zionism means Diaspora Nationalism; and both are opposed to the only kind of Zionism acceptable to Great Britain, the League of Nations, the Powers which have consistently favored the movement, and the friends at large among men; both are opposed to the only kind of Zionism that has the slightest prospect of success. It is not true that "Great Britain is in Palestine because the Zionists have willed it," as one Russian has modestly said, and as Mr.

Morgenthau probably fears. The Zionism which the one attacks and the other defends is the same; and it is not the Zionism of British policy, nor of the repudiated American leaders, Justice Brandeis, Rabbi Wise, Judge Mack and Professor Frankfurter, nor, by all the signs, of the Jewish majority in Palestine. Mr. Samuel Untermyer's position as head of the American organization is difficult to understand. He is Professor Weizmann's candidate, but can he well share his views? Possibly he desires to maintain unity and effort till better days.

There is a Zionism of British policy; and the Zionists are there because Great Britain has willed it. Besides the necessity of winning the war and the sentimental considerations of individuals, Great Britain wanted and wants a state between Mesopotamia and Egypt that is not too Muslim nor too united. Some say she wishes a new base for the protection of the Suez Canal, and an alternative route to India. Zionism will give her this. But by the same token she does not desire a Palestine too Jewish—especially not too Russian-Jewish—nor too united. That is why she insists, in the teeth of Arab opposition, upon maintaining her Zionist policy. That is why she allows notoriously anti-Zionist British officials to remain in power in Palestine. That is why she is even reinstating the limpidly honest old Pan-German Lutheran missionaries in the Holy Land, though rigidly excluding them elsewhere.

JANE CARLYLE'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Arranged by REGINALD BLUNT

A packet of letters, written by Mrs. Carlyle to the daughter of her Chelsea doctor, was last year brought as a gift to Carlyle's house by that lady's daughter, Mrs. Chambers. As one of the committee of the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust, these letters were handed to me for examination, with the view of their possible publication in aid of the funds of the Trust, which absence of visitors during the war and the heavy increase of rates and expenses, have more than exhausted, leaving a bank overdraft of nearly four hundred pounds, on which the burden of interest is severe.

On collating these letters with the published volumes, I found that nine of them had been printed in the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and three of these had also been included in Mrs. Alexander Ireland's biography, but that the remaining fifteen letters and notes, the first instalment of which follows, had not, so far as I could discover, been published.

They form an interesting and characteristic episode amongst Mrs. Carlyle's many friendships—an episode of which I feel sure that many of her admirers will be glad to have a compact record.

Dr. Barnes, whose house was in the King's Road, number 182, nearly opposite to Manor Street, appears first to have attended Mrs. Carlyle in April, 1859.

Suffering from the effects of a severe chill, "sleepless, foodless, coughing, tormented somewhere in the region of

the heart, she has been as ill as I ever saw her;" (so Carlyle wrote to his brother, Dr. Carlyle). Mrs. Carlyle wrote to Mrs. Russell at Thornhill that she had at last determined to get a doctor.

"So I sent for the nearest General Practitioner (whom I knew to bow to, and had often been struck with the human practical look of); and he came and more than realized my most sanguine expectations, not only making the danger of my situation understood, so that I was delivered from petty worries and all that, but helping me up with strength, by medicines, and especially by giving me to understand that, if I did not make myself eat, I would certainly die. During the three weeks that I saw him every day and was allowed to see no one else, I indeed took quite a serious attachment to him; and he finds me the very oddest patient he ever had. He now sits with me half an hour instead of the official three minutes."

Carlyle, in a subsequent letter, speaks of the Doctor as "a rather sensible kind of a man, who comes daily and gives little or no medicine, but prescribes food (or attempts at food) and above all things absolute silence, and the steady endeavor to give a chance for rest."

Dr. Barnes had one daughter, whom Carlyle describes in a note, appended, after her death, to his wife's first letter to her as 'a very pretty, amiable, modest and clever young lady, and always a great favorite with my darling'; and Mrs. Carlyle, who had doubtless heard of her during Dr. Barnes' daily visits through her illness, wrote in May inviting her to come to tea, when she herself had ^{part} regained her health.

"All you know of me," she says in this letter, "as yet is that I seem to be in the very lowest state as to penmanship. But I assure you that I can write much more tidily than this, made with the back of the very worst pen in the created world! And if you will bring with you tomorrow evening whatever stock you may have of 'faith, hope and charity,' I have no doubt that we shall become good friends."

At the end of this June Carlyle went north to Humbie, in Fife, near Aberdour, where they had taken the upper floor of a farm house, by way of refuge from "Frederick" and the heat of London. Mrs. Carlyle followed her husband (who had gone by sea with his horse, and "clever little Charlotte," their maid) first to Haddington, then to Humbie, and thence on to Auchtertool House, her cousin's home; where she received a letter from Miss Barnes announcing her engagement to Mr. Simmonds, a barrister.

Mrs. Carlyle's reply (*Letters and Memorials*, vol. 3 p. 1.) was not exactly encouraging; but she remarks in the concluding sentence "perhaps the henbane I took in despair last night has something to do with my mood to-day."

"And you," she wrote, "are actually going to get married! You! Already! And you expect me to congratulate you! Or—'perhaps not.' I admire the judiciousness of that 'perhaps not'. Frankly my dear, I wish you all happiness in the new life that is opening to you; and you are marrying under good auspices, since your father approves of the marriage. But congratulation on such occasions seems to me a tempting of Providence. The triumphal-procession-air, which in our manners and customs is given to marriage at the outset—that singing of *Te Deum* before the battle has begun—has, ever since I could reflect, struck me as somewhat senseless and somewhat impious. If ever one is to pray—if ever one is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble—surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them; just on that occasion which it is customary to celebrate only with rejoicings and congratulations, and trousseaux and white ribbon! Good God!

"Will you think me mad if I tell you that when I read your words 'I am going to be married', I all but screamed? Positively it took away my breath, as if I saw you in the act of taking a flying leap into infinite space. You had looked to me such a happy, happy, little girl! Your father's only daughter; and he so fond of you, as he evidently was.

After you had walked out of our house together that night, and I had gone up to my own room, I sat down there in the dark and took 'a good cry.' You had reminded me so vividly of my own youth, when I, also an only daughter—an only child—had a father as fond of me, as proud of me. I wondered if you knew your own happiness. Well! knowing it or not, it has been enough for you, it would seem. Naturally, youth is so insatiable of happiness, and has such sublimely insane faith in its own power to make happy and be happy.

"But of your father? Who is to cheer his toilsome life, and make home bright for him? His companion through half a lifetime gone!

"His dear 'bit of rubbish' gone too, though in a different sense. Oh, little girl! little girl! Do you know the blank you will make to him?"

This was a chilling douche for poor Miss Barnes; but one may imagine that her father, who must already have acquired a very considerable insight into Mrs. Carlyle's temperament, and the idiosyncrasies of Cheyne Row, was by this time able to explain to his daughter much that would help her to discount the depression of "just such a letter as a raven might write if it had been taught."

The next extant letter is written from Cheyne Row, January fourteenth, 1860, accompanying a pheasant, "which is a trophy as well as a dead bird!" wrote Mrs. Carlyle. "For I brought it home with me last night from one of the most stupendous massacres of feathered innocents that ever took place 'here down' (as Mazzini expresses himself)—from seven hundred to a thousand pheasants shot in one day! The firing made me perfectly sick. Think of the bodily and mental state of the surviving birds, when the day's sport was ended! Decidedly men can be very great brutes when they like!"

A few weeks later, Mrs. Carlyle's greatly beloved little dog Nero, which had been run over by a butcher's cart in the previous October, but had partially recovered, grew worse and had finally to be put an end to. This was kindly

done by Dr. Barnes, to whom Mrs. Carlyle wrote a touching letter of sorrowful gratitude on February first, ending with a pretty message to his "little jewel of a daughter."

Enclosing a cheque for the doctor's account at the beginning of this year, Carlyle himself writes to the Doctor:

"I have very much pleasure in paying, with a great many thanks over and above. No man of the many who present themselves at this season has done us so essential a service during the past year; and none of them all could do his poor 'work' more like a workman than you did your high and important one! We wish you many good years, useful to your fellow creatures and yourself. I am, always,
Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE."

Next comes a note, undated as usual, but evidently of January, 1860.

"5, Cheyne Row.

My dear Miss Barnes,

"I haven't time to go in and see you, being on my way to Barnsbury Park, Islington, which lies, I take it, somewhere other side the moon! But I take the opportunity of having a 'neat Fly' for the expedition, to hand you in a box of Portugal Plums—come to me *by electric Telegraph* (as a Manchester shopkeeper advertised certain goods 'just received' by him from the place they were manufactured at!).

"I suppose your Father has forgotten utterly that in Chelsea there is a street called Cheyne Row, and in Cheyne Row a House No. 5, and in No. 5 a remarkably intelligent woman, extremely well-disposed towards him: although he has decidedly no respect for Canine life!

"Would you mildly remind him of the fact?

Yours sincerely,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE."

Next in the packet comes a note from Mrs. Carlyle, following a doubly missed meeting:

"5, Cheyne Row.

Friday, [Feb. 10, 1860]

My dear 'little Nun' (minus vocation)!

"What bad luck to miss both your father and you in one

day! or rather what bad management! (For I believe there is no difference between Luck and Management, but in the spelling!) Certainly I, 'as one solitary individual' (my Husband's favourite phrase) have been managing shockingly in the last ten days! throwing over everything for *locomotion*, and locomotion towards no point or object, merely for the *distraction* of the thing!

"But without Rule and Routine to keep me within bounds (like a moral strait waistcoat) I should soon be in Bedlam,—moi! So I seriously purpose, by strength of Heaven, to recommence living the regular-ticking existence of an eight-day clock, so soon as—as I *can*!

"Meanwhile recollect you are to be ready to take a drive with me at 2 on Monday next. To-day I am in hope of realizing the photograph for you in the course of my circulation thro space! And if so shall leave it with this note in passing. If it still is not finished, we will go for it together on Monday next. My best love to your Father.

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE."

The next letter of the series refers to the possible call on Miss Barnes of a discharged servant, whom Mrs. Carlyle "would rather *not* be responsible for placing in the bosom of any quiet family I am interested in, as outside of the broad moral line of the usual servant virtues, honesty, sobriety and activity, there is much to be said which would not be to her advantage."

In July, Carlyle, plagued by sleeplessness, and beginning to think that the interminable "Friedrich" would finish him, instead of his finishing it, went north for a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso.

Mrs. Carlyle remained for a while at Cheyne Row, "more sleepless and agitated than himself."

"I was on the verge of complete breakdown into serious illness," she writes to Mrs. Aitken at Dumfries, "when Mr. C. left and my Doctor took me in hands. To judge from the amount of "composing draughts" given me (twice a day), I must have been very near boiling over and blow-

ing my lid off! He [Doctor Barnes] forbade my leaving home for the present; and I shall await his permission before going anywhere. He is both a skilful and honest man; and would *not* keep me here for the sake of running up a bill—but I do feel a great longing to be on the top of a hill somewhere, to breathe more freely.”

The next letter, to the Doctor's daughter, expresses the same feeling:

“5, Cheyne Row, Saturday.

[Aug. 11, 1860.]

“Little Girl! I told you how it would be! Once put off a solemn engagement, and no mortal can tell when it will come off, or whether ‘the pigs’ won’t ‘run thro it’ altogether!

“The lady to whom, as I told you, I had promised a day next week, whichever day she liked, has *of course* selected Tuesday—*Ergo!*

“For Heaven's sake, when you fix the day for your marriage, *keep to it*, through thick and thin, or ‘the pigs’ may do something *there*, too, which will surprise you.

“On Wednesday evening I have an immensely strong-minded and strong bodied woman coming, whom I think you would hardly like to meet. To myself she is killing! But being one of that privileged class who have ‘seen better days,’ I am bound to let myself be killed by her now and then; with inward protest.

“Thursday is so far off, I can't say anything about *it*. I may be gone—into infinite space!

“I feel choking here. In spite of your father's composing mixture, I want to be away on the top of a hill! Any hill except Primrose Hill! Do come one morning, as early as ever you like. And tell me if you will dare the strong woman, or wait till Thursday? Friday? Saturday?—on the chance of my being off on the search for a hill I can breathe on.


Yours affectionately,

JANE BAILLIE WELSH CARLYLE.”

(*Mrs. Carlyle's letters will be continued in the December FORUM.*)

RUSSIA--THE SPHINX

By J. J. SEDERHOLM

HE perplexing mentality of the Russian, and especially of the Bolshevik, continues to be a topic of the greatest interest to all the world, as long as the unsettled conditions of Russia remain at the bottom of most of the difficulties which meet the foreign offices of all countries. Of course, nowhere that matter possesses such overwhelming interest as in the countries bordering Russia to the west, as for example, in Finland. The political-geographical position of that country was lately defined in a cablegram from a Finnish health resort to which the American Red Cross has sent over some hundred Russian children; that telegram said that people lived there at "the boundary which separates mankind from Soviet Russia."

This expression is typical of the opinions of most of the observers looking on things Russian from abroad. Also those Russians who have succeeded in passing the Chinese wall which separates Finland from Russia, bringing with them news about the misery reigning there, are rather unanimous in describing Soviet Russia simply by using the old-fashioned word hell, and consequently denouncing the Bolsheviks as devils. I have even myself, in the eagerness of a polemic, coined a name for the typical Bolshevik which is hardly more complimentary, by calling him *Caliban Cannibalovitch*. (As well known, the name Caliban, which Shakespeare invented, was originally a transcription of cannibal.) I still cling to that tremendous charge against the Bolshevik in so far that I think that there are certainly many types among them which are worthy of no better names. Many Bolsheviks are simply bandits of the most common type.

Not all reports from Russia, however, endorse the above views. Writers and artists of renown, like Gorky, Mr. Wells, Mr. Brailsford and Mrs. Sheridan have found many attractive features in the psychology of the leaders of Bolshevism, and if you listen to Pastor Lansbury, editor of the *Daily Herald*, whose financial transactions with the Bolsheviks were a matter of so much discussion some time ago, you may think that "mankind" is on the eastern side of the boundary separating Russia from the rest of the world.

I myself have not been in Russia since the rule of Lenin began, but I left Petrograd only a few days before the Bolshevik revolution in November, 1917, after having spent the summer in northern Mongolia and the adjacent parts of Siberia, as leader of a scientific expedition. The great Russian revolution was continually going on during that time, and I have seen enough of Bolshevism to be able to judge it from my own experience. I have witnessed the riots of Russian soldiers when they have murdered their officers, and I have seen these same soldiers parading, like happy school children, with hundreds of red flags flying. I have been present at their meetings and listened to their discussions on peace and war, on Menshevism and Bolshevism. I have twice been arrested and have spent a week in a Bolshevik prison. Thus I may claim to have had an experience similar to that of the Russian "intelligentsia" whose education during the old reactionary regime was said to comprise three parts: school, university and prison. The present Bolshevik rulers of Russia seem to have taken over that, like so many other heritages of the Czaristic regime. I have even myself once been called a Bolshevik. It was while we talked in a store at Minnousinsk, in Siberia, over that inexhaustible topic, often mentioning the word Bolshevik, derived from "*bolshe*," which means greater or bigger. A little Siberian peasant listened attentively to our words, and then a broad smile spread over his face and he said, pointing to me and my travelling companion, a gigantic Swede of the viking type: "*Vott Bolsheviki!*" (You are real Bolsheviks!)

If it is always difficult to form any definite conception of that formless, complicated and mysterious thing which is called national character, it meets still more difficulty when a westerner tries to understand the soul of Russia. Its greatest authors have pondered in vain over the riddle of the Sphinx: What does it mean, that famous "large nature" (*shiroakaya natoora*) of the Russian nation? Many Russians of these later ages have confessed that they are entirely unable to understand their own nation.

Some of the difficulties, however, vanish if we admit at the outset that the national character is a very composite thing, often changing and never consistent.

Especially all northern nations possess in their character qualities which are absolutely conflicting. Nothing is more true about these nations than the old word which was originally said about the Swedes, that they possess "a lethargic nature full of passionateness." The northerner is like a volcano covered with snow. Irregularity, excess, belongs to his nature, inasmuch as it has not been changed by the conventionalities of society.

That is especially true concerning the Russian, because he is more unsophisticated, less changed by the influence of society than anybody else. He is a child for evil and good and his temper is as liable to sudden changes as that of any other child.

Russian soldiers who killed without mercy their officers, often behaved in a very gentle fashion to the civil people of the same town. I have once met on a day of bloodshed some of their patrols who were aware that I did not carry any red ribbon in my button-hole. They remonstrated with me, but in a very friendly way, smiling and joking.

There was nothing which the revolutionary Russian soldiers during the Kerenski period liked more than parading in big processions, waving red flags with varying inscriptions. Life had suddenly become to them a great holiday, where they had nothing to do but eat and feast, always in their best uniforms, to hold meetings and carry resolutions.

The humble Russian heart feels no pride, and feels the shame in a different way from a westerner. The Russian God is not the God of the ten commandments; he is an indulgent God and the Russian is himself indulging and self-indulgent. "Over the portal of Russian life and literature," Stephen Graham says, "you might find the motto: 'Neither do I condemn thee.'" The Russian is extremely kind also to his children, and generally spoils them by over-forgiveness.

The Russian is himself an easy sinner. When confessing his sins, it does not cause him the extreme pain which the westerner feels in humiliating himself. Many Russians take pleasure in doing so, and the belief is general that the converted sinner may attain a state of holiness which is proportionate to his sins. The simple gospel which Rasputin taught in Siberia was said to be: "Brethren and sisters, let us sin, in order that we may be sanctified!"

The credulity of the Russian towards sectarian teachers and superstition is inconceivable to a western mind. There is never a gospel so impossible that it does not find adherents. He may be told that he ought to mutilate himself in order to win Heaven, and hundreds of thousands follow that repugnant gospel. If the rumor is spread that Christ, or Mary, or a saint, will appear bodily on a certain mountain, crowds will await them there for days or weeks. A popular preacher like Johannes of Cronstadt attracts thousands of listeners, and soon a story is reported everywhere that he is a second incarnation of Christ. Even men like Iliodore or Rasputin, notorious rascals, have had crowds of followers.

In the same way all political creeds like Panslavism, Nihilism or Bolshevism attract thousands of adherents and are spreading almost like contagious diseases.

Dostoyeffski was the typical Russian, believing in the Russian soul. He thought that humility, fatalism, lack of self-assertion were the most divine qualities of man. In the soul of the cultured Tolstoy the conflict between rational western and mystic eastern ideas never entirely ceased, and he left his life an unfinished story.

The present time of anarchy is not the first in Russian history. There was one such period of disorder, called "the great Smuta," at the time before the Romanoff family began its reign, and another one before the Russian empire was founded by the Swede Rurik. It was then that the Slavs sent their famous message to the Vikings: "Our country is great and rich, but we have no order; you may come and rule us."

That seems to be the beginning and the end of the Russian history. The exit of the last so-called Romanoff has given the signal to a new period of "smuta," and the causes lie, as I have endeavored to show, deeply buried in the geographical conditions of the country and in the national character.

Only one thing is certain: Russia will have to suffer indefinitely before things are settled again. Poor Russia, about which one of its religious teachers, the priest Florensky, has said:

*As a substitute for rich men it offers beggars;
As a substitute for success it offers failure.*

Always when talking about those things I hear again the plaintive refrain of the song of revolutionary Russian students, which I listened to on a White Sea steamer:

*Rossya, Rossya, Rossya mayá,
Byédnaya, górkaya, nyétstchastnayá:—
O you, my Russia,
My poor, bitterly suffering, ill-fated Russia!*

FREUD AND OUR FRAILTIES

By JAMES S. VAN TESLAAR



CHILDHOOD has been compared to the primitive state of mankind. Conversely, savage society is said to represent the childhood of the race. This much has been surmised here and there even during the pre-evolutionistic phase of science.

The recapitulation theory maintains that during the embryonic phase of his existence every individual repeats, in abbreviated form, of course, many of the important stages through which the human race has passed in its ascent from the lower and more primitive forms. Countless centuries of unfoldment are thus condensed and recapitulated during the brief course of our intra-uterine existence. Beginning as a uni-cellular organism, a protozoan in all respects, the fertilized human ovum becomes a metazoan, assumes shapes and forms resembling, one after another, various organisms from the simpler to the more complex, and at birth still resembles man's anthropoid progenitor more than the human race.

This is not the place to dwell on the various limitations and strictures that have been placed upon this ingenious theory as originally worked out by Haeckel and his enthusiastic pupils. It is true, for instance, that some phases of intra-uterine existence appear to correspond to a higher phyletic branch than the phases immediately following, as if, in repeating the course of the biologic unfoldment of the human race, the embryo rushed ahead a period or two, only to return to the omitted sections subsequently—exactly as one often does when telling an interesting story. This and other minor considerations in no way detract from the significance of the theory as a whole, any more than the

enthusiastic rushing from one crucial point to another in the telling of a story full of dramatic incidents and returning to dwell on details, makes the story untrue. In their essentials the facts are sufficient to prove that the recapitulation theory is sound.

Recapitulation has been proven as a fact in physical development. May it not hold true also of mental development? May not the mind similarly recapitulate in the course of its growth the psychic unfoldment of the human race? That our mind does that very thing has long been a theoretic deduction on the part of biological investigators, though based largely on analogy.

Freud did not set out deliberately to cover the gap between atomism and evolutionism in psychology. His ambition was limited to the direct and practical task of finding out what was wrong in the case of that large number of functional disorders which ordinary methods of therapy, including hypnosis and suggestion, fail to cure. His task was a practical one, his attitude that of a specialist in nervous diseases interested in the welfare of his patients.

When Freud found that his patients suffered with "painful reminiscences," hidden or suppressed, he set to work to discover the forces that lead to suppression. He found that the reminiscences in question were linked emotionally to promptings or notions so archaic in character as to be incompatible with the dictates of culture. Persons who suffer of functional nervous or mental ailments—that is, victims of complaints having little or no physical basis, owe their condition largely to the fact that they are burdened with "unethical" and "irrational" cravings of which they are often unaware. Mental and nervous disorders having no sufficient physical basis represent attempts of the primitive psyche to break through.

This proposition, as fundamental to a proper understanding of the forces which govern human nature as it is simple, has been worked out by Freud. He found that ordinarily we are often prompted by bits of our racial past

in the form of obscure craving, or a blind predisposition impelling us to think or do, perhaps in some round-about manner, things which consciousness would refuse openly to contemplate. Observation has shown further that manifestations of this primitive, raw, unmoral attitude, together with the "unnatural" cravings to which it gives rise, far from being exceptional, are the rule during the earlier phases of our mental existence; namely, during the pre-conscious phase of infancy and early childhood.

Incidentally Freud's discovery discloses that in the course of its development the individual mind repeats our racial history. The details of Freud's work amount to a restatement of the recapitulation theory in psychologic terms—showing the true course of the biologic history of the mind. For the first time in the history of science there has been disclosed to us the precise manner in which psychic recapitulation operates and its consequences.

The primordial cravings that persist are racial vestiges of the mind, remnants of our previous psychic stages. They are racial endowments belonging to early psychic stages of our individual development just as certain structures and organs of the embryo represent passing phases in the course of our physical development.

Some embryonic organs disappear when higher stages are reached; certain other organs and structures persist in more or less rudimentary form long after their functions have ceased. But unlike the embryonic parts which disappear after fulfilling whatever role they may play during the embryonic phase of our physical existence, unlike the rudimentary structures which are carried forward but lie dormant and useless in the adult stage, the vestiges of our previous mental states, our primordial cravings, our racial instincts, the infantile hallucinatory forms of thinking and feeling, persist in their raw and naked form alongside the more complex, subtle emotions, ideals and aspirations—that heritage of historic civilization which we acquire gradually in later life.

Our raw instincts and the infantile form of their manifestations not only persist, but so long as they are allowed to remain "uncharted" within us, they compete with consciousness for mastery over our conduct.

Man's unconscious, the bearer of the racial past, the instinctive and primordial in human nature, functions long before consciousness is awakened. Its beginnings cannot be traced. It seems to be present wherever there is life, early and late. It reaches back far beyond any stage in our individual development which can be subjected to direct investigation and it extends forward over the whole course of our individual existence. We know that during its intra-uterine existence the foetus already shows reactions which must have a psychic counterpart, be it ever so vague and undefinable in terms of consciousness. Certain it is that our mental life does not begin with consciousness; and consequently, any psychologic system that concerns itself with consciousness to the exclusion of the unconscious is neglecting the greater for the lesser part of our mental life.

Sleep is a state during which it is possible for the unconscious within us to find a certain vicarious expression, namely, by means of hallucinatory projections. Dreams are largely the expression of the unconscious, like the symptoms of nervous functional disorders, hence the wider significance of the meaning of both dreams and nervous symptoms, in the history of culture; hence too, the fundamental importance of Freud's discovery of the technique and principles for their interpretation in the light of biologic history.

For the first time since Darwin has given to the world his discoveries, an important corollary of his scientific theory of evolution—recapitulation—is thus proven by Freud to hold good of the psyche as well as of the body.

It happens that the ontogenetic account of the mind in the light of its phyletic history (as scientists designate the racial and individual phases of development, respectively) is of greatest practical significance. In no other field is the appreciation of the consequences of recapitulation so im-

portant as in psychology. Thus, it is interesting to know that the appendix, for instance, is a vestigial organ representing a phase of racial existence during which man's dietary habits were what we call today "vegetarian." It is interesting to know also that certain sets of muscles around our ears prove that at one stage in his long past, man had the ability to move his ears in various directions with the agility displayed today by animals depending for safety upon acute hearing more than man does. Such remnants are tell-tale proofs of phases of man's previous racial existence—as much as the findings exhibited in our museums of natural history. They testify as to man's past habits and ways of living. But when the appendix becomes inflamed, for the person concerned, it is no longer a matter of "museum interest" only—his life may depend upon the outcome of the trouble. And if all the embryonic vestigial organs and structures were to persist and flare up into activity a difficult and serious situation would arise.

As youth passes into manhood and womanhood respectively, it learns to abide by the more refined manifestations of the instincts which make up life. But the instincts are never abandoned. They are only refined, at best.

It will be understood, of course, that the idea of recapitulation has been conceived as a principle of mental development and has been somewhat exploited long before Freud. Various attempts, some of them more ingenious than convincing, have been made to trace correspondences between the behavior of children and the life of primitive peoples, on the supposition that children and so-called savages are psychically close to each other. We have long been familiar with such expressions as, "the childhood of the human race," or "the cradle of civilization." The propensity of children for climbing, for instance, has been described as a vestigial tendency harking back, as it were, to the arboreal habits of man's ancestors. Children's games, peculiar choices, curious likes and dislikes, and many of their imageries have been similarly related. But all such observations were conjectural and highly speculative. Proof was lacking.

It is Freud who stumbled upon the proof; and what is more, since others have brushed by close to the fact, he was the first to recognize the importance of the discovery for science. From the very first, the practical consequences of the discovery were clear to him.

The technique which Freud has evolved in connection with the analysis of symptoms and dreams for sounding, charting, and directing the whole realm of man's unconsciousness is one of the most important practical contributions of science in modern times.

The practical benefits of Freud's pioneer work have only begun to be realized. Psychology is but beginning to redeem the promise it had long held out of becoming a practical guide in the management of our every day life.

HOW SHALL I GREET YOU?

By HELEN M. FRANCIS

How shall I greet you when I come again?
Not with great words, but with memories of rain,
 Music and quiet voices,
 Fragrance of upland hayfields,
And from old time, with a rose's ruddy stain.


How shall I greet you when I come again?
Of your moods thinking and all the whims you feign:
 Curves on a carved black necklace,
 Scent of your hand, a medallion
Showing a Medici lady, wistful but vain.

How shall I greet you when I come again?
I shall remember smoke in a country lane
 Blowing in thin, blue ringlets,
 Trees that were dripping with silver,
Wind rippling through the willows and the grain.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE GRAIN GROWERS

By C. H. GUSTAFSON,

President, United States Grain Growers, Inc.

RAIN growing farmers of the United States are uniting in the greatest organized effort in the history of agriculture. Not only does the immediate prosperity of the individual farmer depend upon the success of this effort, but also the question of whether or not American agriculture is to be placed permanently upon a business-like and profitable basis is at stake.

At the outset it should be stated, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the trend of agricultural development in our country, or with the farmers' problems, that we have now arrived at a new era of agricultural development in America. First, our forefathers settled the eastern coast and mined the natural fertility of the soil. When the soil no longer produced abundant crops without attention to fertilization and rotation of crops, they moved westward to virgin soil where the process was repeated.

In the second period of our agricultural development we started with a depleted soil fertility. This, naturally, means decreased productiveness, and made necessary fertilization, modern equipment, and scientific methods of agriculture. Even with the entire family giving their whole time to the farm activities, the annual income has usually furnished only a bare living, and we have been forced to depend upon the increased value of land to furnish us with a bounty that would provide for our old age. Many farmers, rated as "wealthy land owners," are poor in pocket, and not a few have been forced to borrow against their land to provide necessary money for current upkeep and improvements.

That second stage of American agriculture is passing. The peak of farm land prices has been reached. We will never again see the phenomenal increase in land values that we experienced in the last few decades. With an actual loss on his crop, instead of profit, facing the farmer at the end of some years, the tax on increased land values is a burden to the man who is living on his land and not speculating in land values. Particularly has this been true during the past few years when the value of farm products has been out of all proportion to the values of other commodities which the farmer must purchase.

While educational facilities have been uniformly advanced in towns and cities, it was only in the more favored agricultural districts that an attempt could be made to give the farmers' children the same advantages. Country churches supported by farmers, once prosperous, have likewise suffered, and the desirable ministers, who are fitted to direct the social and religious activities of the rural communities, can not be retained. A small percentage of farmers have been able to supply the more simple modern luxuries of home life, but the great majority are unable to purchase the labor-saving devices and modern conveniences that would lighten the burden of the farm mother, or give the children the advantages of advanced education and otherwise prepare them for a more useful and contented life. The result of these factors, bearing upon the rural school, rural church, and rural home, has had an inevitable effect upon the farmer's sons and daughters, and has impressed upon him the seriousness of the situation.

These facts present a real problem for the American farmer to solve. The farmer has been turning this problem over and over in his mind for the past few years. He has been looking for a way out. The solution which the farmer has finally advanced for his own problem is that in this, the third stage of his agricultural development, he must merchandise his own products, put agriculture on a business-like basis, and insure the realization of a reasonable profit on his annual production.

It was this question which confronted the national conference of farmers' organizations which met in Chicago in July, 1920. All important farm organizations interested in grain marketing were represented. It was the decision of the five hundred farmer representatives present that a committee should be appointed to investigate grain marketing and make recommendations to a similar conference when they were ready to report.

So it was that the Farmers' Marketing Committee of Seventeen was originated—a farmers' investigating committee which included in its membership representatives of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Farmers Union, Farmers' National Grain Dealers' Association, Equity Co-operative Exchange, Farmers' Equity Union, Grange, and four representatives of the public—namely, American Agricultural Editors' Association, state agricultural colleges, United States Department of Agriculture, and state bureaus of markets.

The American farmer was honest enough to recognize a principle, too often disregarded in commercial enterprises; namely, that the agencies which distribute either the basic necessities of life or those necessary to content and happiness in our modern age, need to protect themselves against human selfishness to avoid injuring others. The public representation on the Committee of Seventeen is a most important section of the brief in the case of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., as it now comes before the bar of public opinion of America, and also of European countries who will likewise be its customers. The instance is without precedent.

Nearly seven months were spent in an exhaustive study of cooperative grain marketing by the Committee of Seventeen. It was my privilege to serve as chairman of that committee. Several of the best statisticians and investigators from the Federal Trade Commission and the United States Department of Agriculture were secured to compile exhaustive data on the grain trade, both domestic and ex-

port. The best informed men in the grain trade, those opposed to cooperation as well as those who favored it, were invited to meet with the committee.

We found that seventy-two per cent of our wheat is marketed within ninety days after harvest. Hence, we incorporated, as one of the first basic principles of our marketing plan, the fact that there must be a more orderly movement of grain to market so as to avoid market gluts that play into the hands of the speculator. It is a peculiar situation when the farmer is unable to obtain credit with which to finance an orderly movement of his crops to market, and at the same time, there is plenty of money available in the market centers to buy his crops and hold for a rise in prices. It is all the more peculiar when we learn that it is the farmers' own money, as drawn from the country banks, which furnishes this ready cash in the market centers. Farmers expect to make some changes along these lines before long.

We found that some of the greatest profits are made in mixing, re-grading, and conditioning grains; and incorporated the principle that the farmer must do these jobs himself if he is to realize more nearly the market value of his crops. While acting as food administrator during the war, Herbert Hoover said: "The United States Grain Corporation, in handling in round numbers ninety million bushels of wheat, made, without wanting to do so, five hundred thousand dollars through the working of the grades." Apply that to our average wheat crop of more than seven hundred and fifty million bushels, and the sum would have exceeded four million dollars. Consider further that all wheat, corn, and other grains are graded and docked when purchased with the profits of these processes in mind. Wheat shriveled by late drought conditions just prior to harvest, has been purchased as "chicken feed" and later sold at a premium to millers because of an excellent gluten content.

We found that false market reports of foreign crop conditions give the farmer low prices, and do not lower the

price to the consumer. When the "bears" control the market, the price is beat down by a cargo of corn from Argentine widely heralded as "heavy importations"—or a cloud in New Zealand becomes a helpful rain. But when the farmer has no grain to sell and the market is "bullish," the price to consuming channels is scooted. The New Zealand shower becomes a damaging flood. One harmless "green bug" found in wheat fields of Kansas or the Dakotas, is charged with propagating millions of his kind over night. And before the fact catches up with the excuse, the market has been forced either up or down by heavy short selling that drags the cash prices closely behind the speculative. Thus it was that the principle of an unbiased crop reporting service, on which the farmers themselves would gather and disseminate information, was included as a part of the farmers' grain marketing plan.

We found that fifty-seven times as much "grain" is sold in the pits of the Chicago Board of Trade alone, every year, as is actually marketed in the Chicago market, and that these transactions in imaginary grain effect the cash price of real grain to the detriment of producer and consumer. The commissions on the actual bushelage of three hundred and twenty-five million of all grains handled on the Chicago market last year, for instance, would give the one thousand, six hundred and seventeen members of the Chicago Board of Trade an average return of only one thousand, eight hundred dollars. Approximate commissions of around forty-nine million dollars on the eighteen billion, five hundred million bushels of "speculative" grain, however, yield an average profit of more than thirty thousand dollars to the one thousand, six hundred and seventeen members. Whether real or speculative operations, who pays the bill in the long run except the producers and consumers of grain? We included in our plan the principle that by selling direct from farmer to miller, or exporter, eliminating unnecessary speculation and manipulation, both producer and consumer would be benefited.

We found that a Canadian cooperative export company had effected savings of from three to five cents a bushel over what privately owned export companies had exacted, and included an export selling agency in our plan.

We found numberless instances of wastage in transportation and equipment—Nebraska wheat shipped to Chicago, thence to Minnesota to be milled, and then back to Nebraska as flour—wheat received in Chicago from Kansas City, and reconsigned to St. Louis.

These details with reference to grain marketing are general illustrations of the economic situation that has been developing in our complex methods of distribution. Statistics show that on an average, out of every dollar which the consumer pays for the products of the farm, the farmer gets about thirty-eight cents. The cost of distribution is nearly sixty-two cents. Against this figure we might cite the cooperative distributing costs in Denmark which are less than ten cents. We can not reduce the cost of distribution to ten cents in America. This is especially true of grain food products, but these costs can be reduced very materially. The American farmer can add to the price of his products that difference which will swing the balance on his books from the debit to the credit side.

These were the essential points considered in the inception and development of a national farmers' grain marketing organization. The plan was explained to farmers in each of the most important grain states by the Committee of Seventeen, when it had finished its work. A national meeting of farmer delegates to further consider the plan and take formal action, resulted in its unanimous adoption. Thus the United States Grain Growers, Inc., a national, farmer-owned, farmer-controlled, strictly competitive, and strictly cooperative organization, came into existence.

This briefly presents the more important features of the farmers' marketing problem and the solution suggested by representative farmers, as a preface to taking issue with another viewpoint presented in *THE FORUM* recently. Par-

ticularly, I wished to clear up any misrepresentations in regard to the origin of the United States Grain Growers, Inc.

The August issue of THE FORUM contained an article on "Problems of Grain Exchanges," by Edward Jerome Dies, in which the viewpoint of the organized private grain trade was ably presented. The writer takes no responsibility for the statements made with reference to the farmers' cooperative movement. He merely repeats oft-reiterated misrepresentations of the radical and speculative elements in the organized grain exchanges.

It is to their interest to defeat the farmers' movement because it presents a real menace to bonanza profits in the grain trade. I welcome any argument that the opposition may wish to make along economic lines, but in the main, my inclination is to disregard the flood of propaganda and misstatements of fact that the opposition is using as a first weapon.

In this connection, I only wish to point out that the implication that this farmers' grain marketing company is asking for or depending upon special or class legislation in order to solve the farmers' problems in grain marketing, is a misstatement of fact. It is true that there is a certain percentage of people who believe in seeking regulatory legislation as a panacea for all our economic ills, but they are few. The rainbow chaser who must needs be shown a grand vista of farmer-owned market channels made clear and smooth by unfair advantages given him by legislation will not be satisfied with the United States Grain Growers, Inc. While we do not seek class legislation, we farmers have reached the point where we are demanding and are going to secure—through business-like, economic, and competitive methods—equal privileges in the grain markets from which we have been barred in the past.

Officers and directors of the United States Grain Growers, Inc., have been referred to as "professional agitators" and "promoters" so frequently in the past few months that

we no longer feel offended. It is pertinent to point out, however, that our directors are truly farmers, and that many of them are producing crops on their farms this year by their own labor.

We have no quarrel with the grain exchanges as such, or with their members. We recognize the legitimate functions which they perform as a useful service, but we unreservedly condemn the practices which they permit and which we believe to be nothing short of gambling. We are not alone in these contentions. Some of the strongest and most reputable firms on the grain exchanges, who are as outspoken against unnecessary speculation and market manipulation as farmers, will have no hesitancy in endorsing my statement.

The radical element of the grain exchanges who see in the farmers' cooperative movement a real menace to the operations which allow fortunes to be built up on speculative margins of short sales to the economic disadvantage of both producer and consumer, will declare that my statement is founded on an economic fallacy. They will explain laboriously, as did a former president of the Chicago Board of Trade, before a congressional committee, how the great volume of speculative dealings in grain prevents, rather than aids, manipulation of prices.

It was a peculiar coincidence that the Chicago market should shortly afterward furnish an example, and a most conclusive one, in refutation of that argument. When the market opened on Friday morning, the twenty-first of last January, all the news had been optimistic. The import needs of wheat and rye of European countries were two hundred and eighty million bushels in excess of the total surplus of exporting countries, according to the official report of the United States Bureau of Crop Estimates. The market opened bullish, and wheat advanced to two cents a bushel over the previous day's close. It is reported that the Armour interests began selling March wheat, literally "dumping" large blocks of holdings. Within three hours, the price of

March wheat dropped more than six cents in Chicago, and thirteen cents in Minneapolis. (Please note that Minneapolis is the real cash market of our country.)

And did this little deal in "futures" have any effect on cash prices? Government market representatives make no attempt to assign causes, but the official report summarizes the effect as follows:

Not only were futures lower in all markets, *but cash prices declined more than futures.* The net changes on Saturday, the twenty-second, as compared with a week ago, were as follows: Chicago, March wheat, six and five-eighths cents lower; Minneapolis, March wheat, thirteen cents lower; Kansas City, March wheat, seven cents lower; Winnipeg, May wheat, seven and three-fourths cents lower.

It will be noted that the declines in the different markets were fairly even except in the case of *Minneapolis March wheat, which declined twice as much as Chicago, and almost twice as much as Kansas City.*

Cash prices followed the futures down, but the premium on cash wheat decreased, and the difference under the futures in the case of corn widened.

Other incidents could be quoted but limited space prevents. Contrary to the fact as illustrated above, proponents of unlimited speculation declare that the large volume of future trading acts as a cushion—preventing rapid declines or advances in price. Perhaps it is a pneumatic cushion, which might explain why it is occasionally punctured.

We have a very definite protest to make against a grain marketing machine which functions in the manner which the following brief newspaper clipping illustrates:

OMAHA CORN KING CLEANS

UP \$500,000 IN MAY WHEAT

Omaha, Nebr., June 2.—George A. Roberts, Omaha Corn King, cleaned up half a million dollars in May wheat, according to reports on the Omaha Grain Exchange. Roberts refuses to name the amounts of his winnings, but acknowledges a tidy sum. Roberts cleaned up \$3,000,000 on corn in a single year during the war. When hostilities broke out he was doing a small cash grain business in Omaha.

Some may call it speculation; others may apply the specific term of gambling. Call it what you will, it is certain that the returns are out of all proportion to legiti-

mate service rendered. It is significant that we have reached that point in our grain marketing operations where a half million dollar "clean-up" is worth only an inch and a half in the newspapers.

The proponents of reckless speculation in the products of the farm would have the producer and consumer believe that speculation affects neither the price paid to the farmer, or the price charged the consumer. One speculator loses, another wins his loss, is the explanation advanced. But in answer to the statement that the speculators live off each other, the farmer points to the time-worn example of the lousy swine and asks whether the lice live off each other or the hog.

The objectionable features of the organized grain trade have been the cause of protests of both farmers and the general public again and again. Occasional "house-cleanings" on the part of private grain exchanges have meant only temporary reform. Trading in "puts" and "calls," supported by only the radical, speculative element of the grain exchanges, and recognized as one of the cheapest forms of gambling, was recently legislated against by the Capper-Tincher bill. When it was learned that both houses of Congress would adopt the bill, to become effective four months hence, the Chicago Board of Trade announced its decision the next day to immediately eliminate trading in "puts" and "calls." The Chicago *Daily Tribune* made pointed editorial comment on this action, under the caption "An Assisted Reform," to the general effect that "by postponing its decision * * * the Chicago Board of Trade indicates that in the matter of deathbed repentances, it is keeping just one jump ahead of the undertaker." Farmers know that the radical element dominate the grain exchanges, and we can expect no reform from the exchanges themselves except "assisted reforms."

Farmers have no expectation of accomplishing needed reforms through legislation. It is an economic proposition, and the desired changes must be accomplished through eco-


conomic channels in a competitive way. We do not even have the thought that all existing agencies will be driven out of business through competition. There is a conservative faction in the exchanges who will continue to conduct their business with little change. Others will be forced to make changes to survive. The remainder will find it necessary to direct their efforts along lines that are useful and necessary activities in the grain business, if they continue to exist. Every needed reform in the grain business of our country will be brought about eventually by reason of the wholesome influence which farmer competition will present.

The farmers' cooperative elevators stood against the combined opposition of boards of trade, the boycott of grain commission companies, and the pooled interests of line elevators, until today they contribute to the prosperity of more than five thousand grain growing communities. The cooperative elevators succeeded because they were right; because they were a protest against dishonest practices and discrimination.

In the same way the United States Grain Growers, Inc., will succeed. It will be a hard fight. It will be a battle every inch of the road. But the United States Grain Growers, Inc., will succeed because its program is sound and business-like, and because the principle of farmers marketing their own crops cooperatively and protecting their own interests, is right.

WILL THE CONFERENCE AID BUSINESS?

By FREDERICK W. GEHLE

 HOSE men who, at the invitation of President Harding, are to meet at the Washington conference in November, have a power and responsibility which has been given to few men in international history. Mr. Lloyd George, in an address at Inverness on October fourth, said of the conference that "if it is wisely approached and conducted in a broad, courageous spirit, it will constitute one of those outstanding events which should affect human history for generations to come." Scanning world affairs, intelligent observers cannot help but appreciate the deep truth of the British Premier's statement.

Those who believe themselves acquainted with the forces that acted through the administration for the calling of the November conference profess to see many reasons for the limiting of discussion to two or three major questions; to the question, for example, of the Pacific; and to the question of relative strength of armaments. From Washington comes the statement that inasmuch as those who attend the conference will be working with strange and fragile material, they must of necessity definitely limit themselves to a few questions and not seek to open for debate an entire series, which, failing of settlement, would make it appear as though the conference had failed. We hear it said over and over that failure of the conference would be a disaster to the democracy of the world; hence political instincts prompt Washington to expect that whatever may be the discussions of the representatives of America, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, they will not grapple with those problems which are of an economic and financial nature and which are directly traceable to the exhaustion of the war, and to the faultiness of the Treaty of Versailles.

Would that it might be otherwise! Armament and Pan-Pacific problems press heavily on the human heart, but pressing even more heavily are the economic and financial problems that are the legacy of the greatest economic crime of all history—the world war of 1914-18. After all, we do not delude ourselves any more regarding the consequences of the war, or regarding the progress of reconstruction. Though the outcome of the struggle may have been such that the world is now made “safe for democracy,” and though each of the nations that emerged victorious may now be “fit for heroes”—these things were promised during the heat of the fight—we know that the victory, whatever we gained therefrom, was the costliest single thing the world ever bought, and that payment is being exacted in a way that bends men’s backs and makes their minds fail them when they contemplate the future.’

Our position of isolation in the United States is not, after all, one that gives a true perspective to the problems involved. It is only when an American leaves his own country and goes abroad to learn what the people are thinking and doing that he gains an insight into the real condition of affairs. From 1914 to 1918 we were physically removed from the seat of the conflict, and in the same way we are physically removed today from the great problems of reconstruction for which Europe is the stage. Yet, physically distant though we are, we dare not for a moment forget that our destiny is as much tied up with those problems as it was with the problems of the war; nor dare we shirk our responsibility and opportunity to give a direction to men’s efforts and thoughts, with the end in view of a return to a wholesome and normal evolution of society.

Perhaps, after all, it is asking too much of the men who are to meet at Washington to burden themselves with these problems, and in the time allotted, to seek to solve them to the satisfaction and in the interest of all. An immediate solution is beyond human ability. But what is not beyond human ability is the initiation of a movement out of which

might come a concrete plan for a joint attack upon those economic evils which are confounding the world and which are standing squarely in the way of a return to health.

A war so wasteful and of such magnitude as that for which Europe was the stage for four years, and a fixing of peace terms so drastic and far-reaching as those written at Versailles, made it inevitable that the recuperation period would be painfully drawn out. Yet it is only as the months have gone on, and as time has unfolded one problem after another in its full complexity, that Europe itself has come to an appreciation of its conditions, and of the difficulties involved in that condition. So many of these difficulties are of an economic nature that it may be of interest to set down the headings of the chief of them.

The buying power of millions of people, especially in Russia, Germany and Austria, is severely curtailed, or has broken down altogether.

Credit relations are disorganized, and there is no machinery set up for speedy reorganization.

Currencies are debased and in some countries almost worthless, and progress toward restoring the gold standard, or establishing any other standard, is slow.

Lack of credit and instability of exchanges have paralyzed the whole scheme of international commerce.

Debts and taxes are heavy and the burden is telling on the people.

I have heard the remark made with recurring frequency lately, that a breakdown of Europe's economic structure would, after all, be no matter of direct or vital concern to America. The war, having ended three years ago, and our political leaders having repeatedly declared themselves hostile to outside affiliations, I have heard the view expressed, even among usually careful thinkers, that we should return to our old position of comfortable economic isolation, letting other countries shoulder their own troubles. It is imperative that the attitude of mind responsible for this be corrected before it is assumed by enough people to lead directly to disaster. America is directly and vitally concerned with what goes on in the markets of the world's credit and trade, and vital as the disarmament and Pacific questions may be, they do not transcend those questions which deal with the

immediate welfare of the social and economic system of the whole world, of which we are a part. The problems of Europe embrace so many hazards that if the conference did nothing else, beyond fulfilling its original purpose, it might outline these problems, so that America might promptly invite another conference for their settlement.

It is not simply a matter of international politics that concerns us; it is a matter of our own future welfare, for whether we like to think so or not, Europe is a major influence in the determination of that. We must not be permitted to miss the logic of the existing situation, or ignore the conclusion that from the point of view of our own selfish interest, if from no other, we are vitally concerned in the return of normal conditions to the affairs of other countries.

As a nation we have set ourselves definitely against political interference in the affairs of the outside world. But as a people we have a business stake in the outside world which makes it imperative for us to take a position, economically, that will protect ourselves and our interests as the days run on. Our economic stake in world affairs is represented at present by eighteen billion dollars of funded and unfunded debts owed to us from overseas; it is represented in an American productive capacity which has been built to such proportions that it must have a large volume of export trade for its full employment; it is represented by international credit and trade policies that we cannot abandon. We have a large reason, then, to exercise our economic power for the world's betterment, and adapt our course to the fundamental principles upon which world progress must be based. Europe's leaders maintain that the United States is absolutely necessary to Europe's recuperation; as for ourselves, we must come to appreciate how much Europe's recuperation is necessary to our welfare.

The financial difficulties abroad cast a deepening shadow over the world, and the business of production and distribution are handicapped in such a measure that millions of people, not only in Europe, but in America, are at the pres-

ent moment deprived of the opportunity to work. The world's work has been brought to a standstill to a degree we have never witnessed before, and unemployment has risen to figures that appal the statisticians. Is there no significance in the fact that unemployment in the United States runs to something like six million persons, and in the accompanying fact that the exchanges of the outside world have depreciated so much that the dollar stands in foreign markets at an elevation that inhibits purchase of goods in America? During the war, and in the boom period succeeding the armistice, other people bought American goods either because they were compelled to do so by necessity, or because they were relatively cheap. Also, because we granted credit. Now, although in many instances the necessity continues, American goods are no longer cheap, when prices are stated in terms of foreign currencies, and, moreover, we have drawn ourselves in very severely so far as the granting of credits is concerned. The buying of raw materials and manufactured products for export from the United States is therefore only one-third the volume that was attained at the peak of our prosperity of two years ago.

Examples of the way in which Europe's financial troubles react on us are innumerable; however, one will suffice to illustrate. Planters in the southern states are urgently seeking an outlet for their principal product, cotton; manufacturers in Germany are urgently seeking raw materials with which to keep their factories and mills occupied, and one of the chief of these raw materials is cotton. One hundred bales of cotton in Germany before the war cost the spinner something like thirty thousand marks, and the purchase was readily financed by the banks of Berlin, London, or New York. An equivalent amount of cotton (now that currency debasement has brought the German mark down so far as to make its buying power less than that of a cent) today costs the spinner something like one million three hundred thousand marks. Were the spinner able to finance readily the transaction, and were he assured of a

profit on his operation, even this cost would not deter him from buying his raw product in America; but credit of the proper nature is largely withheld, and the German mark is so unstable that the spinner is checkmated at every turn from doing that which he seeks to do, and that which the American planter counts upon him to do, in order that cotton may move.

Germany's finances are in a precarious condition. Her currency is being debased more and more every day by the issue of tens of millions of paper marks which have no good value. The taxes paid by the people are not sufficient to do more than one-third of the government's ordinary expenses, hence the printing of the paper money is destined to go on. You cannot give value to paper money simply by placing on that money the name of the government's treasurer. Value can be produced only by production and savings. Germany's production and thrift, however, are not sufficient to build her up, or for that matter, even to meet the tide of the stupendous indemnity obligations that have been heaped on her under the terms of the Versailles Treaty. In order to secure one billion gold marks for payment of the September first instalment of the indemnity, Germany was compelled to issue more than twenty billion paper marks; these paper marks were literally sold for gold just as any other commodity might be sold.

The hollowness of the German economic situation must lead to a crisis after which the real place of Germany in the world's economic scheme will manifest itself. The German people are among the most productive and intelligent of the world; they manifested this during the war. They cannot, of course, be permitted to avoid the penalty of their great crime against the world. But the mere fact that, under the anesthetic of inflation they would seem to be prospering, should not delude America. Terms of the German reparations play a part in the world's present troubles; a question which the conference might consider is this: will the indemnity demands be insisted upon, or will they be

ameliorated in such a manner that the payments will not injure the beneficiaries? In order to meet the reparations, Germany, under the present terms, must pay great sums of gold in the near future, and then must export every year for the next several generations one billion dollars more of manufactured goods than it imports, in order to pay the Allies what it owes. These terms, insisted upon, might mean disastrous competition with France, England, and America. It certainly was not the intention of the Peace Council to build Germany up, and to tear the Allies down. Here, then, is a subject for the attention of the world's leaders that is a crucial one.

The economic woes of Europe are the outcome both of the war and of the treaty of peace. They spring from the destruction of international confidence and the refusal to grant credit. They can be swept away only as international confidence is restored and credit is granted. There must be a way out. Everybody who is experiencing the woes keeps saying so. Everybody knows that this is something that *has* to be true, and although America is distant from the shores of Europe, most Europeans think the initiative must come from America. That is why they refuse to take steps in the direction of cancelling debts and indemnity claims, re-establishing gold foundations for currency, stabilizing the exchanges, or extending long time commercial credits, until we assume a place of leadership and give direction to their affairs.

It is a proud position we occupy, but it is one of tremendous responsibility. This summer, in Berlin, Paris, and London, the writer was impressed time after time by the faith placed in America, and by the sublime confidence that out of this country will come the light and strength that will guide the stricken world to a better day.

America cannot, and of course will not, try to assume a direction of world economic affairs without an understanding of all the circumstances involved. Economic affairs cannot mend except as social and political affairs also mend,

and it is here that the attention of the world is gravely needed. People dwelling in harmony with one another in the United States cannot, perhaps, appreciate the degree in which industry and finance abroad are brought at every turn under the dominance of other than purely economic factors. Americans who have gone abroad this year have been especially surprised to find on the Continent an atmosphere of nervous exaggeration, affecting whole people, of self-righteousness, self-pity, distrust, and vengeful wrath. Though the war ended three years ago, and though peace is ostensibly established, daily discussions concern themselves less with matters of reconciliation and reconstruction than with disputed territories and borders, with racial and trade animosities, with indemnity demands, and with peace treaty resentments. Whether it is because feelings were stirred too deeply by the war to be readily allayed, whether it is the faultiness of the peace treaty that is showing its harmful consequences, or whether it is that the reconstruction burdens are too heavy, it is manifest that men and nations are not pulling together. Here is a matter of extreme gravity; it is a matter in which this country cannot interfere, but it is one which the Washington conference can rightly discuss.

Briefly, the world requires:

A restored peace of mind, which can come only by conciliation of hostile purposes and a mutual understanding of the tasks that are ahead.

A speeding of production and commerce, so that the waste of the war may be made up and millions of men given employment.

An ending of the progressive debasement of the world's currencies, and a stabilizing of the international exchanges.

An accounting of the assets and liabilities of every nation, and a definite understanding by each of the obligations it is called upon to meet.

An establishment of international credit relations so that loans may be made with safety, and so that people of sound credit may be enabled to re-start the wheels of their industry and commerce.

What the unhappy world requires can be summed up thus briefly in five paragraphs; how the unhappy world is to gain what it needs will require more than merely their enumeration. Conciliation and a sympathetic effort toward

reconstruction must come if the remedies are to count for anything. Those who were responsible for the Versailles peace missed the fundamental basis of peace and reconstruction. They sought to establish the future amity of mankind upon the basis of frontiers. Amity is not a matter of frontiers; it is a matter of understanding.

Is it possible that those who attend the Washington conference will seek to reverse the process and take steps to undo the harm that has come through the faultiness of the peace treaty? Education, conciliation, and a mutual understanding are today the world's needs; they must come if men are to work together to overcome the ghastly legacy of the war. Given a sympathetic understanding, an organized economic program will be fruitful of good results. True, that economic program cannot wait for sympathies; the speeding of the world's production, and the providing of food and comfort cannot be delayed until men's minds are slowly made over. It is an urgent necessity that the finances of Germany, France, Italy, and Great Britain be established on a stable base; the gravest results would follow a breakdown of the credit of the weakest of these. Peace, production, credit, these are the essential remedies for the world's disorders. The Washington conference has within its power the writing of the prescription. Will it make the effort?

A COLLOQUY

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Said I, with a heart of the sea too full,
"I am tired of wind—and wave—and gull.
There is no more bliss for me in far sails,
And nothing is left, since beauty fails!"

Said I: "With a chest of gold doubloons,
Is God but a miser of suns and moons?
Will He spend no more of them still to give
Me beauty by which alone I live?"

Said I: "He ought, for better or worse,
To spend on beauty the Universe."

Said He: "What else is the meaning, fool,
Of your thirst no quaffs of beauty cool!"

THE LAW OF DIVINE CONCORD

By CHASE S. OSBORN

(Continued from the October FORUM)



THE central generator and storehouse of heat is the sun, which is also the lighting plant of the Universe as we know the Universe. Our knowledge of the Universe is incomplete, with all the advances that have been made, but our knowledge is sufficient for all of our present purposes. When it is not we will receive more, just as we have been fed with knowledge up to our capacity since the beginning. Herein we find the reason for our growth from the start and the assurance of our continued development. The atmosphere is one of the chief laboratories of God: our lungs automatically appropriate the air as our eyes do the light, and our nerves, the heat. What we commonly term nourishment is stored in the earth but that is not all. Both man and the earth are fed by light, heat, air and all they mean and contain. In these things we do not have to cross the threshold of conjecture. In our search for the laboratory of knowledge we shall be compelled to take some things for granted, others as analogical, and conclude that the performance of a vehicle is a clue to its purpose, its origin and its location.

We know that there are two atmospheres. The nearest one to the earth is the collisional atmosphere. It is filled to saturation with micro-microscopic particles that are a tremendous force. If they were not so minute they might be named aerial colloids, although they are not determinable by the ordinary methods of dialysis. These particles are in a high state of excitement and agitation all of the time. They impinge against each other continually and their im-

pacts and impulses are both regular and harmonious when undisturbed by electrical and radial forces. These contents of the air give the atmosphere coherency, elasticity and even a degree of what may be termed solidity. They create a responsible condition that permits the flowing or movements of currents around and about the earth more freely and more dependably than the flowing of currents of the ocean, which is only referred to as an illustration. These aerial currents or waves communicate themselves sympathetically to the earth and thus set up, or become, terrestrial waves. Best known of these is the Hertzian wave or waves. It is by projecting an artificially created wave or vibration into the Hertzian waves that wireless messages are sent. There is no difficulty in sending them but it is another problem to catch or receive them. The message, once it impinges the Hertzian wave, is carried to the confines of the collisional atmosphere and can only be caught, intercepted, or registered by an instrument in perfect attunement with the sending instrument. Compared with their ultimate radius these message waves soon become so tenuous that any receiving or registering instrument made by man is too coarse to be affected by their delicate impressions. But the registering equipment of man himself is the work of the Creator and is undoubtedly finer even than what is commonly regarded as mechanistic, including in some connections and in some messages the conscience. It is not necessary to go into the question of what is the conscience, beyond the declaration that it is a registrar of moral knowledge and so accurate that it must be set aside before those of its registrations we wish to reject can be disposed of.

The collisional atmosphere is filled with knowledge waves that are of the same nature physically as the light and heat waves. Man is continually registering these consciously or unconsciously. When the record is a complete one it is appropriated, arranged, applied and transmitted; used in any way that can be of service to humanity.

Beyond the collisional atmosphere is another atmosphere

called the krenal atmosphere. For detailed matter about the krenal atmosphere I will refer you to the writings of that greatest physicist and cosmic philosopher, Professor Thomas Chrowder Chamberlin of the University of Chicago and former president of the University of Wisconsin. This krenal atmosphere is purely ethereal. It is in a state of perfect tranquillity. There is no contest, no agitation, no unrest of any kind. All that can be said at present is that it is an ideal place and condition to be God's laboratory of knowledge. The geography of the krenal atmosphere in the universe would make it a neutral ground between, not only the planets of our solar system, but would constitute a convenient location for contacting the worlds of the other systems. It is not unlikely that they are surrounded by collisional atmospheres also. All that would be necessary to transmit knowledge from the krenal atmosphere to all the worlds would be to project the knowledge waves into the collisional atmospheres that, as in the case of our own, touch the borders of the tranquil zone.

The first knowledge that came to mankind on this earth after the instinctive automatic equipment he was born with, was calculated to define man's social status; his relation, duty, attitude, responsibility to his fellow man. This is equally true in all history and protohistory, whether Chinese, Brahminical, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Christian, or any and all others. The early registrations were correct and completely the truth, just in degree as those who made them were in perfect harmony with the God source. In the case of the Christian prophets who walked and talked with God and gave us the Bible, there was perfect concord, and the result was perfect registration of pure truth. Errors have crept in from time to time through translations and transmissions by human agencies. It is quite one thing to make an original registration and another to keep it pure and unblemished down through the ages. Christ was a Master Registrar of God's word. In that sense he as the Son. Zarathustra was nearly in harmony and set

down much that was truth. Laotse was as faithful an agent of God as Zarathustra. Confucius was not as complete and as comprehensive as Laotse. Buddha tried volitionally to put himself in condition to receive the truth and caught a great many valuable principles. Krishna failed to make himself much of a medium, and Mohammed failed more miserably than any. There was just one Master and he was the Nazarene who became the Son by virtue of perfect oneness. The others were not intentionally false prophets but were not in concord. It is no doubt true that many or some of them came at a time when the world was not ready for all the truth. Their advent helped the world on its way. Is the world ready for Christ? It is for the world to say.

I do not know what and where is God. *I do* know what and where is God. These statements sound contradictory but they are not. All I know is God, and all I do not know is God. You may call God the Great Force, or Cosmos, or Father, or Nature, or whatever you wish, and it does not matter except that it is a little confusing at times. If we call Him God then all of us know what we are struggling to mean, and when we do not call Him God we are generally sidestepping or hairsplitting. If it would not seem odd and be confusing in a degree, or posing, I would prefer to call God Mother instead of Father. He was called Father first in a period when the masculine was everything, and the greater value of the feminine had not been realized or acknowledged.

Where is God?

He is everywhere, nowhere, near, far, quite beyond the finite, and in the tiniest nook of the heart. He is personal and impersonal. He is all I can feel as well as know, and anything that I wish Him to be. It does not matter what He is, or what I think He is. It only matters that He is the All in All, plus the All in All. These words are only a struggle to do the impossible in stating God. I see Him in the eyes of every human being, in the face of the babe, in the glory of a mother's love, in the loveliness of the

violet, in the gorgeousness of the rose, in the vastness of the ocean, in the majesty of the sky, in the tunefulness of the wind, in the gurgling brook, in all the rhythmic courses and processes of nature. God is life. God is consciousness. God and Life and Consciousness are One.

When I am the custodian of life and consciousness I am the host of God. When life and consciousness come to the new-born babe they come together; when they go they go together; but they do not go far because they are God, and are as indestructible as God. Since the beginning there has been the contest as it were between the thing called death and the thing called life, and all the time it has been related only to the physical, involving only the perishable; only a disintegration to make way for a more perfect reintegration. In this competition if the thing called death were to have been victorious, and if it involved life as life at all, life long ago would have passed out from the earth. But it has been only the wrecking of a broken tenement to make way for a better one; it is progress.

God as Life takes what will manifest Him in whatever way of service He desires to appear or function. When He is through with His instrument He clears it away for better things. The groan of the old man passing is in chorus with the lusty crowing of the new-born babe. The process is a beautiful one and is imitated by man in his poor way as he junks that which has served him, and has become useless or obsolete. Nor is there time or age. So far as life is concerned birth and death are the same. Release of life by the act called death is a birth, and well might it be acclaimed a beautiful adventure. Just as life is all about us, in and of everything, so the life that was manifested for a time in human form cannot go far away when it is released to rejoin the life of which it was always a part. The act may be fittingly referred to as one of restoration. Nor is there destruction of consciousness because life and consciousness are one, inseparable and indestructible.

If we so elect or permit, our lives may be a rhythm. In a great degree the entire matter is within our own volition. We cannot prevent God from making use of us as a vehicle or an instrument. On the positive side of our volition we can elect to be in harmony with the Divine ethos, and when we are, there is a peace that can be won in no other way. It is the silent joy of the natural Christian, the ecstasy of the yogi amounting to a state of spiritual and psychological excitement bordering upon insanity, the firm conviction of the Christian Scientist, and a tranquil feeling of safety and satisfaction that is often expressed by the declaration that God is in His heaven and all is well with the world. Everything is a poem. We are singing in the choir invisible. This concord, this attunement, is an artistic rhythm as are all manifestations of God. By way of rhythmic illustration, how wonderful and yet how simple is the coming of the rain. The sun distils the water from the ocean so gradually and so delicately that first to be seen is the faintest cirrus cloud; then the cirro-cumulus, then the cumulus, cumulo-nimbus and nimbus. During the process of aerial saturation the act of transportation is going on and the clouds are driven by regular and irregular winds. Finally they encounter a cold current and are precipitated. Emptying their contents upon the ground the water finds its way into the capillaries of the earth, thence into the arteries, and on to the sea again, only to be carried over and over again to the thirsty earth in beauteous repetition. And so all is attunement; the precession of the equinoxes, the return of the solstices, lunar procession, planetary revolution, our earth's axial revolution and its orbital flight bringing regularly the sunrise and the seasons. To be a part of this poem of life is supernal happiness. How wrong then has been the ruling urge of man up to the present time. He has found no permanent joy; no real happiness. The trail end has found him nervous and afraid. Rewards of selfishness are not rewards at all. Our chief address has been accumulation of money or its equivalent;

our education is to that purpose. It all means meanness and the riding of man by man, provoking wars, misery, loss, bitterness and the things that entrain with these.

It is for man to elect; it is his responsibility, it is his volition, whether he continues the way of discord and woe, or attunes himself with God and reforms humanity and rebuilds the world. How may he do this? First he must resolve to do it and to do it himself. It is a fine avocation of the présent to reform our brother and not to think of ourselves personally as imperfect. This is good business, or would be if only it would work. The trouble is it arrives nowhere. So it is most evident that one must begin with one's self. It may or may not be of swift achievement. The outlook is that if we begin right now it will consume generations. After the resolution is made how are we to proceed? There is so much to do, but it is not hopeless. The very first sure step is to join some church, and it does not matter much which one as long as it is a church of Jesus Christ.

But you will say perhaps that the church does not appeal to you, that it is as bad as everything else, and no doubt you will be near the facts. Who is responsible for what the church is? You are, by your neglect of it. If it is not what you think it should be, join it and make it what you think it should be. The church is just exactly what man makes it. If it is to be a Christian organization and a Christian force, man must make it that. In order to do so there must be many wreckings and clearings away of débris. The very first thing to set up in a place so prominent in heart and mind and church as to be forever in sight, as the only guidance, is the fact and the admission that the only guidance is the law of God, as expressed and exemplified by Christ. If the modern church can really be made a church of Christ, the biggest start possible has been made in the direction we wish to go. This will necessarily lead to destruction of old standards and the creation of new ones. The very first old standard to be junked, will be that one

by which we have heretofore judged success as being the winning of riches and power. In its place we must erect the true standard that the giving to society is the way, and its measure is how much we give, instead of how much we can take away. After we have convinced ourselves that this new standard is the right one we shall have to re-organize public and private education. At this moment all education has for its primary object the fitting of the pupil for taking rather than giving. This is true, despite the fact that society thinks its salvation depends upon education—and it does, but upon education of the right kind. We are busily educating unconscious and unintentional burglars who are trained skilfully to take as much and give as little as possible. This is not the worst phase of modern education—it is that it is builded upon the assumption that successful taking is the roadway to happiness; which is to say that having, is happiness. In turn this developes false sensory wants in a degree that cannot be satisfied, and leads to discontent on the part of those who are taught that the goal of life is the satisfaction of the palate in one way or another. Those who are poor are those who have not the softening luxuries of life, and those who are rich are the ones who have these things, and both classes are unhappy.

Education must erect a new standard of values for life on the true basis that after the sense wants are taken care of, up to the point of physical need, then happiness is only to be found in the heart that is attuned to God. The rich are forever traveling from one place to another in search of something they hope and believe can be bought with money, but they carry with them their discordant hearts, and find that for them, happiness is always just beyond the next range of hills that frame the sky line. It is the same with the poor, who really are as poor as the poor rich. They too believe that if they only possessed money to buy what they would, they thus certainly could find joy and peace and contentment; their children would be as

good socially as the young of the poor rich, and the problems of life would solve themselves. Their malady is heart disease, and not far different from that of the rich; the one class is suffering from a mighty heart hunger, and the other from the cankers of envy and malice, both the victims of a false system of education. In the long run the balances would be the same if the competitions of life were those of giving rather than taking, and there would be always a better taste in the mouth of mankind; there would be no heart hunger, no bitterness, no envy, no malice, no war, no woe; all joy of living; no fear of death. Education, in order to accomplish this result, should consist primarily of teaching the fact that to know God is to be educated, and that to be in attunement with Him is to do all things that are worth doing and all that should be done. There would come swiftly with this admission a sense of the obligations of education and a keen desire to discharge them; then those who should be master leaders and servitors of society will become such, instead of being master exploiters, as now.

UNSALTED SEA

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN


The tranquil ships that journey to your feet
You drug with a sick breeze like chloroform,
And shove them slyly to the waiting storm.
Lithe freighters bearing copper or cool wheat,
Stately as women of proud-throated grace,
You claim with brutish frenzy and you seize;
Then slap them in the mud upon their knees
As you guffaw with winds and twitch your face.

Beyond your headlands prostrate in the night,
Small icy stars gleam down on upright hulls
Protruding like sharp knives in dead men's skulls.
Where unkempt towns climb back as if in fright
The shore-lights leer together, desolate,
And in your waters plunge and grossly mate.

SCANDINAVIA'S PROBLEM

By GENERAL CHARLES H. SHERRILL

(Continued from the October FORUM)

OMING then through the personalities of their different ministers to consider Scandinavian points of view, we find that interesting as are their attitudes upon foreign affairs, even more so are they upon domestic development. From these latter we may learn much of immediate practical use for ourselves. The middle man in America has become intolerable; if you doubt it, ask the housekeeper in any of our city homes, or better still, question the farmer watching the undue profits of the middleman, not only reducing his own proper gain, but also interfering with the free transfer of farm products to the consumer so greatly needing them. And what are we going to do about it? Nowhere is the answer so fully and so promptly answered as in Denmark. Not only have its wise folk met and answered this question, but also they no longer need a "back to the farm" crusade for they are already back there, and likewise widely contented with the farmer's lot. Furthermore, Denmark is today the only European country that not only feeds herself, but also exports food products. Cooperation among Danish farmers has cut out the middle man, and government loans to worthy men willing to take up small farms result in ninety per cent of her farmers owning their own lands. Note the expression "worthy folk," for Denmark is developing character as a by-product of agriculture. By requiring proof of character in applicants for farm loans, the government has put such a premium thereon that even if for no higher reason than "honesty is the best policy,"

their farm loan system is proving of utmost value to the nation's soul.

A staunch advocate of this highly beneficial loan system is Prime Minister Neergard. Son of a Protestant clergyman and born in 1854, Mr. Neergard after a brilliant career at the University of Copenhagen supplemented his work as editor and successful man of affairs by a keen interest in politics. As a result of a long career in Parliament, commencing in 1887, he has held several Cabinet positions, almost always serving as now—as Minister of Finance. He calls himself a Moderate Radical, but his compeer in Norway, more radical than he, points out that Neergard is frequently aided in his projects by conservative votes from the Centre and Right of Parliament. He was Prime Minister in 1908-9, and holds that responsibility at present. In my conversation with this tall, gaunt statesman, whose convincing eyes and pleasant simplicity of manner detract from his otherwise striking resemblance to Bismarck, I remarked that it struck interested foreigners that his government had made of Denmark a "character farm." The idea seemed novel to him, and led to his telling in considerable detail the workings of their farm loan system. Because these loans are so easily obtainable by worthy would-be farmers and are available in such comfortable amounts (reaching ninety per cent of the land value in some cases) everybody mortgages his land, which means that the farmer operates with sufficient capital—not always the case with us. The continued and growing demand for these small farms maintains their value and ready salability, so that even if an occasional farmer fails, the government loses nothing on the mortgage loan. Owing to the careful farming of these small holdings, the land supports more than twice as many people as in England. The frugality taught by farm life is reflected in the fact that fifty-two per cent of the Danes have deposits in savings banks, whereas only eleven per cent of Americans have.

It is doubtful if agricultural coöperation would succeed

as it does in Denmark if the farmers were only tenants, but there they are all freeholders, and that means better citizens. Not only has this small farm movement turned the earlier swing toward the cities back again to the land, but also it has notably decreased Danish emigration, which proves that widespread content has replaced a condition of unrest.

A new law went into effect November fourth, 1919, which is certainly novel and in a sense revolutionary, but which seems to be working well, although even the Prime Minister admits it is still too early to pronounce it a complete success. In the old days Denmark was divided into large estates, and in the case of the nobles, so entailed that a nobleman could not sell any of it even if he wished to. This new law (acting upon the theory that as the Crown originally granted all estates, so the Crown can withdraw part or all of such grants) provides for the compulsory breaking of all entails, the confiscation of a quarter of all entailed estates, and the surrender of another one-third upon cash payment by the State. Although this brought forth vigorous protests from the large landed proprietors, government officials now feel that even with that class, it is becoming popular, as a man can today obtain money for land he was formerly forbidden to sell. Incidentally, this concession to the Socialist element has had a marked effect in freeing Denmark from Bolshevist agitation.

When we turn to observe the effect of agricultural co-operation upon Danish life, we are positively startled. In less than half a century, a quarter of a million Danish farmers have formed nearly half a million coöperative agencies to handle all their selling and buying. And with what result? Forty years ago the milk supply was in shocking condition and infant mortality deplorable. Now a coöperative society sends daily to each farm to collect the milk. It is weighed, and the weight credited to each farmer. Then it is sampled, and woe to the farmer whose milk falls below grade! Lastly, it is prepared for market and delivered

thereto. All the farmer has to do is milk his cows and receive his profits. The effect of this careful handling of milk upon infant mortality has of course been to reduce it to negligible figures. The portion of the milk devoted to butter is never touched by hand after it leaves the cow. Denmark's butter exports have increased by leaps and bounds because there is no question of Danish butter being up to standard. This has greatly increased their number of cows, and also of pigs, which are fed on the milk waste. The same careful treatment of Danish eggs has produced a similar increase in that export trade. Every Danish egg sold has been tested and stamped with a number so that each can be traced back to the fowl which laid it, and likewise to the owner of the said fowl, over whose head constantly hang government penalties if an egg goes wrong! All meat exposed for sale must bear a government stamp as to its quality, and here, too, a coöperative society protects both the producer's profit and a reasonable price for the consumer, with refreshing disregard of middlemen. It is perhaps unnecessary to tell an American that farmers such as these are accustomed to have telephones, surprising as this is to the average European agriculturist. Also can we not guess that such farmers demand good schools? But it will surprise Americans to learn that punishment for truancy in Denmark is a reduction in the number of hours the truant may thereafter attend school! In order to aid those wishing to go out upon the land there are house-mothers' schools, where all details of housekeeping are taught. It is useless to have good food if it be not properly cooked, and the delicatessen shops of New York or Chicago do not train young wives for life on the farm.

Alongside the narrow Cattegat and Ore Sund, which are to the great shipping traffic streaming into and out of the Baltic what the Dardanelles are to the Black Sea, lies Copenhagen, one of the world's principal ports—more tonnage entering annually than in any of our ports except New York. Before the war its only rivals in northern Europe

were Petrograd and Hamburg, both of which have, obviously, now fallen far behind. And how are the Danes taking advantage of this strategical position of their capital? Instead of spending vast sums on fortifications and battle-ships (I saw six war vessels lying out of commission at Copenhagen!) they have constructed here a huge free port, into whose fifty acres of warehouses, goods may be landed free of duty from all parts of the world, to await sale or trans-shipment elsewhere. When a ship is bound for the Baltic with eight hundred tons for Danzig, four hundred for Petrograd, one thousand two hundred for Stockholm, and one thousand one hundred for Helsingfors, it does not pay to go unloaded from one port to another. A port of trans-shipment is needed, and this Copenhagen provides. The Freeport Company issues warehouse warrants for goods entrusted to its care, and against these warrants loans are readily advanced by Danish bankers, thus greatly facilitating business. Because the Kiel Canal was chiefly built for military purposes, and also since slow steaming through it is obligatory, it has never rivaled the Cattegat as the chief lane of access to the Baltic, and has therefore never imperiled Copenhagen's commercially strategic position.

Such is Denmark, and its value as an object lesson to patriotic Americans eager to better conditions at home is not exceeded by any other country abroad. We must not leave our consideration of this hospitable people without referring to the friendly feeling they aroused throughout our country by selling us their West Indian Islands. Very widespread is our feeling that the Caribbean Sea should become a Pan-American lake, and that the mouth of our Mississippi River and of our Panama Canal should be completely freed from European control upon nearby islands. It is greatly to be hoped that Holland, France and England will at no late date follow the example of Denmark, and likewise sell us their West Indian possessions. It would materially reduce the vast English and French war debts to us, and would relieve Dutch taxpayers of much of the cost incurred by their war-long mobilization.

Although separated from Denmark only by the narrow waters of the Cattegat, Norway, its Scandinavian fellow, has domestic views of a widely differing sort. It looks out upon and across the sea, not only physically but mentally. Whilst studying the intensively agricultural Danes, it is difficult to realize that any of them were ever vikings, or that they first ravaged and then settled the east coast of Britain. But once in Norway and in Christiania, one need not view the ancient viking ships, marvelously preserved notwithstanding their age of one thousand one hundred years, to sense the sea-adventuring spirit still so strong in every Norwegian breast. It is highly appropriate that Gunnar Knudsen, their strongest political leader, for long Prime Minister, but now President of their Storthing or Parliament, should be a ship owner and builder, as was his father before him. The vigorous veteran of politics, though born in 1848, is still all-powerful in Norway, and was, as we have seen, one of the leaders of that movement for a separation from Sweden begun in 1885 and successfully concluded in 1905. The present Prime Minister, Mr. Otto Blehr, also of stout frame and of ripe years, and an expert in finance, is a contemporary and close personal friend of Knudsen, having long served with him in the Cabinet. Mr. Blehr has been carrying out to the full the radical policies of Knudsen ever since the latter resigned office as Prime Minister in June, 1920, and Blehr succeeded him. It was highly gratifying to hear how each of those two men spoke of our institutions and our people, with whom they felt the war had brought Norway into closer relations.

Knudsen told a story of his meeting with ex-President Roosevelt during his visit to Christiania, which illustrates how influential were even a few chance words from that illustrious American. It was during a dinner at the King's Palace that Knudsen told Roosevelt that the Norwegian Radicals had recently lost the elections because they espoused the cause of conservation of the nation's natural resources to prevent untimely exploitation by individuals.

"Why, that is exactly what I stand for most resolutely!" exclaimed Roosevelt.

"May I quote you to that effect to the press?" asked Knudsen.

Consent was readily given; he did so, and public interest in the distinguished American's opinion materially helped to bring Knudsen's party back into power on this principle—in which, he said, now all Norwegians unitedly believed.

To one traveling by train between Christiania and Stockholm, the fourteen-hour railway journey displays so many potential water power sites that one wonders why the Norwegians have not further exploited their "white coal," as it is sometimes called, especially as the country lacks coal badly. Can it be that the unlimited timber supply of Norway is waiting to be turned into lumber or pulp by some progressive American harnessing their water powers—just as the suburbs of London did not receive their excellent tramways until the energetic and far-seeing Yerkes arrived? What better way to advance the friendly relations already so cordial between Norway and the United States, than for American enterprise thus to increase the natural wealth of Norway and so benefit her people?

The adventurous spirit of that viking race still manifests itself, not only in shipping ventures but also in emigration. Upon this latter problem the Norwegians do not feel, as do the Swedes, that restriction is desirable. Knudsen expresses the opinion generally held by his compatriots that because there is at present lack of employment at home, it is well to seek it in friendly America, where Norwegians are so well received and appreciated that they serve as apostles of better understanding between Norway and their new home. It is to the initiative and daring of Lief the Norseman, son of Eric the Red, that we owe the first discovery of America, and the more of his descendants who come to strengthen our Anglo-Saxon blood, the better for the standard of citizenship in the United States of tomorrow. Comment upon Norway would be incomplete with-

out a reference to her distinguished intellectuals, men like Ibsen, Bjornson and Grieg, who have so greatly increased the cultural wealth of the world. Considering Norway's small population, no other country can boast so large a proportion of eminent geniuses.

After one has crossed the narrow Ore Sund at Copenhagen to the Swedish city of Malmö opposite, situated on the fertile plains of Skåne that lend their name to all Scandinavia, the difference between intensively farmed Denmark and industrial Sweden is soon apparent. Factory chimneys are exclamation points to accentuate this fact. Only ten per cent of Swedish soil is now tilled, although the average for western Europe is forty-four per cent. The swing from the farm to the city, while not so great as with us (only a quarter of the Swedes reside in towns) grew so marked that in 1894 their Parliament, in order to safeguard agrarian interests, fixed the number of its members to be elected from the towns at eighty and from the country districts at one hundred and fifty. Industrialism demands power, and although their forests and iron mines provide the Swedes with inexhaustible raw products to export, they are determined first to turn them into manufactured articles, and thus retain the profits of manufacture. Fortunately for them their potential supply of water power fully equals their wealth in raw products, for their estimated supply of "industrial mean water" (about nine months per year) totals six and three-fourths million horsepower, only exceeded in Europe by Norway with its seven and one-half million horsepower, France following with five and one-ninth millions, and Italy with five and one-sixth, while Germany has only one and one-fourth, and Great Britain one million. The Swedish government, which controls about a quarter of these water power sites, is very wisely, by a loan system, encouraging the development of the privately owned ones. Even with this assistance the advance is not rapid, and in this field opportunity beckons to American capital and enterprise. Although Swedish water power

is not so easy to harness as that of Norway with its higher falls, compensation exists in Sweden's numerous lakes that help regulate the supply. Once harnessed, this power finds plenty to do, not only in making the world famous matches, the textiles, etc., but especially in turning the forests into wood pulp and lumber, and in handling both the rich iron ores of central Sweden and the boundless deposits of Lapland, so full of phosphorous.

Perhaps the most outstanding economic fact concerning Sweden is how greatly it surpasses all other European countries in railway development, since for every ten thousand persons it has twenty-six kilometers of railway as against Denmark's thirteen and one-sixth; France and Great Britain's twelve and one-half, and Italy's six. Like everything else in Sweden, the trains are clean and comfortable. But even more extensive than their railway development is their waterway development. Large vessels run between all the ports—while at Stockholm, plying about through the labyrinth of rivers, inlets and lakes that make this charming capital such a delightful summer resort, are innumerable small steamers, comfortable and cheap, and all well patronized by the energetic, amusement-loving folk who are never too busy to be polite. This politeness, by the way, is obviously of the heart and not of the hat brim!

One local industry now beginning to attract attention outside is the breeding of reindeer, of which the Swedes have about three hundred thousand head. They are only concerned with the hides and meat, but since the introduction of reindeer into Alaska and northern Canada, we have found that their presence makes possible a considerable population at latitudes otherwise too northerly. The reindeer pastures on the moss that covers the Arctic plains, and the milk and meat not only provide for colonies of keepers, but also bring them profit, reindeer beef being now sent as far south as Chicago.

Sweden used to suffer from the intemperance which a northerly climate is apt to superinduce, but she has met the

problem, though in a manner differing from our total prohibition enactment. Beer and wine are freely obtainable, but no person under twenty-five may purchase spirits. Upon attaining that age, he or she is provided with a card permitting the purchase of four litres of spirits per month. This system has materially decreased drunkenness. Perhaps the gentler sex (of which, by the way, there is an abnormal preponderance in Sweden) do not always promptly announce their twenty-fifth birthdays, and thus somewhat postpone their buying of spirits. Possibly the same female psychology may there operate as in the matter of the women's vote in England. There a woman may not vote until she declares she has reached her thirtieth birthday; one hears that sometimes female voting is unduly delayed! Although Swedish women have long enjoyed more political rights and privileges than their sisters elsewhere in Europe (voting in municipal elections and holding elective offices) it was not until September, 1921, that they took part in national elections—and wide was Scandinavian interest as to how this new vote would swing.

Sweden was once a great warlike power, for in the Middle Ages, when mercenary bands formed the bulk of all armies, her regiments of citizen-soldiery led by Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth, overran northern Europe, captured Prague, and stormed the gates of Moscow. Now she is a great force for peace; perhaps this change is no better exemplified than by the fact that the Swede, Alfred Nobel, who gave the world-famous peace prize, is the son of Emanuel Nobel, who invented dynamite and submarine mines!

The sights which meet the traveler's eye in Scandinavia are sometimes strange, but always, to an American, the background is familiar, whether it be the agricultural landscape of Danish small farms or the pine-clad hills and frequent lakes of Norway and Sweden, so reminiscent of the Adirondacks or Bar Harbor or many another American woodland. Of course we cannot lay claim to anything just like


the bold beauty of the Norwegian fjords, which must be seen to be believed, nor that of the maze of inlets and islands which for miles on beautiful miles stretch between Stockholm and the great north thrusting Gulf of Bothnia. Nevertheless, an American always feels strangely at home in the Scandinavian countries. Indeed, it seems more of a homeland and less foreign to us than even England, from which we get our language and so much of our blood. Perhaps the most persistently beautiful of all the memories one takes home from Norway and Sweden are the lovely summer twilights softly illuminating the picturesque scenery. Just as America and Japan are blessed with long and glorious autumns (so different from the somewhat dreary ones of continental Europe) so is the Scandinavian peninsula fortunate in the amazing length of its delicious twilights. Indeed, at Stockholm and Christiania, both near the sixtieth degree north latitude, it never becomes completely dark during the summer months. Even after the tardy setting of the sun the afterglow lingers on, and at one or two in the morning the June or July sky shows a pale blueness that we of lower latitudes do not know. An Italian peasant once reverently told me that the Lord made all of the day and night except the twilight, but that was made by the Blessed Virgin herself. Even more would he have been impressed by the loveliness of the closing day could he have seen it in the far north, notwithstanding that meant his presence among a people ninety-nine per cent of the Lutheran faith.

Do not expect strange sights in the capitals of Copenhagen, Christiania, or Stockholm, for you will find them handsome modern cities with nothing like the number of quaint features shown in many to the south of them. Prosperous they obviously are and comfortable, but hardly foreign, at least to the American eye. Stockholm rejoices in a most picturesque situation, built as it is over islands, with many bridges and waterways. It is the fashion to call it the Venice of the North, and while it has canals and rivers enough to justify that name, and toward sunset come many

of the lights that make Venice so lovely, it is far too busy a city and against too rocky a background to be really like Venice. Imagine Venice with many large trees and a Bar Harbor background!—impossible. Of Christiania one always remembers the amazing view out over the city and the hundred-forked Christiania fjord seen from Holmenkollen hill. One has to go all the way to Rio Janeiro harbor for a view so spacious.

But once outside the great capitals, Scandinavia has many quaint sights. Everywhere striking peasant costumes are to be seen. In Norway old fashioned log houses are frequent, and the fashion of drying hay upon hurdle-like fences prevails in even longer stretches than in Sweden. Though the Swedish like to turn their haypiles into fences, on the other hand, they build up circular mounds of firewood shaped like our hay stacks. Perhaps the oldest sight in Denmark is their fashion of always tethering grazing cattle. You will see long rows of them, each roped to a peg in the ground, busily clearing a circle of its fodder. The Danes maintain that this is more economical of pasturage, for in this way none is wasted or unduly trodden under foot. But, after all, these local idiosyncrasies in their rural landscapes cannot destroy the sense of familiarity to Americans. We may not have viking blood in our veins, but we are just as restless and eager for new sights as were those early men of initiative and daring. We know why it is that so many Scandinavians, especially those of the northern peninsula, delight to visit foreign lands. We wish that all those emigrants would come to us, to a people who welcome them, to a land where they feel as much at home as Americans do when they travel amidst the comfort and the sturdy intelligence of the Scandinavian countries.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

 THE United States Senate has once again asserted its right to be the judge of what is just and honorable in this country's relations with other nations. The passing of the Borah bill exempting coastwise vessels from canal tolls undoes one of the first and most mischievous acts of the Wilson administration. It will be recalled that Mr. Wilson asked for the repeal of this exemption on the ground that certain unnamed foreign complications demanded this sacrifice. When it was eventually learned that there were no such complications, we were told that American honor would suffer unless it were done, a cry that has been restated by Wilson newspapers and satellites *ad nauseam*.

Nothing, indeed, has been more exasperating and, for that matter, more humiliating, than the way the Wilson appointees and newspapers have been ready to join in the discrediting of their own country whenever the wishes of their idol and master were disregarded. The heirs of Walter Hines Page would have done his memory more honor had they suppressed the fawning letter in which he, repeating the gossip of his English friends, discants with gusto on our "dishonor," though no Englishman of note has come forward to say it, and Lord Bryce has declared that we had a right to the exemption. It has been a curious thing in this whole discussion that what the English government did not dare protest—and England has never been timid in asserting her rights—a small group of Americans, purblind in their desire to cultivate English good will, have urged without hesitation, reflecting on the honor of their country. Strange too is the fact that it seems to be difficult for this country to find men who, as soon as they are appointed to represent us at London, will not become imbued with the idea that their function is to represent, not America, but England. If only our ambassadors to Great Britain would observe carefully that England's representatives here win our respect and retain the regard of their countrymen by upholding the honor of their own country. It would be mighty short shift with them if they didn't, but the Americans are a patient people and inclined to be very tolerant of toadyism in their foreign representatives.

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That Theodore Roosevelt, who loved his country as much as, and understood his people better than any man of his time, would have lent himself to any plan of dishonor is what no man dare openly aver. That the Panama Canal Repeal like the Colombian treaty, was part of the

Wilson plan to blacken the name of the Great American is obvious. Sick as the ex-president was when he arrived in Para, Brazil, after his great sufferings on the River of Doubt, the first thing that he did was to send a vigorous message in answer to a cablegram from Miles Poindexter, denouncing the Wilson scheme to put America in the light of a grasping and dishonorable breaker of treaties. It was to undo Theodore Roosevelt's work that Woodrow Wilson undertook his repeal activities, and it is Theodore Roosevelt's honor as well as the honor of America that the United States Senate has vindicated by passing the Borah bill.

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Would that the same wisdom that the Senate has shown in the matter of the Panama Canal Tolls had been displayed in the matter of Taxation. We yield to no man in our admiration of most of the senators whom George Moses in his New Hampshire flippancy describes as the Kenyon Soviet, but the great agricultural interests will not be served by a blind refusal to look facts in the face. The principal reason for the hard times and the stagnation in business has been that the money of the country that should go into business has gone into tax-exempt securities, of which there are already fifteen billion; with millions being issued every week. One third of that amount, or five billions, if turned into business would make this country in two months the most prosperous in the history of the world—far more prosperous than it has ever been. And yet the Senate, deliberately, or rather, apparently without deliberation, agrees on a bill that drives capital further into exempt securities and penalizes the man who dares to undertake the risks of business investment.

* * * * *

New York continues to be the home and the hotbed of the Drama of Indecency. Week after week, plays are produced which are as flagrant as anything offered by the worst Paris playhouses, and far beyond the drama of the Restoration in immorality. There is not even the saving grace of wit or humor, though the easiest encomium to wring from the easy-going critics is "brilliant." Even John Drew, who once appeared in plays that one might go to see without having the colic, is now playing in New York in a drama called "The Circle" by W. Somerset Maugham, which is about as vile a literary production as one could imagine. It is more insidious than most of the filthy French farces, for the smut is gilded, and the author has a technical facility not unlike that of Oscar Wilde. But even the New York managers did not dare produce the play in full, some of the baldest and most offensive passages being omitted by the actors, who play their parts without art or discrimination, from John Drew down.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

THE STAGE AND THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR*

O subject offers a greater field for clear thinking and firm writing than the Modern Drama. No subject is more befogged by unsound thinking and spasmodic and hysterical utterances. From a professor of Yale University, one might at least expect a certain amount of temperate discussion and at least a dignified reserve, but Professor William Lyon Phelps of the Lampson Chair of English Literature at Yale is above such things as dignity, and indifferent, apparently, to such things as reserve and caution.

Here are six essays that pendulate between the obvious and the impossible, that contain not a single original thought, not a happy suggestion, but much reaching and straining after effect, loose diction, and an astonishing absence of a sense of proportion.

What he says of Barrie, of Galsworthy, of Maeterlinck, and of Rostand has been said elsewhere with better effect and with less ecstasy.

What he says of George Bernard Shaw might have been written by any of his students or by some fresh youth without a possibility of an original thought, or a due appreciation of Shaw's insincerity, his rank affectation, his rather boring self assertion, and self adulation. Much of his "criticism" of Shaw sounds very much like discussions of Fotheringill, and the other affected members of the literary circle that Mr. Don Marquis so admirably caricatures.

Shaw, Professor Phelps tells us, is "a star of the first magnitude,"—"who adorns with his art every subject that he touches." . . . "But we need him. We need him as Athens needed Socrates; as the Mediaeval Church needed Luther; as England needed Cromwell; as France needed the Revolution; as George III needed George Washington." That another generation will wonder what all this is about and read with amazement such ecstatic statements is something that never occurred to Professor Phelps, though occasionally he admits that he himself is floundering: "What does he (Shaw) teach? I confess I do not know. The main business of the teacher is not to impart information, but to transfer facts from his skull to the skulls of the pupils with as little friction as possible. The business of the teacher is to raise a thirst."

*"ESSAYS ON MODERN DRAMATISTS," by William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Company.

But it is when Professor Phelps discusses his friend Clyde Fitch that he is at his best—or worst.

His friendship with Fitch as a boy might be adduced in extenuation for much that Phelps has written, were it not that Professor Phelps, because of his position, is supposed to be above considerations of friendship when it comes to instructing the young men who have the misfortune to look to him for criticism on the modern theatre.

Hardly anything that the author says about Clyde Fitch as a dramatist is true—nothing that he says is sound. He states that Mr. Fitch earned two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year as if that were an adequate reason for his vulgarity and for the low moral tone of his plays, for the trickiness and chicanery of his "art."

He quotes at great length Miss Elsie DeWolf to show that Mr. Fitch understood the superficial characteristics of women, telling us that he was able to show Miss DeWolf how to walk like a woman! Comment is unnecessary. He quotes not a single paragraph nor a single line to show that Mr. Fitch understood the human heart.

The professor makes the astounding statement that Mr. Fitch "owed comparatively little to others," when play after play of Fitch's was based on his reading of the French dramatists. The author speaks with thrilling enthusiasm of the production of "The City" in New York in 1909 and regrets that Fitch was not alive to enjoy its great success. We remember the production of this play most distinctly—one of the saddest nights we ever spent in an American theatre—vulgar, false and degenerate in its ideals, "The City" represented Mr. Fitch's peculiar and unfortunate talent at its worst.

The audience, it is true, applauded wildly and shouted over the blasphemy in the play but long before the curtain went up on the first act there was every evidence of preparation on the part of the management and Fitch's enthusiastic friends that this play was going to be put over "Big."

Mr. Fitch is dead but his influence lived long after him and spoiled many a fine young dramatist who would have been a healthy contributor to the American theatre had he escaped one of the most baneful influences that our American literature has known.

A. E. Low.

NEW THOUGHTS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT*



ROFESSOR McCCLURE in "The Contents of the New Testament," takes up the New Testament in the order of the documents therein found in accordance with modern literary and historical research. It is not generally known that the Bible is practically a new book

*"The Contents of the New Testament," by Haven McClure. The MacMillan Co.

today, owing to the literary and historical investigations that have been made in the last twenty-five years by scholars here and abroad, in the study of the documents and their contemporary environments.

Most people understand, as a result of a multitude of articles and scientific addresses, how different is the constitution of the earth from what it was conceived to be in earlier times. By a careful study of the rocks in their successive layers, Geology has created a different view point, and as a result of modern geological study, we behold our earth today in its present form, as the end of a long period of evolutionary development. It is a fascinating point of view and one we are all familiar with.

It is not so clearly recognized, however, that a somewhat similar process has been going on in the study of the Bible. The various documents have been carefully analyzed in modern scholarship, and placed in their historical sequence like the layers of geological rock.

This modern view of the Bible expressed in Professor McClure's book is what gives it its value and place in a review in *THE FORUM*, for Professor McClure, Secretary of the English Council of Indiana State Teachers' Association, has written thoroughly and sympathetically for the lay mind, unversed in the technicalities of biblical research. His objective is to present the result of the labors of the world's greatest Bible scholars in a manner intelligible to the younger mind and to the general reader. At the same time an effort has been made to keep in consonance the contents of the New Testament with the revelations of modern science, and to do this without in any way impairing anyone's respect for Christianity.

This Professor McClure has succeeded in doing in a way that commends itself in general to Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jew, though this statement should of course be made with qualifications.

He has given us in two hundred pages in compact compass, a modern view of the New Testament, and he is be commended upon the clearness, compactness, sanity, scholarship, and reserve in which he has stated his conclusions.

DE WITT L. PELTON.

AN ANTI-ROOSEVELT HISTORY*



R. FREDERIC L. PAXON is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin and he has written a "Recent History of the United States." An extraordinary "history," it is written with so little sense of proportion and so little insight into American affairs that it might have been written by a professor of a Chinese university whose only

*"Recent History of the United States," by Frederic L. Paxson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

knowledge of American history had been gained by reading the *Paris Herald*.

Why a picture of Theodore Roosevelt was put at the beginning of the book is hard to conceive, unless it was to emphasize the contempt of the author, who delights in recording the achievements of Henry Ford and passes over the death of the great Roosevelt with a single line. No lover of Roosevelt and no American who has studied his times and understands them, can read this book without having great sympathy for the college students who are obliged to get their instruction from one so blind and ignorant, and apparently unable to control his prejudices. Theodore Roosevelt is twice referred to as "noisily" doing this, or doing that (pages 270 and 275), and this seems to be the one characteristic of one of America's greatest men that impressed Mr. Paxson.

But it is not alone in the matter of Roosevelt that the author shows his misunderstanding of American affairs and lack of sympathy with the progressive spirit. All that he can see in the rebellion against old standards that began with the Roosevelt period, is a love of muck-raking and a desire to disturb. The revolt of the Progressive Republicans in 1912 was to him

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nothing more than a political movement. Reference to the part played by Roosevelt in the conclusion of the Japanese-Russian war, shows a doleful lack of knowledge of the real story of the ending of that war—a story that is yet to be written.

Similar ignorance is displayed when the author comes to discuss business affairs. His account of the battle between the Harriman and Hill interests in 1901 is that of one far removed both from the atmosphere of the conflict and the facts. As a matter of fact Harriman in his controversy with the Hill and Morgan interests was not defeated, but held all the cards of victory and had he not chosen to compromise for what he regarded as adequate reasons, he could have used the control of the majority of all the stock which he held, to the confusion of his enemies, who had the control only of the common. The dissolution of the Northern Securities Company deprived him of the benefits of this compromise, but it is not history to depict him as beaten.

What more can one say of a historian of his time who is wrong on two such dissimilar personalities as Theodore Roosevelt and Edward Harriman?

G. H. P.

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AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Friend:

I hold the degree of A.B. and A.M. from the University of Missouri, the degree of D.D. from the University of Kentucky, the degree of L.B. from the Washington University. I was editor of the Harriman Lines Railroad Educational Bureau, was attorney for the White Pass R. R., and practiced law in six states.

It was my privilege to have the personal friendship of Judge Hanna and Mrs. Eddy, of Christian Science fame, of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and of John E. Richardson, better known as T. K., founder of the Great School of Philosophy.

I organized the Law and Commercial Company of Snow, Church and Company, with offices in many large cities and the Lyceum League of America, with Theodore Roosevelt as its first President and Edward Everett Hale, William Dean Howells, Frances Willard and Senator Lodge on the Board of Trustees.

I recently came to St. Louis from my home in Long Beach, California, for the purpose of studying the Master Key System at close range and getting into personal touch with the Author, Charles F. Haanel.

I have been here long enough to find that while all other systems of thought are ~~interested~~ ^{in the} with the manipulation of things, the Master Key System is ~~interested~~ ^{in the} in the causes whereby conditions are created. For this reason it is Universal and unlimited.

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The Forum

DECEMBER, 1921

THE AGRICULTURAL BLOC—Its Merits

By HON. ARTHUR CAPPER

CRITICISM of the so-called agricultural bloc in the present Congress as a "class group" has come, so far as I have observed, from class groups who fear recognition of the primary national industry by the government. These men in Congress, comprising about one hundred in the House and some twenty-two in the Senate, largely from the west and south, who know the needs of agriculture, are accused by representatives of other interests of seeking class legislation for the farm.

The legislation which the agricultural bloc supports as its contribution to the general welfare, however, speaks for itself. As one who has actively supported and advocated these measures, I have no sympathy with the accusation, and I need hardly say that I see nothing of the evils of class legislation in the agricultural program.

It is trite to say that "agriculture is the basis of our prosperity." But threadbare as the statement is, it has needed repetition and emphasis. At the base of all industry is the oldest industry of the land itself. We may say

that until quite recent years we regarded the farmer as valuable in his capacity as a producer of the first needs of life, but all great business now equally considers him as purchaser. He produces the raw material for the factory and he supports the factory in his immense consumption of finished products. Our entire business structure rests upon the land. The farmer not only feeds us and clothes us, but is, as a class, our best customer. Without him the railroads would languish. The steel industry, without the railroad demand for rails and other materials, and the demand of the harvester and farm implement industries for steel, would perish. Unless the farmer prospers there can be no prosperity of a single industry. So efforts to improve and stabilize conditions surrounding this ultimate industry of food production are of as vital consequence to the city and to business in general as to the farmer himself.

Heretofore government aid to agriculture has consisted in the support of agricultural colleges and experiment stations, and the Department of Agriculture. Valuable as this service has been in promoting better farming, improved seed, soil culture and livestock, it has no relation to other and increasingly pressing problems of the farming industry which concern such subjects as financial credit and markets, and marketing machinery and processes.

Farming is a peculiar industry. It has not participated in the modern synthetical processes of industrialism, the centralization of control, the combination of capital into great uni. In their immense development of the division of labor in the factory system and through the corporation, agriculture has been left by the wayside. It remains as individualistic as a century ago, when all industrialism was individualistic. The farmer is the sole survivor of an earlier industrial order, when the shoemaker made shoes on his knee in his shop, when domestic industry flourished, and the household spun its own wool and was sufficient

unto itself. With the development of the factory system and the corporation, and the corresponding evolution of credit and banking with relation to these new forms, agriculture has been overlooked. Farming is the only business left that buys at retail and sells at wholesale; that pays what is asked when it buys, and accepts what is offered when it sells. The farmer remains merely a producer of the necessities of human life. After he has produced them other organizations take them over at their own price for distribution. This is true of no other important industry.

The marketing and distributing agencies, well supplied with credit, closely affiliated and linked with the highly organized industrial order, do not, like the farmer, dump the farmer's products, after they have passed into their hands, at once upon a congested market. Facilities have grown up, the warehousing system, the elevator, the cold storage plant, the grain, cotton and other exchanges, that nicely adjust supply to demand, and the "middlemen" feed out the world's food supplies as demand calls for them. Just as these merchants hold and store and distribute in accordance with demand for consumption, thereby obtaining what the products are fairly worth during the entire year, so the farmer is now proposing through self-organization to dispose of his products, to control elevators, warehouses, credit, to be represented on exchanges, to market his own products. This is the first agricultural bloc aid to the farmer, in the Volstead-Capper bill authorizing farm co-operative marketing.

The farmer's individualistic industry, the single farm being the unit, not the corporate aggregation of many farms, is not adapted to the uses of the modern corporation. What is suited to agriculture (unless it is to be taken over bodily by big business in great trusts) is co-operation. There is not an economist nor an authority on agriculture who believes that the method of the corporation will answer the needs of agriculture. Co-operation differs from the

corporation in several important features, but it is unnecessary to mention more than that in co-operation the amount of stock shall be limited to any one stockholder to the co-operative project, and the stock dividends shall be limited to a fixed rate having no relation to the earnings, as in the corporation, but having regard to the ruling rate of interest for money or capital. Only by these limitations can the farm marketing enterprise be protected against control by a few, and the vital co-operative spirit maintained. In co-operation capital and labor are one. The farmer supplies the capital and it is he who turns out the product. The ultimate earnings dividends are rated not on the capital invested, but on the product contributed. This is true co-operation.

What the agricultural bloc discovered is that existing "middlemen" through their organizations are determined to prevent the rise of farm co-operative marketing. Aspiring local co-operative organizations of farmers were attacked by these interests in the courts for violation of the anti-trust acts, and co-operation was obstructed and discouraged by these and other measures.

Convinced that farm co-operation is desirable, the last Congress by an amendment of the federal trade act undertook to release it from any suspicion of attempted monopoly by exempting combinations "not for profit" from the scope of the anti-trust acts, acts designed for wholly different forms of organization. The amendment proved ineffective, and the Volstead-Capper bill now being pressed by the agricultural bloc, authorizes and validates farm co-operation as such.

The American farmer leads the world in production per man, but he can never be an efficient salesman of his own products without the clear legal right to market them collectively. This right is given by the bill. Mr. J. D. Miller, representing the National Milk Producers, testified before a commission of Congress that it "will do more for the

ultimate prosperity of America's farmers than any other measure." This nation stands alone in the world in its inhibitions against farm marketing co-operation. The agricultural bloc is not asking special class legislation for the farmer, but merely the removal of legal obstructions to farm co-operation and the placing of the American farmer on the same footing as his competitor in every other country on the globe. Danger of an agricultural monopoly through co-operation is not seriously urged, but only for political purposes by special interests. Agricultural monopoly through co-operation is impossible, because by the nature of the co-operative enterprise it has been found to be ineffective except by producers of the same products locally organized. Farm co-operation has not been successful either in Europe or in the United States where the members are widely scattered, or where they are engaged in the production of different products. A universal agricultural co-operative enterprise is utterly impracticable and contrary to all co-operative experience.

But it is a sufficient defense of farm marketing co-operation to say that every economist who has made a study of agricultural industry and every advisor, from so high an authority as Secretary Hoover or Mr. Bernard Baruch down, agrees that co-operation is the remedy and the sole practical remedy for his marketing losses. In a recent interview Mr. Baruch said:

"I do not believe the farmer receives a fair share of the value of his products. And this is aggravated by practices of under-grading, overcharging for services, and underpayment. The theory of my belief is that the farmer should be put on an equal footing with the man who buys his products."

Mr. Hoover, in an address before the Kansas State Board of Agriculture on Farmers' Problems stated that "our marketing system today in certain commodities is extravagant, it is wasteful, and it imposes great penalty upon the

farmer." On the question of monopoly Mr. Hoover remarked in this address: "My own opinion is that price can not be controlled in a long term of years by any form of organization. It can, however, be influenced toward the elimination of intermediate fluctuation, and speculation can be greatly eliminated."

In clearing the way for farm co-operation the agricultural bloc is not seeking to give a special advantage to the farmer over other industrialists, but to open the way for the farmer to adopt a plan of industrial organization as suited to the conditions of his industry, as the corporation is suited to others. Other measures to which the so called farm bloc has given its sanction include the Capper-Tincher anti grain gambling bill already enacted into law. This is a measure, not of class legislation, but of correction of abuses on grain exchanges. It abolishes the practice of "puts" and "calls," condemned by grain exchanges themselves and many years ago prohibited in their own rules. But the main provisions of the bill give the Secretary of Agriculture power to investigate and report any suspected manipulation of the grain market, to check the books of market operators, and to prescribe rules for boards of trade. Other measures included are Senator Dial's anti-cotton gambling bill, bills regulating cold storage and providing control of the packing industry, the Capper-French truth in fabrics bill—applying to fabrics provisions similar to those of the pure food act—and bills creating more liberal banking credit, particularly personal credit on crops and farm machinery, making such paper more easily discountable.

Of these measures the only one susceptible to the accusation of "class legislation" is the last, since it does attempt to enlarge the banking credit of agriculture. People in cities or engaged in mercantile, manufacturing, brokerage or other business associated with cities are not aware of the extent to which bank credit has been evolved with relation to the needs specifically of such industries, and the

extent to which the evolution of bank credit has overlooked the peculiar conditions of agriculture.

Commercial paper is the key of banking credit. Credit machinery and facilities have accommodated themselves to the needs of commercial and manufacturing business. Since this business ordinarily has a turnover measured in weeks, bank credit has adapted itself to such periods of duration and renewal. We have the thirty day, sixty day, and at most ninety day note, and this arrangement perfectly suits commercial business. In fact that is the reason we have it. It does not suit farming business, yet this fact has not in the least modified the practice, demonstrating conclusively that bank credit does not concern itself seriously with the industry of the production of the world's food supply. The farmer's turnover is mainly once in twelve months. Furthermore, the supply of bank credit has no relation to agriculture, but regards commercial and manufacturing business only. The banks have mainly concerned themselves with supplying the credit needs of "business," in which farm business is not consciously included. But even so, the banks have not adequately met the need of commercial business. This appears by the development of one auxiliary credit organization after another. We have the discount companies or commercial credit companies that buy accounts receivable of merchants and manufacturers to increase mercantile and manufacturing working capital. These modern institutions of very recent creation now do an extensive business of auxiliary banking for the benefit of business in cities. Of recent origin too, are the commercial banking departments of trust companies, under more liberal regulation than banks, created to meet the demands of commercial and manufacturing industry. And finally we have the commercial paper houses. According to Prof. H. G. Moulton of Chicago University, in his book recently from the press, "The Financial Organization of Society," these last did a business in 1919 of upwards of

four billion dollars. They are an extension of the facilities of bank credit for the special benefit of merchants and manufacturers, and their particular function is to find the widest market, often even in the small country or farm bank, for the paper of great commercial houses.

But where do we see any extension of bank credit that helps the farmer finance his business? He has paid the highest interest rate for working capital, not because his credit is naturally inferior to that of commercial business, but because the banking system has grown up in places and under conditions remote from those of farm industry.

It is not the purpose of the agricultural bloc in the banking credit measures they advocate, to supply the farmer with a more generous line of credit than other industries, but to fill the wide gap that has existed between his industry and the credit that all other industry enjoys. It is merely a belated effort to meet a profound need of agriculture. The purpose of the credit bills is to create banking facilities for the farmer adjusted to the times and seasons of his need, not to give credit where credit is not warranted. The bills provide for ample security for any credit the farmer asks, but they take notice of the longer period of his business turnover both as to crops and as to livestock. The farmer in the past has had the credit facilities only of the little country bank. The agricultural bloc was instrumental in obtaining the enactment of the agricultural credit bill, through which a maximum of one billion dollars credit may be extended to farm loan organizations and to banks and trust companies making loans to farmers, and through which the War Finance Corporation may make advances not exceeding one year to producers or dealers in the event of a market glut, and may advance credit to any co-operative association, bank or trust company which has advanced funds for agricultural purposes, as well as credit for the breeding, fattening and marketing of livestock.

Many Americans give little thought to the agricultural industry. It is removed from the populous centers of the country. The farmer is isolated, he stands alone, the last of the individualists, depending for his success upon his own efforts unassociated with others. Yet he conducts an industry aggregating an investment value of eighty billion dollars, and with a normal output of something like twenty billions. He is "fed up" on political camouflage and promises, on Fourth of July oratory extolling his loyalty, his industry, his patience, and his fidelity to his job. He is weary of hearing that he is the "backbone" of the country, its "bone and sinew," only to be forgotten when business is to be done and results harvested. He is asking for a square deal and equal treatment and consideration with others, for the right to act in co-operation and to handle his products through to their ultimate market, with adequate credit facilities. Oratorically the farmer has been well treated. Practically his needs have been neglected by those who have made the laws and the modern machinery of the industrial order. He has awakened to his own situation. When the after-war collapse occurred it was the farmer who was without the organization and machinery to protect himself, and he saw his products made the football of speculation and gambling.

When an eighty billion dollar industry capable of supplying the nation annually with twenty-two billions of new wealth, and fifty per cent of its bank deposits, lies flat on its back, it would seem that rescue parties might better be hailed with joy than viewed with alarm, and that whatever will promote the primary industry of food production might well be regarded as of the common good, rather than as class legislation and a menace.

Nobody can impartially study the history of agriculture and conclude that it has not been sorely neglected. It has "just growed." For a century and a half, nearly everything we have done, every system we have contrived in

marketing, transportation and banking, has been built to fit the development, happiness, and profit of city life. A Department of Agriculture and a few agricultural colleges have been regarded as meeting our obligations to agriculture. And so they would, if all that agriculture needed was advice. But it needs to grow and prosper in organized efficiency like the rest of the modern, highly organized world.

In central Illinois, the heart of the most fertile agricultural region on the globe, more farmers have gone bankrupt and been sold out by the sheriff in the last year than in many preceding years together. One of the most successful and respected farmers in the United States, J. R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, has declared that one and a half million of the six million farmers of the country are today insolvent. Agriculture is sick. The measures supported by the agricultural bloc are not proposals to give the farmer something for nothing, nor are they class legislation. They are the remedies urged by economists and students of agriculture, and above all by the farmers themselves, to uplift this fundamental industry to a place where it will be a blessing to the country because it is self sustaining and prosperous.

SOMETIMES

By MAY THOMAS MILAM

Sometimes if we slyly look
Quickly aside,
We may see vague white forms hurrying
To hide.
Sometimes, oh fleetingly! we gaze
On fairer lands;
A shining face we sometimes see—
And touch strange hands.

THE AGRICULTURAL BLOC—Its Perils

By HON. GEORGE H. MOSES

WHEN "The Founding Fathers"—as President Harding so often and with affectionate alliteration refers to the creators of our Republic—established our form of government they intended to depart completely from the form of parliamentary responsible ministries which obtained in the mother country. They endued our Executive with a fixed tenure, and set him and his policies entirely beyond the reach of hostile majorities in either branch of Congress. Their purpose, as shown by their immediate action upon the great instrument which they had framed, was based upon the expectation that the President and the Congress would always be in political accord. They had observed the single line of demarcation between schools of American political thought; and they felt justified in assuming that such simplicity would continue. As a matter of fact, there have been few of our sixty-seven Congresses wherein the President did not command a majority of his own party.

Third parties in America, when they have appeared other than as mere organs of temporary protest upon a single question, have generally recognized the partisan form of political activity upon which American institutions are predicated. In the years of their greatest endeavor—notably 1856, 1892, and 1912—they sought to gain not only the Presidency but seats in Congress as well. And the fact has been and remains, that if the American system of constitutional government is to continue there must be political accord between the President and the Congress; otherwise no affirmative progress can be made in legislation.

It is clear, therefore, that the bloc system does not fit

into our institutions. Ours is a republic with representative institutions and government. And while it is true that in recent years there have been efforts, successful in form, if not in spirit, to engraft democracy upon our republicanism, it is questionable if their success is anything more than formal. For example, the direct primary and the popular election of United States Senators is an engrafting of democratic purposes upon our republican stem; and I doubt if there are many who will maintain the thesis that the results of this experiment have been such as to raise perceptibly the standard of public service.

The introduction of the bloc system, however, produces a new angle and introduces a new element, as foreign to our institutions as its name is to our language. In countries where responsible parliamentary government exists the bloc system may have a place; but even there it is rarely valuable in the continuity of governmental advance. Legislation proceeds by compromise in any event; and when such compromise must be sought among all the conflicting groups such as have made up the coalition majority in so many European chambers it is not surprising to note that the resultant statute has so often proven disastrous. It is not every executive who possesses the agile mind of Lloyd George and who can, like him, perform continuous feats of legislative legerdemain and invariably bring the statutory rabbit out of the silk hat, into which the bewildered audience plainly saw him put the coalition eggs and confetti.

Ten years ago that wise old ruler, King George of the Hellenes, viewing from the perspective of six thousand miles the formation of the Progressive Party in the United States, gave me his opinion that the bloc system would soon find its way into the American Congress. Being then as now, a Hamiltonian, perhaps a reactionary, I ventured to differ with His Majesty, although we were sitting at his own table over the coffee. Has his prediction come true?

For the first time in American Congressional history we

have in the Senate a bloc, frankly proclaimed as such and further distinguished as agricultural. It may be beside the mark, but it certainly is pertinent to note in passing that none of its most active members is a farmer, and that most of them are lawyers. Although brought forth under Republican auspices, it is not without significance that none of the three real dirt farmers of the Republican side of the Senate was invited to share in the formation or in the later councils of the bloc. And as a matter of historical truth it should be further noted that in the last meeting of the bloc which came to public notice its constituent members in attendance comprised a fluctuating number of Republican senators, while the Democratic attendance was not only constant but constantly in the majority.

The avowed purpose of the bloc is to secure legislation beneficial to the American farmer. And the movement presents fine evidence of the truth that a creature grows by what he feeds on—because the bloc was organized with formal precision only after four months of a Congressional session in which the chief measures brought to passage were the Emergency Tariff Bill, the Farmers' Finance Bill, and other proposals of equal class or sectional character. The members of the bloc who have hitherto cooperated without formal organization have now decided, it is evident, to "change from glory unto glory" and to place themselves among the ordered constellations of the stars which fight together.

If this bloc is to endure; if other blocs are to be formed; if, in short, Congress is to embark upon the choppy seas of coalition control, it cannot stop with mere legislation arising from the exigencies of a given minute. The tail must go with the hide; and the coalition must seek not only to enforce its demands upon the floor when the roll call is taken, but to seize complete control of dominant party machinery, to make itself in fact the dominant party, to choose its own Speaker of the House, its own President pro tempore of the Senate, to name its own leader of party conferences, and to select and arrange the membership of all Congres-

sional committees. This means, of course, the disappearance of the ancient but still serviceable rule of seniority. It means that the membership and chairmanships of important committees shall be thrown open to political competition, with its attendant evil train of log-rolling and a still further subsidiary development of the bloc scheme. It means destruction of incentive for individual effort in the drudgery of the committee room; it means, in a word, chaos.

The rule of seniority is, of course, by no means perfect; but nothing yet has been devised to take its place which will correct all of its evils or even measurably do so. It has one element to its credit—its certainty.

Already the bloc has begun to show signs and wonders which proclaim its weakness. For example, the agricultural bloc, if its history shall be truthfully written, must own as its progenitor one Senator who was promptly despoiled by another of the honors which the system has to confer; and he in turn was pushed from his throne by a second pretender; while a third seems to be emerging from the back scenery to make further contest for a monopoly of the spot light.

Over-wise commentators upon the bloc system as we now possess it have sought to find its origin in the changing form of public questions—which they assert to be economic and therefore bound to invoke sectional and class consciousness. If we may substitute the adjective selfish for the adjective economic in the foregoing formula we shall probably be more nearly correct. And the source of this selfishness is easy of discovery. It lies in the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which was hailed as giving liberty to Congress in matters of taxation but which in reality has given much more of license. A collateral spring of inspiration from which the bloc system in the United States drinks deep is to be found in the form of taxation which the exigencies of war forced upon the country; and so long as we maintain the practice of tax levying under which the four states of Illinois, Massachu-

setts, New York, and Pennsylvania contribute more than one-half of all the golden flood poured into the Federal Treasury, so long will exist the temptation to form blocs whose purpose is to procure for the less populous, less enterprising, less thrifty states of the Union a share of the profits of toil which their more industrious sister states have piled up. The pernicious results of this practice cannot be overlooked. Persistence in it cannot fail to produce a group of mendicant states, whose representatives in Congress under the economic urge of the "folks back home" will seek still further to pry open the doors of the Federal Treasury, and to gather from granaries which they have not helped to fill.

All this is bad enough; but after all the economic consequences of the bloc system are not its worst fault. If it continues it means the breaking down of party coherence, of party responsibility, and of party government. And when these disappear the Constitution disappears with them; because the American system of government was framed upon lines so distinct and so clear that the introduction of a bloc into the plan means the introduction of a blot which will be the effacing efficaciously of all that has held this Republic for well nigh a century and a half in the first position among the self-governing peoples of the world. Our sense of nationality has been developed under the Constitution and through political parties. Its fires have thus far kept the melting pot at sufficient heat to assimilate all that the Old World has hitherto given us, but they cannot reduce this latest introduction from the parliamentary storehouse of the Old World.

Since the bloc is neither fusible, nor malleable, nor ductile, nor friable, what means shall be employed for dealing with it? It should be dissolved. Not necessarily by disintegration—which will probably take place—but by party coherence solvent and persuasive. Such is to be found amply in the Republican Party whose traditions contain enough of affirmative forbearance to absorb the most refractory of political elements—even a bloc.

SOME MAKERS OF MODERN VERSE

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I notice a curious revival of interest in Henley, caused by the publication of his letters and works, in five volumes, which have been widely reviewed.

Henley was a striking personality; he had no genius; he was not a great writer. I never met him. Only he asked me twice for two articles; one, on Coventry Patmore that I wrote in London; one, on Paul Verlaine, I wrote in Paris. It was printed in *The National Review* in 1892, and was I believe, the first detailed study of the whole of his work up to that date. I heard a great deal about Henley from Yeats, who had an immense admiration for the man and for his prose. It delights me to read in his "Memoirs of Four Years" an account of Henley which is admirable, sympathetic and, above all, entirely written from the Irish point of view. He says there:

"I disagreed with him about everything, but I admired him beyond words. Henley often revised my lyrics, crossing out a stanza or a line and writing in one of his own, and I was comforted by my belief that he also re-wrote Kipling, then in the first flood of popularity."

I remember Yeats telling me one night when he was spending a winter with me in Fountain Court, the impression he had of the first meeting of Wilde and Henley at Henley's room in Westminster. He said to me, Wilde tried his utmost to fascinate Henley by his brilliant paradoxes, by his sudden gymnastics, with words in which the phrase itself was always worth more than it said. All that

time his fixed idea was—I imagine—to endeavor to imitate his life-long enemy, once his friend, Whistler—by transfixing Henley with some poisoned dagger, such as the one he refers to in the painted and heavily perfumed pages of “Dorian Gray.” He did not fascinate Henley; Henley beat him down, time after time, with some heavy weapon of his own fashioning. The result was in Yeats’ words:

“When I dined with Wilde a few days afterwards he began at once, ‘I had to strain every nerve to equal that man at all’—and I was too loyal to speak my thought, ‘You and not he said all the brilliant things.’ He, like the rest of us, had felt the strain of an intensity that seemed to hold life at the point of drama.”

In the poetry of Henley, so interesting always, and at times so admirable, I find an example to my hand of modernity in verse. For a man of such eager and active temperament, a writer of such intellectual vivacity, his literary baggage is singularly small. In any case, there is something revolutionary about his work; as in his verse, which he can enlarge so as to take in London; perhaps a test of the poetry which professes to be modern: its capacity for dealing with London, with what one might see there, indoors and out of doors. To be modern in poetry, to represent oneself, to be modern and yet poetical, is perhaps, the most difficult, as it certainly is the most interesting of all artistic achievements. Had Walt Whitman—whose work remains a suggestion, not an accomplishment—possessed the art, as he possessed and at times revealed, the soul of poetry, it is possible that in him we might have found the typical modern poet. On the contrary, Henley’s subject matter in verse was a discovery; his verse is made out of personal sensations, verse which is half physiological, verse which is pathology; and yet, at its best, poetry. Always undoubtedly modern, using too often merely prosaic words, he has set some of the most human emotions to a music that is itself curiously modern;

as in certain jingles, which seem to give a particular, hardly defined sensation with ingenious success. It is a sensation vague in itself, delicious and frivolous, an inconsequent, inconsistent emotion, born of some happy accident.

I have at times felt, with an intense horror and aversion, a bourgeois solemnity in much of the really quite good, the very respectable work in verse that is done now-a-days; bourgeois, for all its distinction, of a kind. Only, when I use the word now-a-days, the word itself is as explicit to me at the exact moment when I am writing these lines, as it was in the days of Dowson, as it was in the days of Verlaine. The taint, the plague-spot of bad verse has always been that of the bourgeois. Only, at that time, none of us who were actually artists, were afraid of emotion, were ashamed of frivolity, were aghast at passion. Only, now, certainly, I know not how many verse makers are concerned only with the question that the sentiment as well as the rhyme must be right. Still, when Henley found what was really a personal emotion—he was ashamed of none of the human instincts—it was with a brush of passionate impressionism that he painted for us the London of midsummer nights, London at “the golden end” of October afternoons, London cowering in winter under the Wind Fiend, “out of the poisonous East.” In his impression of the mood of deadly companionship of the sea and of night, he certainly succeeded in flashing the picture, in realizing the intangible.

Growling, obscene and hoarse,
Tales of unnumbered ships,
Goodly and strong, companions of the advance,
In some vile alley of the night
Waylaid and bludgeoned—
Dead.

These lines, like so many of Henley's later verse, are written in *vers libre*; he made for himself a rough, serviceable metre in unrhymed verse, full of twitching nerves and capable of hurrying or dragging. I have always

wondered whether it is an unreasonable prejudice that inclines me to question the wisdom of doing without rhyme in measures that seem to demand it. It is to be found in Tasso's "Aminta" in Leopardi, whose genius and structure are infinitely superior to Tasso's; in D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," where the metre is purely a means to an end, a dramatic end. In English verse I find the most perfect example of blank verse varied into half lyric measures in some of the speeches in Milton's "Samson Agonistes."

But who is this? What thing of land or sea—

Female of sex it seems—

That is bedecked, ornate and gay,

Comes this way sailing,

Like a stately ship,

Of Tarsus, bound for the isles

Of Javan and Gadire,

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails filled, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds that hold them play?

This in its way is perfect, but I have always felt as I feel now, that to do without rhyme is to do without one of the beauties of poetry: I should say, one of its inherent beauties.

Revolutionary always as I have said, Henley had a wholesome but perilous discontent with the conventions of verse and of language; he was always—in this I admired him—very emphatic in likes and in dislikes, always eagerly, honestly, never quite dispassionately. Original, brilliant, pictorial, his style tired one by its pungency, dazzled one by its glitter. Every word had to be emphatic and every strike had to score heavily—as his own speech always had to—and every sentence had to be an epigram. I have only to turn over the pages of Henley's prose to select one of his passionate utterances; it is on George Borrow, who is always true to that "peculiar mind and system of nerves" of which he is always aware, and which drove him into all sorts of cunning ways of telling the truth and of making it bewildering; who in those pages of "Lavengro," when he

describes his paroxysm of fear in the dingle, descends into some "obscure night of the soul."

"Lavengro emerges from the ordeal most consciously magnificent. Circumstantial as Defoe, rich in combinations as Lèsage, and with such an instinct of the picturesque, both personal and local, as none of them possessed, this strange wild man holds on his strange wild way, and leads you captive to the end. Moreover, that his dialogue should be set down in racy, nervous, idiomatic English, with a kind of language at once primitive and scholarly, forceful but homely—the speech of the artist in sods and turfs—if at first it surprise and charm, yet ends by seeming so natural and just that you go on to forget all about it, and accept the whole thing as the genuine outcome of a man's experience which it purports to be. Add that it is all entirely unsexual; that there is none with so poor an intelligence of the heart as woman moves it; that the book does not exist in which the relations between boy and girl are more miserably misrepresented than in 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye,' that that picturesque ideal of romance which, finding utterance in Huertado de Mendoza, was presently to appeal to such artists as Cervantes, Quevedo, Lèsage, Smollett, finds such expression in 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye' as nowhere else."

We know that Rossetti had the genius of verbal mystery; that his verse has an actually hypnotic quality which exerts itself on those who come within his magic circle; that when Rossetti speaks, no other voice, for the moment, seems worth listening to; that, after he died, the world was not quite the same as it was before. What has Henley to say of him?

"But if he can read 'Sister Helen' without wishing that at least a third part of it had remained unwritten—or at least unpublished—then he has to show that he is fully alive to the perfection, and at every point awake to the completeness of 'Kubla Khan', and the 'Ode to a Nightin-

gale': that (in fine) he knows the difference between organic art and art that is inorganic in that the life it lives is only one of suggestions and phrases, the half of which we should have spared, and whose aggregate effect is to set us wondering if Milton were not a mistake, and if Shakespeare would not really be the better for a vast deal of chastisement."

Here Henley loses all his sense of values; even more so when he attempts—and how vainly!—to weigh in his slender balances the enormous, the tremendous, the creative genius of Balzac.

"He was the least capable and the most self-conscious of artists; his observation was that of an inspired and very careful auctioneer; he was a visionary and a fanatic; he was gross, ignorant, morbid of mind, cruel in heart, vexed with a strain of sadism that makes him on the whole corrupting and ignoble in effect."

Only a man with an ignoble mind could have written this venomous diatribe. On Rabelais he shoots no venom.

"For Rabelais clean is not Rabelais at all. His grossness is an essential component in his mental fabric, an element in whose absence he would not be Rabelais but somebody else."

He is almost as eloquent when he writes on Cyril Tourneur, as Swinburne.

"Tourneur's was a fierce and bitter spirit. The words in which he unpacked his heart are vitalized with passion. As for three or four lines in 'The Revenger's Tragedy', each is of such an amazing propriety, is so keenly discriminated, is so obviously the product of an imagination burning with rage and hate, that it strikes you like an affront: each is on incest taken in the fact and branded there and then."

I have written: "Essentially modern poetry may be said to have begun in France, with Baudelaire. The art which he invented, a perverse, self scrutinizing, troubled art of

sensation and nerves, has been further developed, subtilized, vitalized, rather, by Verlaine." The genius of Verlaine was, in a sense, abnormal; the man himself—who was during the years in which I knew him, genius personified—lived with more passion than any artist I have ever been acquainted with; every mood with him had the vehemence of a passion. No one, in my generation, ever got so much out of their lives, or lived so intensely, as Verlaine—who got out of every instant all that instant had to give him. His face was sombre, passionate, somnolent and feverish, drowsy like a half slumbering serpent; nervous, devoured with visions; a face out of which leapt sudden fire. His eyes were oblique, Chinese eyes; when half closed they had—the aspect of a cat, eyes between waking and sleeping; eyes in which—unlike as they were to the deep and dark, ardent and animal, magnetic eyes of Rossetti—contemplation was "itself an act."

Verlaine created an entirely new art of Poetry; French poetry, before Verlaine, was no more than an admirable vehicle for a really poetical kind of rhetoric: that is to say, with wonderful exceptions: Villon, the greatest poet who ever existed in France, apart from being shameless and disreputable, and for loving infamous things for their own sake, wrote in the "grand style," by daring to be absolutely sincere to himself. "The main part of the history of poetry in France," I said somewhere, "is the record of a long forgetting of all that Villon found out for himself."

After him came the famous "Pléiade": Seven stars in one constellation, of which the firiest were Pierre de Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay. Prose style, to them must be "*parfait en toute élégance et vénusté de paroles.*" In verse that "lord of terrible aspect," Amor, has become "*le petit enfant, Amour.*" These poets write love poems for hire—their loves, not literally on hire, being mostly imaginative. After one or two of Ronsard's exquisite lyrics the loveliest

lyric is Du Bellay's, "Of a Winnower of Wheat to the Winds."

To you, light troop, I bring—
You, who with wandering wing
Over the wild world pass,
And, when your murmurings wake,
So sweetly tremble and shake
The shadow-shaken grass—
I bring these violets,
Lilies and flowerets,
I bring these roses too;
These roses rosy-red
Gathered from their flower-bed;
These pinks I bring for you.
With your cool breath and sweet
This plain a-stir with heat
In passing fan, I pray:
The while I labour sore
At my wheat-winnowing floor
About the heat of day.

On these lines—whose sweetness cannot be got by crushing, as you crush wild herbs to get at their perfume—Pater writes: "A sudden light transfigures a trivial thing, a weather-vane, a windmill, a winnowing flail, the dust in the barn door; a moment—and the thing has vanished, because it was pure effect, but it leaves a relish behind it, a longing that the accident may happen again."

Now, in much of Villon's poetry, there are wonderful touches of modernity; as in the "Ballade de la Grosse Margot," which is a Teniers, and at the same time Parisian. So Pater, when he wrote on Ronsard in "Gaston de Latour," names that chapter "Modernity." The poetry of mere literature, like the dead body, could never bleed: a real blood rises before us in some of his lyrics, evoked by wizard's magic—the juice of flowers in which there was no juice, evoked, that is like blood or wine. Then there were perfumed words, like women's perfumes, with visible visions of tresses of twisted hair and spun silk and the delicate texture of cobwebs. And, as on this night when

I hear the moan of the wind outside my door, the wind's voice made audible in the stillness of the night, this moonlight night, covered with shining stars, so some song that might shape itself before me, rise as it were from my lips, might set as strange a music to the wind's wail as some song I have never read. Yet, who can define the meaning of the word Modernity? Every age has its different form of modernity. Poetry is Eternal.

I have referred to Yeats, whose lyrical verse had vision and an abstract ecstasy; something wild and passionate, in which one heard the wind's lament and the curlew's crying, the cry of Heart's Desire. Like so many poets he is never quite human—life being the last thing he has learnt. Never in these love songs, precise as their imagery is, does an earthly circumstance divorce ecstasy from the impersonality of vision. A man may indeed be a poet because he has written a single lyric. He will not be a poet in the full sense unless his work presents this undeviating aspect, as of one to whom the art of writing is no more than the occasional flowering of a mood into speech. Pope, if he lives at all as a poet, might live by this one line:

Die of a rose in aromatic pain—

which remains his homage, unintentional under its irony, to that "principle of beauty in all things" which he never saw. Take for instance, Ernest Dowson: he has written one lyric, "Cynara", which is certainly one of the greatest lyrics of our generation, in which he has for once said everything, and he has said it to an intoxicating and perhaps immortal music. Here is the first stanza:

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine,
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! Thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

So, as I am concerned with Henley as a critic, it is amusing enough to give one violently absurd sentence of

John Davidson in his review of my *Memoir of Dowson*. "I say that this is not a great lyrical poem; that it is not even a remarkable poem; that the subject is not interesting; that it says nothing worth remembering; that it is the reverse of intoxicating; that it is not notably musical; and I say, further, that it calls for a libation of carbolic."

Robert Bridges, who derives the greater part of his lyrical inspiration from the Elizabethan song books, is never vehement, never passionate; he has brought no remote nor elusive magic into his verse; he is so scrupulous an artist that beauty must appear garbed in sober apparel; he writes with a deliberateness which has in it no excess; to him everything exists for form. He uses too many inversions; he puts needless accents on too many of his lines which make such lines barbarous. Many of his verses are certainly very difficult to scan; many of them are so incorrect as to be scarcely verses at all. He invents fine images "magic tents", "unmemorial scents", "faint altars of frightened fire", which are at once inevitable and unerring. I said somewhere that Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective which has never run in harness with it, and which rears and champs intractably at its side. At his finest he is almost unsurpassable, as in "The Nuptials of Attila", in which there is something convulsive, savage, supreme in the passion which informs its lines; a note sounded by no other poet in such rush of radiant speed and splendor. "Modern Love" is his masterpiece: it is packed with so naked an imagination that this atrocious, this aching and thrilling nakedness, hurts one, burns into one, like the touch of a corroding acid.

These things are life:

And life, they say, is worthy of the Muse.

All this certainly, can be called modernity in verse. Only, there is no touch of modernity in "The Defense of Guinevere" (1850) of William Morris; it is mediaeval, diabolical, sorcerous; has wild effects of wizardry in its

most passionate poems; it is lunar, made of sharp scents and bitter perfumes; of mad sunsets and blood-red moons; lovers swoon and faint, as in the verses of Keats, with no less languor and luxury. His most fatal lack was a lack of intensity. "Dreamer of dreams, born out of thy own time", he certainly was: and as a story-teller he can be compared only with Chaucer; only, Chaucer had an incomparably wider range of mastery; he had to his hand all the "humors of the world." Blake said of Chaucer: "Some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves forever remain unaltered. Names alter, things never alter." In these lines of Morris there is a haunting imagination made out of exotic symbols:

I sit on a purple bed,
Outside, the wall is red,
Thereby the apple hangs,
And the wasp, caught by its fangs,
Dies in the autumn night.
And the bat flits till light,
And the love-crazed knight
Kisses the long wet grass:
The weary days pass—
Gold wings across the sea!

In Thomas Hardy's verse there is something inscrutable, implacable, obscure, half-inarticulate, in his meditations over Nature; and, unlike many poets who were on man's behalf angry with Nature, Hardy is sorry for Nature. He feels the earth's roots as they cling to the weeds, as if he had sap in his veins instead of blood. Turn aside from Hardy and think, for a moment, of the elemental passion of John Donne, who—like Marlowe before him—made a clear sweep of tradition; only, Donne puts everything down in the most modern words; the words rarely count for much, words meaning things: so, as a matter of fact, Donne's quality of passion is unique in English poetry: his senses speak with unparalleled directness; in his hate poems he is emulous of the hate poems of Catullus. Donne, who could leap to the heart of the matter in "Love, any devil

else but you!", and "For God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love!" writes a magical lyric—as magical as any lyric of Blake or Beddoes.

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me not where past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot.

This has the same strange masculine splendor and abrupt energy as the last stanza of Blake's "Mad Song."

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd,
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the East
Whence comforts have increased;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

Henley's verse, whenever it has been good, has always been a whisper, or a pathetic cry, or a lilt which seems to come from a long way off, like the sound of dance music in a village fair, heard across the fields. His brave lamentings over himself, and the pains of his body, in the "Hospital" poems; his impressions of streets, and parks and water, and the city seasons in the "London Voluntaries"; all the flitting snatches of song which he has scattered up and down his pages, have a personal quality, and strike a personal note. They are often speech rather than song; but, after all, there is room for speech in poetry when it is the utterance of an interesting personality, and really says something. Some of them are quite evanescent song, giving us the delight of music, with the least possible accompaniment of words. But in much of his verse, and notably in his patriotic pamphlet "For England's Sake", Henley shouts at the top of his voice, and his voice is not suited for shouting. His favorite Byron, it is true, often shouted, and Henley has been telling us that Byron is the only modern English poet worth reading; or, what he conceives to be the same thing, the only modern English poet whom he himself cares to read. But though Byron would have been a better

poet if he had never shouted at all, it cannot be denied that he shouted to uncommonly good effect, and that his voice carried to an uncommonly long distance. Henley is an exquisite poet with many limitations. He has not written much, but he has written too much. If he had given us only his very best, how good it would have been! But like most people whose range is limited, he seems to wish above all things to produce an effect of breadth. At his best naturally a delicate poet, he would be a vigorous and even ferocious poet. He came to us with a little book of verses in which were a few good lines, a few, as it were, accidental glimmerings of imagination, but not one poem. Some of it was like boyish verse done for play, some like journalistic verse done for an occasion, some like verse done as a challenge to Kipling. Now Kipling's verse, even where it is not slang, is rarely poetry; but it is, for the most part, clean and neat in its rhythmical swing, well adapted for the purposes of the music halls, easy to remember, even without tunes, praiseworthy in its control of the means of charity, and, in short, a genuine article of its kind. But Henley has been too good a poet to be able to compete with Kipling on the level of this particular kind of platform. Kipling is like a practised musician on that strange orchestra which we see sometimes in the street, clinging around one performer: he nods his head, and the bells tinkle about his pagoda shaped hat, he stamps his foot and the drum stick bangs the drum and sets the cymbals clapping on his back, and all the while he is playing a concertina with both his hands, and perhaps blowing into a pan-pipe with his mouth. But Henley never got accustomed to his orchestra before coming out into the street. The drum stick fell on the wrong beat, the cymbals would not clash, the concertina would lose its way in the tune. He should have been playing on a flute in the fields, and instead of this he strayed into a noisy profession, which did not suit him.

THE DRAMA WITH A MISSION

By A. B. WALKLEY

LECTURING the other day in London on the "pièce-à-thèse," M. Brieux preached for his own saint. Who has a better right to plead for the thesis play than the foremost of living thesis-playwrights? In a sense the subject was "academic." At the present moment the vogue of thesis-plays has vanished or is suspended. Theatrical genres come and go. Blank verse tragedy is just now "out;" it may some day be "in" again. French romantic drama in alexandrines was thought to be dead till Rostand revived it. And as ideas about human conduct must needs interest us all, even in the theatre, plays designed to illustrate and enforce such ideas will, however intermittently, continue to be produced. Indeed, there is a thesis to be found, by those who look for it, in every play, just as there are sermons in stones and books in the running brooks. To contemplate real life is to draw a lesson from it. So it is with mimic life. But M. Brieux and his fellow thesis-mongers are seldom content to provide you with the mimic life and let you draw your lesson, as an afterthought; for them too often the lesson is the thing, and the spectacle of life, the "fable," as our forefathers used to say, only the jam to the powder. This is to forget that thesis was made for drama, not drama for thesis. Thesis may be used by drama but not use it. Though a play may contain a lesson, it should not be didactic.

What is a dramatic thesis? A moral judgment on the mutual actions and reactions of human beings in a given situation. If the actions are convincingly and artistically represented, the moral judgment is brought home. It has

been said that you cannot prove a case by manufacturing the evidence, and that a thesis-play is the continual application of a sophism: inference from the particular to the general. But the validity of the evidence is in the sympathy of the spectator, and the judgment in the particular case legitimately extends, "*mutatis mutandis*," to similar cases. All practical judgments, outside the playhouse as well as within it, are approximative. The easiest way of invalidating the judgment—and this is the pitfall of the thesis-play—is by imperfect artistic representation of the case.

There is, then, no *a priori* objection to thesis-plays. All subjects are open to the artist, provided that he remains an artist in treating them. You cannot say beforehand that any subject will be suitable for any particular art. The day has long gone by when a Lessing could insist that some things were proper for poetic treatment and others for painting. The moment you make a law of that sort some artist comes along and knocks it endways. You cannot say that ideas about conduct are unsuitable for dramatic treatment; indeed, the very contrary is the case. But the treatment must be consistently, unswervingly dramatic. There is not only room, but need, in the theatre for thesis-plays. But they must, before everything, be plays.

That this indispensable condition is sometimes ignored is, no doubt, the consequence of the playwright's obsession by his thesis; he wishes to drive it home at all costs, even at the cost of appropriate dramatic expression. But he has this excuse for his error: that the world for a very long time held a mistaken view of art, the view that art was primarily didactic, and to be judged by its moral lesson. That view, for instance, vitiated nearly the whole of Greek criticism. The Greek mind had not learnt to distinguish between nature and art, between the world as will and the world as expression, between life itself and the spectacle of life *minus* the will-to-live. Solon is said to have indignantly asked Thespis how he could tell so many lies.

For Plato stories in our own sense were "stories" in what is still the nursery sense, or falsehoods. It was the same mental confusion that led Aristotle to the conclusion that the hero of tragedy must be neither very good nor very bad and that his fate must be determined by error, not by wickedness. So Aristophanes praised Homer as a teacher of good life, and censured Euripides as the reverse.

Nothing is more striking in the history of the theatre than the persistence of this tendency to confuse dramatic art and didactic morality, the tendency, as Sancho Panza would say, to mix up cabbages and baskets. It permeated Eighteenth Century criticism, which always looked for a direct moral, so that you have Johnson saying of "Timon of Athens" that "the catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against ostentatious liberality," and saying of "As You Like It" that "by hastening to the end of his work Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost the opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found the matter worthy of his highest powers," and preferring Tate's *Lear* to Shakespeare's because it 'showed the final triumph of persecuted virtue.' But the great champion of the didactic was Diderot. "It is always," he wrote, "virtue and virtuous people that a man ought to bear in view when he writes. Oh, what good would a man gain if all the arts of imitation proposed one common object, and were one day to unite with the laws in making us love virtue and hate vice."

We may complacently think that this "moralistic," didactic view of art has long since been "scrapped." Not so! It still survives in the numerous public who care naught for the demerits of a novel as a novel or of a play as a play, in comparison with its merits as a tract. It still survives in Mr. Bernard Shaw, to whom all art (he has said it) is propagandism, and who blithely sacrifices to the theatrical propagation of his ideas such trifles as dramatic form, unity and propriety. That his ideas are always

stimulating, and occasionally true, it would be absurd to deny; and it would be as absurd to deny that he not infrequently fails to "lick them into shape" for the stage. Whenever that happens, one has to say that his plays, whatever else they may be—discussion, paradoxologies, triumphs of propaganda—are not plays. The fact is, it is easier to be a propagandist than a dramatic artist. A dramatic artist, *bien entendu*, not a purveyor of popular drama. For plays can be bad art from many other causes than a mistaken preference of ideas over form. Bad art for bad art, the Shavian is a thousand times better than the commercial variety. If Mr. Shaw is an imperfect artist, he is a brilliant dialectician, and a personality of immense interest. The intellectual world would be the poorer without him. But in his aesthetics he belongs less to our intellectual world of to-day than to that old intellectual world, the world of believers in art and didactics, of which I have been speaking.

In modern aesthetics we have arrived, thanks to Benedetto Croce, at a better understanding of the fundamental problem, the nature of art. We see now that art is pure expression, warmed by emotion; that it is, in Croce's word, "lyrical"; and that, if a moral judgment or thesis is to enter effectively into a work of art it must be really absorbed, melted into the other lyric motives of the work, which must be all subordinated to the artistic form. This was the meaning of the advice to playwrights with a thesis which Croce quotes from the great Italian critic of the last century, De Sanctis: *Volete servire veramente alle vostre idee morali, nell'arte? Vi do un consiglio semplicissimo: non ci pensate.* That is to say, don't let perpetual thought of your thesis run away with your play; the thesis should inform, not deform it.

The bad thesis-play, then, is a play wherein the thesis has not been fully absorbed and become an integral part of the artistic whole. It is not the work of an artist who has in his mind, along with his other "lyrical" motives,

a thesis to express; it indicates, rather, the impotence of the artist who clutches at the thesis because he doesn't know how to embrace the art. Half-absorbed theses do not make plays. They do not even make good propaganda. For dramatic propaganda ceases to be effective when it ceases to be dramatic.

So far is M. Brieux from recognizing this view of the relation of thesis to art that he seems to aim at leaving the one less and less absorbed in the other. At the lecture already mentioned he actually advocated a form of drama which should consist of layers of lecture sandwiched between chunks of action. Away, then, with all continuity of "fable," all unity of artistic form! This is to outbid Mr. Shaw, who does, after all, cut up his lectures into bits and distribute them among his personages in the guise of conversations. To do M. Brieux justice, his practice lags behind his principles. He does not stop the action of his plays for lecture-intervals. Where his thesis is apt to overpower him is in the very framework of the play and, less frequently, in the turn taken by the action. Thus, he writes to enforce certain ideas about charity-organization ("Les Bienfaiteurs"), about the medical profession ("L'Evasion"), about lawyers ("La Robe Rouge"), about marriage and spinsterhood ("Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont"). These ideas involve the exhibition of various types, and nothing will satisfy him but to exhaust the catalogue of all the possible types, whether they belong naturally to the story or whether they have to be taken by the scruff of the neck and dragged in. You have a crowd of lawyers, of charity-mongers, of doctors; you wonder why some of them are there until you see that they are necessary to complete, not the story, but the collection dictated by the thesis. You have the sense of deliberate arrangement and artificial composition. The author has had one eye on his demonstration and the other on life, and the two eyes are out of focus. How "Les Trois Filles", for the greater part a good piece of drama, observed

character and sincere passion, is marred by the artificial symmetry of its close, the three women uttering the equal misery of their respective conditions (matron, spinster, prostitute) in a kind of three part dirge! This apocalyptic lamentation seemed to belong less to a dramatic picture of real life than to some mediaeval morality—"Everywoman." It is needless to speak of "Les Avariés", which conscientiously collects every possible physical and social consequence of a certain disease—a socio-pathological tract, not a play.

There is a fine saying of La Bruyère: "If a work elevates your mind and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek no other rule for judging it; it is good and wrought by a master-hand." This is an excellent rule whereby to judge M. Brieux. For, whatever occasional errors of art his devotion to the thesis may have led him into, the spirit that has prompted that devotion has always been of the finest: generosity of mind, high bravery, a sensitive and chivalrous humanity. There is no "Parisianism" about him, in the pejorative sense of that word; he is all simplicity, earnestness and candor. If it has to be added that he has no style, that only makes him more suitable for exportation. Indeed, he seems likely to be reckoned among those authors who have more influence abroad than at home. And, whenever the thesis-play comes into fashion again, the wise will turn to Brieux's works as the classics of the kind.

FULFILMENT

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Grieve not, Beloved

That the roses we had planted have decayed—

That the flare of fervid music has passed by.

Maybe the paler lilies have delayed

And a chant of purer melody is nigh.

REDEEMING THE BESSARABIANS

By PRINCE ANTOINE BIBESCO

FREDERICK the Great once said that when he wanted to annex a province he went and annexed it, and afterward hired professors to prove his right to possession. It may be entered to the credit of the late Imperial Russian Government that it did not hire professors to prove its title to Bessarabia, a Roumanian province which was under the scepter of the Czar for one hundred and six years, from 1812 to 1918. During this period Roumania had the right to Bessarabia, but Russia had Bessarabia. If at Russia had a title in point of law has not occurred to Russians until after Bessarabia ceased to be a province of Russia in point of possession.

This is the outstanding fact of the controversy centering around the award of the Allied Supreme Council, in the autumn of 1920, confirming Roumania in the possession of Bessarabia, or rather confirming the reunion of that province with the Roumanian kingdom, effected by the free will of the Bessarabian population in the resolution of the Bessarabian Council on March 27, 1918. That award merits attention as one of the clearest examples of triumphant justice among the territorial readjustments consequent upon the Great War.

Since 1812 Bessarabia has been a province of the Russian Empire. It was not, and has never been, a Russian province. There is perhaps in the whole history of European "Machtpolitik" no more glaring instance of sheer international robbery than this annexation. The wrong suffered by Bessarabia and her Roumanian motherland was all the more intolerable because it was practically unnoticed. The

very existence of Bessarabia was, until our day, unknown except to a few specialists. The same good people who used to believe that the Ukraine was a musical instrument imported from Hawaii, and that both Gallipoli and Galicia were in Spain, thought, when they saw the name Bessarabia in print, that it was part of Arabia.

Few countries in the world have such clearly defined natural boundaries as Bessarabia, in reality a quadrilateral peninsula defined by the rivers Dniester or, in Roumanian, Nistru, in the northeast, the Pruth in the west, the Danube and the Black Sea in the south and southeast. Only for a narrow strip of land in the extreme northwest can Bessarabia be entered without crossing water. But these natural boundaries of the country are not, like mountains or deserts, barriers as well; they invited, rather than discouraged, invasion.

At the dawn of its history Bessarabia was populated by Scytho-Thracian tribes which formed part of the Dacian state conquered by Rome under Trajan. Bessarabia was not incorporated in the Roman province of Dacia, but Roman influence made itself felt. Trajan's wall, partly still extant, was built to check the raids of the northern barbarians attracted by the treasures of Byzantium; and from that time on until our very day, the line of Bessarabian history was determined by the fact that the province formed the back door, as it were, to Constantinople.

Bessarabia re-emerges from the Dark Ages at the end of the thirteenth century, already as a purely Roumanian country forming part of the domains of the House of Basarab, reigning princes of Wallachia or Muntenia. The Basarab rulers gave the province its modern name; but the term Bessarabia originally applied to the whole territory ruled by them. In the second half of the fifteenth century, Stephen the Great, prince of Moldavia, took by conquest the land between the Pruth and Dniester from his southern neighbor; but even before the end of his reign the Turks snatched from him the southern half of the province. This

southern Bessarabia, called by the Turks Budjak, stayed under direct rule from Stamboul until 1812; while the northern half remained part of Moldavia until the same year, though it was frequently raided and held for short intervals by Poles, Cossacks, and Crimean Tartars.

The year 1812 was the turning point in Bessarabian history. Pressed by the impending war with Napoleon, the Czar Alexander first prepared to make peace with the Turks at almost any price; but his commander-in-chief, Kutuzov, succeeded in bribing the Turkish negotiators, Morouzi and Ghalib Effendi, who thereupon suppressed a letter from Napoleon, encouraging the Porte to resist Russian demands. In his anxiety to end the war the Sultan ceded to the Czar the part of Moldavia east of the Pruth, and the Budjak—in other words, the whole of modern Bessarabia. The treaty of Bucharest was signed on May twenty-eighth, 1812, and the fate of Bessarabia was sealed for more than a century. When their treason was discovered, Morouzi and Ghalib were decapitated; “but so was Moldavia,” mournfully remarks a Roumanian historian.

This partition of their country was a terrible disappointment to the Moldavian patriots who hoped that Russian victory would liberate them from Ottoman sovereignty. At first their apprehensions were mitigated by the liberal promises of the Russian government. Within a few years the Russian government, true to its methods pursued in Poland and Finland, inaugurated a policy of Russification and oppression. The basic law of 1818, by which the Czar Alexander allowed national autonomy, equality of the Russian and Moldavian languages, and the perpetuation of the old Moldavian statutes, was revoked by Nicholas first in 1828. Russian officials were appointed to all posts. Russian schools and seminaries were opened, and the Roumanian institutions suppressed; the use of Latin characters was prohibited, and Roumanian books, if authorized

at all, had to be printed in the Cyrillic script.

Unfortunately certain sections of the upper classes yielded only too readily to this tendency of Russification. Some of the greatest families, with the characteristic zeal of the convert, became more Russian than the Russians themselves; and in our days we find men like Kroupensky and Purishkievitch, scions of originally Roumanian noble families of Bessarabia, among the most ardent supporters of Czaristic reaction. There were, however, men both of the nobility and the professional class, who kept their Roumanian nationality in spite of oppression and persecution; and these true Bessarabian patriots preserved the Roumanian tradition of the country unbroken unto our time.

The policy of Russification continued until the Crimean war, at the close of which European powers decided that Russia was not to have a base on the Danube delta. The treaty of Paris therefore recognized Moldavia's right to Bessarabia; but only the three southern districts, Izmail, Cahul and Bolgrad, with their mixed population, were actually reannexed. This makeshift settlement left northern and central Bessarabia, with its compact mass of Roumanian population, under Russian sovereignty; nevertheless it revived the hope for complete reunion. These hopes were shattered by the outcome of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. Although the Roumanian statesmen suspected from the beginning that one of Russia's chief aims was the recovery of all Bessarabia, they chose to ally their country to the Roumanian cause because they saw that the alternative, in case of a Turkish victory, would be the reincorporation of the whole of Roumania in the Ottoman empire. A treaty guaranteeing Roumania's territorial integrity with Russia, was concluded on April sixteenth, 1877.

The Roumanian army not only distinguished itself from the beginning of the war, but actually saved the Russian army from disaster at Plevna. This is attested by telegrams exchanged by King Carol and the Czar. There were

patriots who hoped that as a reward Russia would restore the whole of Bessarabia to the Roumanian motherland. One may imagine Roumanian public sentiment when, on the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano, the Roumanian government was informed that Russia demanded the retrocession of southern Bessarabia as a matter of political necessity and Russian prestige, offering in exchange the marshy country of Dobrogea, south of the Danube delta. It was explained that the treaty guaranteeing Roumania's integrity was not meant to include Bessarabia. Against this unspeakable treachery the Roumanian government applied to the western powers for aid. And now followed the bitterest disappointment in all Roumanian history. At the Congress of Berlin, convened to settle the problems arising from the Russo-Turkish war, the Roumanian delegates, Bratianu and Cogalniceanu, were not even admitted to the discussions, but were heard only in an informatory capacity. Russia's demand was granted; southern Bessarabia was restored to the realm of the Czar. Bismarck achieved his will: a wedge of distrust and resentment was driven between Russia and Roumania.

The period of 1878 to 1905 embraces the darkest days of modern Bessarabian history. Russian tyranny held its uncontested sway; the upper classes succumbed to the lures of Petrograd and Moscow; the peasantry toiled in lethargy; the upholders of the Roumanian cause were imprisoned, sent to Siberia, or exiled abroad. The last vestiges of the old autonomy were abolished. The hopes of Bessarabian patriots were kindled for a moment by the period of quasi-liberalism that followed the disastrous war with Japan in 1905. But in 1908 reaction was reentrenched, more safe and arrogant than ever.

At the outbreak of the European war Bessarabian nationalists, like the liberals of western Europe, expected from Allied victory the dawn of a new freedom in Russia, and hoped that this free Russia would reward Roumanian

support to the Allies' cause by the restoration of Bessarabia. The collapse of the Russian empire thwarted this hope, but allowed its realization in a different form. Immediately after the outbreak of the Russian revolution the movement for autonomy, long dormant, was revived in all the border provinces of the Empire inhabited by non-Russians. A national committee, established at Kishinev, began to work out plans for local self-government, agrarian reform, military reorganization, a Bessarabian budget, and guarantees of the rights of the non-Roumanian minority. When, in November 1917, the Bolsheviks came into power, they at once denied the authority of the National Committee and threatened to set up a Soviet. As a result, the so-called "Sfatul Tsarei" (National Council) was formed and invested with the character of a Constituent Assembly. It comprised one hundred and forty-seven delegates, out of whom one hundred and five were Roumanians, the rest Ukrainians, Jews, Germans, and Bulgars, respectively fifteen, thirteen, two and four. On December fifteenth, 1917, the Sfatul Tsarei declared Bessarabia an independent republic. A week later the provisional government sent an urgent request to the Roumanian government for military aid against the Bolsheviks. Early in January the Bolsheviks invaded the country and took Kishinev, but a week later the Roumanian aid arrived and the province was cleared of the Reds. On March twenty-seventh, 1918, the Sfatul Tsarei proclaimed the union of Bessarabia with Roumania. The wrong of a century was righted.

This, in brief, is a survey of the historic facts upon which certain Russian patriots presume to base "historic rights" to possession.

For whatever claim to the ownership of Bessarabia has been put forward from the Russian side has been supported by an appeal to historic rights, and historic rights only. Turning to ethnographic conditions, all one has to do to prove the Roumanian character of the province is to look up the official Russian statistics and other Russian accounts.

According to the official Russian census of 1897, forty-seven and one-sixth per cent of the Bessarabian population (total one billion, nine hundred and thirty-five million, four hundred and twelve) is Moldavian; but the official Russian census makers are notorious for partiality; and indeed, other Russian statistics, dated 1891, put the percentage of Moldavians at sixty-six. Of the two, the latter is the more likely figure. At the general elections in November, 1919, held on the basis of universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage, seventy-eight deputies out of ninety elected were Roumanians, and twelve belonged to the national minorities—whose rights, by the way, are fully protected by law.

An interesting summary of testimony proving the Roumanian ethnic character of Bessarabia is a pamphlet by Ion G. Pelivan, ex-member of the Sfatul Tsarei, published in 1920 at Paris under the title of "The Right of the Roumanians to Bessarabia." Out of the twenty-three sources quoted, sixteen are Russian. They include statements by L. A. Casso, Russian minister of education, General Kuropatkin (of Japanese war fame) P. P. Semenov-Tian-Chiansky, vice-president of the Imperial Geographical Society, and a report of the Russian General Staff. This last named document, dated 1862, declares: "The Moldavians (Roumanians) form the chief part of the population, about three-fourths of the total number." In the face of this formidable array of evidence, historic and ethnographic, the Russian claim presented to the Allied Supreme Council was gathered around the argument that in 1812 Russia had acquired Bessarabia, not from Roumania, which then was not yet independent, but from Turkey. Applying the same argument to Austro-Italian relations, Austria would be entitled to Venice on the ground that that city was acquired not from Italy, which was not at the time independent, but from Napoleon!

Historically and ethnically a Roumanian land, Bessarabia today is again an integral part of the Roumanian state whose frontiers, for the first time in two thousand years,

again coincide with those of ancient Dacia. Without the incorporation of Bessarabia the achievement of Roumanian national unity, which was the one aim of Roumania in the world war, would not be complete. At the same time the possession of Bessarabia, with its uniquely fertile black soil, its vineyards, and its wonderful water system, is economically vital to the new Roumania. It also insures for Roumania control of the Danube delta, which is a strategic as well as commercial necessity of the first order. It should not be forgotten that Russia craved possession of the province for this very reason. Restoration to the mother country was, for Bessarabia itself, the first step on the road toward a new democratic prosperity. With its national aspirations achieved, the people of Bessarabia immediately turned their attention to the solution of its most important problem: the land reform. Today the execution of the Roumanian land reform law is in full swing in Bessarabia, as elsewhere in the kingdom. All the property held by the state and church, as well as private estates over one hundred hectares, is appropriated, the owners receiving indemnities fixed by the government. Thus the best weapon of Bolshevik propaganda is shattered. It may be added that the landed proprietors submitted to the appropriations gracefully and in a patriotic spirit—all except the small but noisy Russianized minority of nobles, men of the Kroupensky type whose passionate protests against the reunion with Roumania, dictated principally by the fear of the drastic Roumanian land reform scheme, were fortunately unheeded by the Supreme Council.

Bessarabia, detached from the body of the Roumanian nation, was a problem, a sore on the European organism, a classic example of that manifest international injustice which is the breeder of wars. Bessarabia, redeemed and reunited, is today moving along the road of civilization and progress—one of the sections of the old world to whose peoples the war has brought, if not the answer to all their questions, at least the possibility of answering them in their own way, according to their own desires.

THE FERTILE LAND OF VERGIL

By His Excellency ROLANDI RICCI

DURING the past twenty or thirty years Italy has greatly developed her economic forces, especially in the field of industry. But the chief source of the national wealth is still agriculture, to which large capital and much labor have been devoted. Since pre-Roman times the Italians have known that the land is always prodigal to those who cultivate it. In "De Senectute" Cicero wrote:

Terra numquam recusat imperium, nec unquam sine usura reddit quod accessit; sed alias minore plaerumque majore cum foenore.

The Italian peasant cultivates his land with a care and industry which is noticeable even in this country, where the best orchards, orange, and lemon groves, and the richest vineyards are almost always the work of Italian immigrants.

Before the war over nine million people were engaged in agricultural pursuits. The total land and forest production in 1913 was estimated at a value of seven billions of gold lire, so that, according to the present standard of prices, the total value of Italy's agricultural production is over thirty billion lire. The high efficiency of agriculture in Italy is chiefly due to the continuous and intensive work of the farmers, who have endeavored for centuries to overcome difficulties peculiar to the soil. Gradually, with laborious determination in spite of mountains, lakes and rivers, Italy has become one of the countries of Europe with the largest area of cultivated land. Statistics show

that ninety-two percent of the geographical surface of Italy is given over to agricultural or forestal production.

In a stricter sense, there is no uncultivated land in Italy. Tracts so classified are largely incapable of cultivation, either because of high altitude or because of the sandy or marshy character of the soil. However, the increased population of the country makes it imperative that new agricultural tracts be found, and work is under way for redeeming marshy tracts and land along the shores of the sea, around lakes, and along rivers.

In order to further exploit the possible resources of the Italian soil, many kinds of herbaceous and ligneous plants are being cultivated. The great variety of Italian agriculture must always be kept in mind in judging the value of the products which cannot be judged except on the basis of the average production of cereals. In fact, while before the war the production of cereals averaged the low figure of about two quintals per hectare, in 1919 it averaged a money value of two hundred and sixty gold lire per hectare, which is a notable average, if we compare it with the average production of other countries. In the years before the war there had been a constant increase in the raising of staple products. The necessity of adapting the choice of agricultural products to natural conditions had made it impossible to raise cereals in sufficient quantity for the needs of the population. But the deficiency in the raising of cereals was compensated by the returns of other products, such as grapes, olives, silk worms, and hemp, wherewith Italy had a prominent place among the most important producing countries.

The war brought about a temporary halt in the development of agriculture, owing especially to the lack of labor and fertilizers. But in 1920 we notice, in comparison with the preceding year, a significant resumption in the exports of the principal products, as shown by the following figures :

Products	Average for 1909-1915	Year 1919	Year 1920	Decrease or increase by percentage in 1920 as compared with 1919
Wheat (Thousands of quintals)	48,863	46,203	40,065	— 13.3%
Corn	26,447	21,806	22,000	+ 1.0
Oats	5,038	5,036	3,927	— 30.5
Barley	2,130	1,813	1,324	— 30.
Rye	1,316	1,161	1,214	— 4.6
Rice	4,971	4,867	4,300	— 11.6
Potatoes ...	16,403	13,875	14,000	+ 0.9
Sugar Beets	16,900	15,162	15,000	— 1.1
Hemp (Fibre)	881	943	1,000	+ 6.0
Linen (Fibre)	27	24	25	+ 4.2
Wine (Thousands of hectol't's)	41,742	35,002	43,000	+ 22.9
Oil (Thousands of hectol't's)	1,766	1,600
Silk Cocoons	407	195	280	+ 43.2

Wheat is cultivated over a large area and in a greater quantity than any other product in Italy. The density of the population (one hundred and twenty-eight inhabitants per square kilometer) has made it necessary to grow wheat even on tracts of land which would have been more suitable for the development of timber or for sheep raising. We thus find that sixteen per cent of the territorial surface of Italy is given over to wheat production, an average which, considering the particular character of the soil, exceeds the average of the other countries of the world. In the quantity of wheat production Italy stands second among the leading European countries, closely following France, who, in the six years before the war, produced an average of eighty-six million, four hundred and four thousand quintals of wheat per year, and in 1920 an average of sixty-two million, seven hundred and six thousand quintals. If, however, one considers wheat production in relation with territorial extent, Italy leads even among the exporting nations.

WHEAT PRODUCTION IN PROPORTION WITH TERRITORIAL EXTENT
(AVERAGE OF YEARS 1914 TO 1919)

Countries	Quintals per Square Kilometer
Italy	159
France	143 (1914 only)
England	56
United States	29
Argentina	16

The figures quoted above show what Italy has done in an effort to raise on her own soil the greater part of the wheat required by her inhabitants. The post-war legislation on this matter shows that the Italian government is endeavoring to encourage the production of wheat. However, as the total consumption of wheat in Italy averages seventy-two thousand quintals per year, the importation of large quantities of it is still necessary.

Rye, barley, and oats are not commonly grown in Italy. Corn is being raised in smaller quantity than formerly, although it still maintains a fairly high level of production, averaging about one-third that of wheat. The cultivation of rice is of special importance, because of the large crops. In some rice-fields, where modern methods are employed, the output of rice has been as high as eighty quintals per hectare (about two acres.) Before the war the exportation of rice from Italy averaged about eight hundred thousand quintals a year. Several varieties of beans, peas, and lentils are raised throughout Italy to an extent of about seven million quintals yearly. The exportation of dry vegetables, which before the war amounted to about three hundred thousand quintals a year, has been resumed successfully, and in 1919 about two hundred and seventeen thousand quintals were exported.

The conditions of soil and climate of many regions of Italy, especially the south, are suitable for the cultivation of fresh vegetables. The production is varied and plentiful,

aggregating about twelve million quintals yearly. The exportation of onions, garlic, cabbages, and cauliflower, melons, and watermelons has been and continues to be large. The exportation of tomato sauce, which in 1919 was estimated at about three hundred and fourteen thousand quintals, with a value of one hundred million lire, is especially noteworthy.

Of major importance for export are the ligneous plants, namely the grape vine, olive, mulberry, orange, lemon, and other fruit trees. Great progress has been made in Italy in the cultivation of grape for wine production, and in this industry Italy occupies a leading place among the wine producing countries of the world.

WINE PRODUCTION
(ANNUAL AVERAGE FOR PERIOD 1915 TO 1919)

Countries	Thousands of Hectolitres
Italy	35,628
France	36,903
Spain	19,507
Algeria	6,855

Some varieties of Italian wines have acquired a world-wide fame which insures their extensive exportation.

EXPORT OF WINES FROM ITALY

Years	In barrels (Hectolitres)	In bottles (number)	Total value
1913	1,603,232	18,403,300	L.it. 82,524,500
1918	2,695,113	8,457,500	452,276,700
1919	638,911	8,734,000	191,841,526

This exportation was relatively limited in 1919, owing to a mediocre crop in 1918 and 1919. The abundant harvest of 1920 should make possible a successful resumption of this export. The cultivation of the vine also provides grapes and raisins for export, the value of which, before the war, was about ten million lire yearly.

Italy ranks high also in the cultivation of the olive and the exportation of olive oil.

PRODUCTION OF OLIVE OIL IN 1918

Countries	Thousands of quintals
Italy	2,601
Spain	2,552
Greece	1,215
Tunis	390
Portugal (1917)	349
Algeria (1917)	116

The prevalence of blights has impeded the extension of olive cultivation. However, the production has been such as to permit the exportation of this commodity.

The extensive growth of mulberry, especially in northern Italy, permits a large production of silk worms, which furnish the raw material for Italy's flourishing silk industries. In this production Italy leads the nations of Europe.

The orange and lemon groves produce about eight million quintals of fruit annually. Of this production fifty-two per cent consists of lemons, for which there is large demand in foreign countries. The total exportation of oranges and lemons before the war aggregated about four thousand three hundred quintals, valued at eighty-five millions of lire. In 1919, two thousand one hundred millions were exported. The resumption of normal commercial relations may make way for a large increase in these exports. It is to be especially noted that Italy has almost a monopoly of citrous derivatives, chief among which is the output of citrous essences and citrate of calcium. Italian production in these two derivatives covers nine-tenths of the entire world output.

The climate of some zones in Italy, especially in the south, is admirably adapted to the cultivation of fruit. The fertility and moisture of the soil in southern Italy produces incomparable results. Italian fruit, either dry, as almonds, pistacchi, etc. and figs; or fresh, such as cherries, apricots, peaches, apples, pears, etc., is in great demand in all markets. Italy is a country of early maturing fruits which are in great demand in the northern countries where the

seasons are much later than in Italy. These exports, diminished in volume during the last years because of war influences, tend now to increase, as much care is being given to the cultivation of fruit, and they may become one of the greater sources of national agrarian wealth.

EXPORT OF FRUIT FROM ITALY

Years	Fresh Fruit		Dried Fruit	
	Quintals	Lire	Quintals	Lire
1913	1,888,400	66,512,800	587,300	50,990,800
1914	210,900	27,568,075	535,900	220,875,875

The cultivation of hemp places Italy in a preeminent position among the nations of Europe in the production of industrial fibre. Because of its excellent quality Italian hemp is in great demand, especially as a substitute for linen fibre. In 1919 Italy exported three hundred and fifty, nine hundred and fifty-five quintals of this product, valued at over two hundred million lire.

Beet culture, although of recent introduction, is well under way, and has permitted the production of sugar in such a measure as to nearly satisfy the needs of the nation.

In 1920, one hundred and twenty-five thousand quintals of tobacco, which for fiscal reasons is a state monopoly, were produced. The production of fodder has increased to an average of two hundred and fifty thousand quintals. Cattle raising is also on the increase, so that the nation's zootechnic wealth, notwithstanding the war losses, presents a favorable outlook.

Kind of cattle	Heads	
	March 1908	April 1918
Horses	955,878	989,786
Asses	849,723	949,162
Mules and Pack Horses	388,337	496,743
Cattle	6,198,861	6,239,741
Buffalo	19,366	24,026
Swine	2,507,798	2,338,926
Ovines	11,162,926	11,753,910
Kids	2,714,878	3,082,558

There are certain prospects for the future development

of Italian agriculture, since the ensuing years will mark a great increase in works of irrigation because of the hydraulic derivatives through electric power plants, the cost of which is largely borne by consumers of electric power. The growing production of fertilizer and agricultural machinery, the founding of new agricultural schools, and the sending of teachers of agriculture from place to place to teach modern methods, all give promise of progress. The increase of agrarian production and the resumption of normal commercial relations will contribute to the re-establishment of pre-war conditions of agricultural production. Italy will need to import some of her cereals, and besides will be always in condition to absorb great quantities of raw materials of agricultural origin, necessary to her industries if they would successfully widen their scope.

While agricultural production in Italy cannot suffice for all the needs of the nation, it can still permit the exportation of large quantities of agricultural products much desired in other countries, thus counter-balancing in a large measure the cost of other imports.

In his "*De Re Rustica*," Cato observed already in his time that:

... at ex agricolis et viri fortissimi et milites strenuissimi
gignuntur.

In our time, Italy has seen her farmers become strong and brave soldiers, resisting on the Piave and on the Grappa the Austro-Hungarian forces, which being then no longer engaged against Serbia or Russia, threw their whole strength against Italy. Unaided, the Italian army bore the weight of the onslaught, and hurled it back. The first decisive victory of the World War was won at Vittorio Veneto through the bravery of those Italian soldiers. Italy confidently expects from her farmers, in cooperation with her sailors and industrial workers, the greatest contribution toward the reconstruction of her national economics. "*Con l'aratro e la prora*"—"With the plow and the prow."

BUSINESS FIGHTING FOR EXISTENCE

By COL. ROBERT M. THOMPSON

LAST year less than one-half of one per cent of the people paid taxes to the United States on incomes of six thousand dollars or over. For months, Congress has been struggling to provide a new Revenue Bill that would comply with the promises of the Republicans to simplify and decrease taxes. Of course, taxes can be decreased only if expenses are decreased, and President Harding has done yeoman service in reducing expenses, but for a long time to come we will have bitter reminders of the great war in the shape of heavy taxes.

The debates in Congress show that the Democratic members are taking an impish delight in hampering and bewildering the Republicans. The Republicans, lacking strong leadership, have foundered dismally. They have depended largely upon the experts of the Treasury, and apparently these experts are controlled by only one idea, and that is to get the last cent possible out of every rich taxpayer.

To understand what a good revenue bill should be, we must consider the problem that has to be solved. The true income of the country consists of real things; the raw materials of food, fuel, clothes and shelter; the necessities of life, which are produced annually from the ground. The so-called business of the country consists of transporting these raw materials to places where they are manufactured into shapes in which they can be consumed, and the final distribution of such things to the consumer. Substantially everything produced each year is consumed in that year.

In the past, federal taxes have been as far as possible indirect; that is, as far as possible the people were deceived into believing that they were not paying taxes. For many years large taxes were levied through the tariff law which was so adjusted as to benefit the owners of factories. After the trades unions got into power, the unions began to absorb all the benefit of the tariff. In the distribution of the real things, men who owned, and men who worked in factories, got a larger proportional share of the annual product than did the farmers. When the trades unions were first organized, the sympathy of the country was with the working man, and unions have been able to obtain for their members a scale of wages to support their so-called American standard of living. In the meantime, the farmers have been educated up to recognize that whenever a large class like the railway employees or the factory employees in general get more than a fair share, the result inevitably is that the farmers get less than a fair share. Now the whirligig of politics has placed in the hands of the Senators representing agricultural states the balance of power. They are able to dictate to the Republican Party what the new revenue bill is to be, and apparently their idea is that the proper thing to do is to take advantage of this opportunity and get square for their sufferings in the past.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said that the imbecility of the masses invited the impudence of power—and at times one is tempted to believe that this stinging epigram may be justly applied to the American people; because you are constantly finding Senators and Congressmen making claims which would indicate that they believed their constituents to be knaves or fools. Anyone who reads that interesting daily—"The Congressional Record" will see that many of the Senators are claiming that their constituents should not be called upon to pay a federal tax, and that a class representing less than one-half of one per cent of the people of the United States can and ought to pay the great bulk of the federal tax.

Now, what is the real problem to be solved by a tax bill? It is to provide for the real needs of the government and then to secure the fair distribution of the remainder of the annual product amongst the people. The first thing to insure is that the government should be administered economically and honestly, and that no more shall be withdrawn from the people than is necessary. When we come to the distribution, we must clearly understand the difference between the power to consume and the actual consumption. The small rich class that pays income tax, if it had the capacity, would have the power to consume a large proportion of the annual product; but whether a man be rich or poor, he can only eat one dinner and wear one suit of clothes at a time. The rich man may be wasteful and extravagant and feed upon luxurious dishes, but the sure result is that he will suffer from rheumatism and gout, and after all no matter how extravagant one-half of one per cent of the population may be, it can make very little difference to the rest of the community whether this class consumes a little more or a little less. Under an economic government expenditure there is about eighty-five per cent of the annual product, whatever it may be, which is divided among the great mass of the people. Out of the other fifteen per cent must be taken governmental expenses and the luxuries and extravagances of the rich. If the governments exceed their fair proportions, the balance left for the mass of the people will be less than eighty-five per cent, and then inevitably you will have trade disturbances. If government takes too much, you have got to reduce the standard of living of the mass of the people, and it is impossible to make up for this by taxing the rich. Because what you will take from the rich by taxation is not the share of things that they consume, but the share which would have been represented by their excess income over expenditure, which should have represented investment. Investment in these days means the production of machinery, and increased machinery is necessary to increase

the product so as to provide for the increase in population. If you have more mouths and more backs, you must have more food to put into the mouths and more clothes to put upon the backs.

As the sequel to the great war, we have two classes of government expenditure. One is the service of the public debt. We must raise enormous sums to pay the annual interest and we must make provision for the payment of the principal of the debt. But in this case the government gathers in with one hand from the public and returns it to the public with the other hand, and that does not affect the problem of consumption. But when the government undertakes unnecessary and extravagant expenditures of every kind, then the condition arises which I have attempted to describe. During the war the necessity for raising large sums of money justified every kind of expedient which would put money into the Treasury quickly and surely. When the state called upon its young men to risk or to give up their lives, no one doubted the right of the state to call upon men to give up their property. "All that a man hath will he give for his life!" In this period we introduced a new principle of taxation. We taxed men not in proportion to what they owned, not in proportion to what the government did for them, but we adopted the principle of the Turkish government and called upon every man to pay all that he was able to pay.

Because the income tax would affect a very small class, politicians and demagogues believed and tried to make their constituents believe that they could impose the large burden of taxation upon this small class and leave the ordinary citizen free. But presently the citizens have found that the game is not being played that way. Soon after the armistice there was a great cry for lower prices. Prices were high, but most people had money in their pockets with which to pay them. Now we have low prices and there are millions of people who cannot pay them. If a man wants a dinner, it makes no difference to him whether the

price is a dollar or a dime if he has not even the dime. Financial students quickly discovered and pointed out that taxes which were levied on last year's business to be paid this year were bad taxes; because the business man never knew exactly where he stood. For instance, many men have had to pay this year very heavy taxes upon the good business of a year ago and they have not had the money to pay with. Another result of the high taxes was that what free capital was left was driven into tax-free securities. The ability of the southern and western states and of the towns and counties of those states to sell their tax-free securities at a low rate of interest encouraged them to undertake extravagant expenditures in roads, bridges, irrigation, etc., things convenient and useful in themselves, but which the people had got along without for many years and could have got along without for years to come. But the representatives of these states discovered that the United States Treasury was receiving from the income and corporation taxes paid by the manufacturing states, large sums of money, and they were able to induce Congress to appropriate part of this money for the use of the individual states, for building roads, for aiding farmers, for irrigating deserts and draining swamps, etc., and the Senators who voted for these measures considered that they were very conservative because they insisted that the states must pay at least half of these expenses.

Of course, this was an extension of the idea that because A was richer than B, therefore A should be called upon to pay all the expenses of government for B. So if by reason of heavy taxation on State C, there was a surplus of funds in the Treasury of the United States, it was felt to be perfectly right and proper to take those funds for the benefit of D State. Now if it is fair to make a man, because he is rich, pay the expenses of government for the poor man, why is it not equally fair to make him pay for the poor man's dinner? That is the socialistic and bolshevik doc-

trine! Of course, we know from experience that when a man is willing to accept his dinner or other expenses from someone else, without giving an equivalent for it, that man becomes a pauper and a hobo, a poor creature and a bad citizen. Now you can make paupers out of states just as readily as you can make paupers out of individuals.

To illustrate this, you have the action of the present Agricultural Bloc in the Senate. These Senators are men of intelligence. They know perfectly well or they ought to know that the excess super-taxes and excess profit taxes are draining the life-blood out of business, and they know, or they ought to know, that as population increases you cannot maintain the present standard of living unless you increase machinery in the same proportion in which you increase population, and that when you permit immigration to bring an abnormal increase in population, you must provide for an abnormal increase in machinery. In spite of this, the advocates of the Agricultural Bloc took advantage of their temporary position and forced the majority of the Republicans to retain the high income taxes and to increase the taxes on the corporations. They cannot help knowing that this is not going to help the country, but they do know that it is going to maintain a market for their tax-free securities, and thus enable their people to benefit from the suffering of the rest of the people of the United States. Perhaps they have never thought out this matter clearly, but I am sure that if Senator Kenyon or Senator Capper or Senator Lenroot will sit down and consider the question carefully, they will know that that is the effect of the action that they have taken. The socialistic poison which has been creeping into our body politic has created the idea that the people at large would benefit if the great fortunes are destroyed or redistributed amongst the mass of people. But think of it in terms of consumption! If everything that the rich consumed were taken away from them, and assuming that each income tax payer represents a group of four and that they consume double the average con-

sumption (which is probably an excessive estimate) the total consumption of the wealthy class will be four per cent of the whole. Labor which has become accustomed to rapid advances of ten per cent and now is becoming accustomed to equally rapid decreases of ten per cent, would find little excitement in a prosaic four per cent. And yet, measured in terms of actual things, that is your limit. But destroy the saving class, stop the increase of machinery, and just as surely as night follows day, you will find a falling off in production which will necessarily bring on that dreaded condition; a reduction in wages and the standard of living. As a class, the farmers of this country are honest and intelligent, but North Dakota has shown us that they can be misled by demagogues. They sowed the wind and they are reaping the whirlwind. Bolshevik Russia is teaching the world a great lesson. Government that is founded upon class distinctions is bad government. When people have acted unfairly and have injured us—we will not in the long run help ourselves by trying to injure them. The body politic, like the human body, is so inter-related that you cannot injure one part without injuring every part.

So let us all get together and reason with our friend, the farmer, the man upon whom we depend for the necessities of life. Let us assume that he is honest and that he is intelligent and that he wants nothing for himself that is not fair, and is willing to treat others fairly. Let us remind him of the farmers of a century ago, who drove over corduroy roads, who rarely got ten miles away from home, who were up before sunrise and were feeding their stock after sunset. Contrast that picture with today's good roads—the ten million motor cars used in the United States. It is true that rich people have had their operas, but today the mass has its moving pictures. The fair-minded farmer must admit that compared with the farmer of a hundred years ago his condition has improved in a greater proportion than has the condition of the rich man. The rich man of a hundred years ago had his operas, his theatres,

his luxuries; the mass did not have them. Today the mass shares the automobile with the rich man, sets the moving picture palaces off against the opera, and is dissatisfied—not because it has too little, but because having as much as it has, it has learned to want more.

Let us try to educate ourselves back to recognize that an association of people must be founded upon justice. Many autocrats have been good men who have tried to do the best they could for the people that they ruled. But after all autocracy meant the rule of all the people by a few of the people for the benefit of part of the people. Mobocracy differs from autocracy only because there are more people in the mob, and therefore the burden of their rule is heavier. In the past hundred years, our people have grown and prospered under a rule that refused to recognize classes, and which claimed and demanded a government which would keep its hands off the individual as far as possible. But we have been changing all of that. First the trades unions set aside the men that worked in factories as being a class who were above the ordinary law. Now come in the farmers to claim that they are to be placed in a separate bloc. It is time to remember the fable of the goose that laid the golden egg.

Business, properly conducted, facilitates exchange, promotes industry, and secures the happiness of all. First, the trades unions sought to deprive brains of the right to manage business. Now the farmers are taking sides with them and are trying to force the savings of the saving class into securities which do not promote business, but may promote the comfort of their particular class. What they will discover will be that they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE CONFERENCE

By LADY ASTOR, M. P.

THE whole world welcomes the Washington Conference. This Conference is an indication that we can now discuss world problems in a way and in a spirit which was not possible in 1919. After the Armistice, the combatants were divided into two types of people—those in whom the tragedy of the war had bred anger, revenge, or pride, and those in whom it had bred an illusion that an easy millenium and an era of everlasting peace were about to begin. The last three years have shown us that both these points of view are untrue. We have got to face facts and work unselfishly and unceasingly in a practical way to obtain our ideals. The Washington Conference provides a chance for us to make a real start.

That chance will be lost, if the nations merely come together with vague resolutions about the need for peace and the desirability of disarmament. You cannot tell people who are living in a state of fear, to disarm—or if you do, you can only enforce it by arms. You must remove the causes of fear, in so far as is possible; although so long as human beings are human, some distrust and fear will enter into our corporate relations, as they do into our individual ones. But there are certain things which can be done. Give France security, assure her of protection against German military aggression, and she will gladly reduce her armaments. Come to a frank understanding on the Pacific question, and Japan, the United States, and the British Commonwealth can reduce their armaments. What is wanted is that responsible statesmen should state their fears openly round a table, and face up to the facts. Neither disarmament nor limitation of armaments can come from a

sentimental yearning for peace, but only through studying and removing the causes of suspicion and through providing machinery—some association of nations—for round-table discussions of these suspicions. It is unthinkable that America should stay outside such an association, and should not assume her share of world responsibility. It is vital to the peace of the world that she should come in and help.

Two things are essential if the Washington Conference is to be of use. Firstly, each nation should have a conscience and policy above reproach in the matter of international treaties. Secondly, each of us should try and understand other countries' problems sympathetically, and before plucking out the mote in our brother's eye, should find the beam in our own. If America can realize that the British Commonwealth has its hub in a small island thousands of miles away from its farthest outposts; that the ultra-nationalism of some of the new European states is due to a crowding up of alien races, each with a heritage of national history of which they are as proud as Americans are of the War of Independence; if Europe can realize how petty her century-old problems are apt to seem to Americans whose interests are in the future and not in the past, and what immense problems of her own America has to face—then there will be hope of a happy issue of some, if not all, of our afflictions.

As far as Anglo-American relations go, I can say, with a knowledge of both countries, that Great Britain urgently desires friendly co-operation with the United States and believes it to be a practical and immediate possibility. But this can only be achieved if the trouble-mongers on both sides will hold their peace. Honest criticism and plain speaking clear the air and are the only basis for understanding. But allegations or criticism whose only motive is the creation of suspicion and jealousy, or plain speaking which is only meant to hurt and not to help, do not get us any further.

To cry Peace, Peace, when there is no peace would be mere hypocrisy. But I am convinced that there is a general spirit of idealism abroad in both countries which will overcome the forces of selfishness and self-aggrandizement. I believe this is especially true of women. In Britain women have joined the League of Nations Union, to promote the cause of international association, in many thousands, and are keenly interested, not only in the ideal of limited armaments, but in the practical politics by which they must be accomplished. In the United States I think all women's organizations are united on this matter. All I would urge is that women on both sides should not rest satisfied with unpractical protestations against war, but should set themselves to understand the complex political problems involved in disarmament, and fit themselves to speak with authority, as well as with enthusiasm, on this urgent question. After all, we women can take absolutely virgin political minds into politics. We start fresh as it were, with no traditions or party ties and no political prejudices. Let the English speaking women of the world unite and show men that when we say we don't want wars, we mean to do all in our power to prevent them—even if it comes to speaking the truth to one another.

AULD REEKIE, PARTING

By CHARLES MCMORRIS PURDY

It seems so strange to leave Auld Reekie's grim, grey walls,
Once I have settled to a Scottish life;
Chill bleakland's grandeur and the bagpipe's plaintive calls
Have set me trembling; the keenest knife
Is not so far intruding as the wind-fled piper's notes,
Nor pierces a traveler's heart so certainly,
Nor bridges the time-worn chasms of old sorrow's moats,
That bring a furtive tear; one can not see
The Castle high o' hill, for emotion's Scottish mists,
Nor follow the High Street on its royal way,
The closes in their burrows, the wynds, for curious twists;
And George Street and rare Princes'—ah, I part with
them today!

CAN ART BE MADE TO PAY?

By JOSEPH PENNELL



ART is uplift, message, education. Our art, our American art is intellectual, emotional; it "speaks the clean moral spirit of the people." Art elevates the people, purifies the nation. That is its mission in this country, according to its prophets and protectors. But the inquiring may ask, as they always do ask—the one question that is always asked all over the land:—Does it pay? And here it certainly does not pay—or rather it does not pay the nation, though it pays apparently the dealers and the muralists, the decorators, the painters, the illustrators, and all the rest of those who live upon it. Sometimes, too, it pays the intelligent collector when he intelligently disposes of his collection. Patriots live upon patriotism, munition makers on war, and parsons on hell and heaven. These things are worth paying for; but art must be free—free for the people, freely given them, imposed on them by galleries, by docents, by concerts, by lectures—all free in the galleries which are free, too. The people come to the galleries—a few of them; most stick to their movies, their comics, their bill boards, their Sunday photos, which they can enjoy in their own rocking chairs, in their own homes, or in their own movie palaces; yet they pay and pay gladly for these. And why should they not have what they like? They know what they like; and only the MOTHER'S SATURDAY NIGHT JOURNAL shall tell them what they like, and they have to pay for that. But art must be free for the people, therefore they do not want it.

Are ball games or boxing matches free? If they were free no one would go to the first and every one would be arrested for taking part in the second. Art is free, for

there is nothing the people can make out of it, so they have no use for it—"the clean moral people" of this country. But it is free. Museums spring up wherever there is a millionaire anxious to advertise, wanting to hall-mark his collection, or afraid to sell it for fear of a slump; so he gives it to his town, his city, or his country; if the authorities will pay for the upkeep—and the people pay taxes for that. That is the mission of the benevolent millionaire—to dump his collection. Most of the museums are filled mainly with works of the past, though every up-to-date American painter must be in them, even if most of the American artists are out of them. Museums are graveyards of dead art, houses of refuge for popular art. An artist must die to have his work shown, or else be a foreigner and have his work hall-marked by dealers.

This mainly applies to the Borough of Manhattan, which however happens to be the present stopping place of art in this country, therefore in the world. The Main Streeters know it; yet Miss Cecelia Beaux has dared to say we have no national art.

There are galleries which do show the work of living artists and some of them give money prizes to the exhibitors. All of these galleries, save one, restrict these prizes to American painters and sculptors, thus proving that "we have developed a steady perfection that is commencing to give Europe a nervous agitating disagreeableness." That is at least, until a show like that at the Metropolitan of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Painting appears, and that even arouses at the last moment an Anonymous Committee of Citizens, because it proves that all is not so perfect as we know it to be, not knowing that in Europe the Isms are dead and buried, that again with the end of war art has returned, save among the Bolshevists of Moscow and the East Side, and here the Isms are alive because no one will have them any longer over there. It is simply the dealers trying to unload.

These money prizes are given to encourage American art, but somehow they seem to promote graft; for artists,

though no one would accuse them of it, are bigger and better politicians and business men than the bosses and kings, and have to work harder for what they get.

There are also certain dealers who are dealing in American art, and there are certain collectors who collect it. The artists do something, but on the quiet. Who made Fifth Avenue into a thing of beauty during the Liberty Loan drives? The Fifth Avenue Business Men's Association took the credit for it. And who got the credit for the triumphal progress of Paul Bartlett's Franklin from Baltimore to Waterbury—a triumph only equalled by that of Cimabue in Florence? Cimabue is remembered: Bartlett is unknown to the newspaper reporters who boomed the affair. And all this was free, freely done by the artists; it was the only way they could get anything done.

But does the city, the state, or the nation—the powers that the people know—protect or encourage modern art? The authorities and big business are what the people understand, and they mostly do nothing for art.

When lately our President had to be painted and sculpted and engraved, did he go to the most eminent men and women to be immortalized? I think he prefers the snap shot. It gets his grin better than any painter could.

I do not care whether artists are foreigners or natives so long as they are good. When our great men want ancestors, they go and buy some one else's in England or Italy; and as for themselves, they get their mugs in the rotogravure sections of the papers, instead of going down to posterity like the Burgomeister Six—whom an eminent artist painted. Rockefeller is about the only American notoriety who will be remembered, because Sargent painted him, and for that reason only.

Other countries employed their most eminent artists to make artistic records of the war. We protested we had no money to spend in this fashion. What we got that was good

was given freely and without price by the artists. The artists of the Allies got cash, and the people thought us fools for working for nothing, and we were. All the patriots got paid, and yell now for a bonus.

Do our churches patronize art—the great patrons of the art of the past? Look in them and see. And though murals are everywhere they can be stuck, few of the muralists are worthy of their hire. And it is a crime that most of the murals are free for the people to wonder at.

Have we any art anyway, any appreciation of it? We have had a few artists, as many as other countries in the same time—a few great ones, but they had, most of them, to win their reputations abroad before they were accepted at home. Now we have many painters and sculptors who are accepted at home, but mighty few of them are tolerated abroad.

Art is, and always has been, a world power. We are trying not only to make it do good to the people, but to make a local corner in it—a mutual admiration society, out of our artists. The one form of art in which we really won an international standing was illustration and engraving, like the Japanese; and like them our work has sunk to the lowest level. Neither the Japanese nor the mongrels who have crawled in under our flag appreciate it. Nor is illustration dealt in. It was free, almost, and with a few exceptions in other arts and crafts (it is only the exceptions that count) it is all we have had in the way of a national art—we are local. The Hudson River School, though the only school we have had except that of the camera and snap shot, proved it.

Artists of any standing are not afraid to compete with their fellows; but patronage overpowers them, patronage of the amateur who knows nothing of art save what the dealer of a sort tells him, and doesn't know enough to keep his mouth or his pocket-book shut.

Have we not lately had an example—the Metropolitan Museum giving up its walls to an exhibition of art and

artlessness which was unbelievable and managed by a committee, the most prominent figure of which was a lawyer—and the most prominent person, anonymous; and in Philadelphia the moving spirits were doctors. And there is everywhere the admirable amateur; but the dealer of a sort is behind them all. These are the people who would help art, encourage art, boom art, criticise art—and the American artist lets them do it. But if artists were to discuss law or medicine, even the people would roar; but as art is on the town, any one can prattle about it; it does no harm. Even an "Anonymous Committee of Citizens" can upset the country over it; but it's only art, what does it matter? It's not business, it doesn't pay.

Well, the Metropolitan Museum, excellently managed as it is, doesn't pay. We are forever being told that. I am only taking one example. The reason is because the Metropolitan Museum does not encourage living art. This is not true of most of the other museums of the country. They do—all, I think, except Boston. But do they do it in the right way? They do what they can, or what their directors and trustees can, or know. They have their shows and their prizes, and they buy a few paintings and less sculpture and still fewer prints, mostly at preposterous prices.

Now, what should be done? We should organize our museums, our galleries, our exhibitions on the European basis—carry them on by European methods. "We are not Europeans, their methods are not ours," I shall be told. No, we are only blind and fools. Europeans know that art is a great financial asset for the nations. We know it must be free for the people. I say nothing of past ages, nothing of the fact that all that takes the tourist to Egypt, Greece, Spain, is art—art made by the state and the church. How the American hates to go; but Bill's been and he must go—the real Main Streeter; and he spends his money to get there and when he is there spends a little of it on art, and a lot on artlessness.

I say nothing about the international exhibitions of the past that were held to bring money into the countries in which they took place, and the art gallery in every international exhibition is the only building into which every one goes. The nations of Europe know this, and four cities have been deputed by four countries as art centers: Venice, Paris, London, Munich; and the scheme has paid. Consider Venice. The authorities and the business men tried to make the city an industrial town, a naval base, a railroad center.

Tourists came in fall and winter and spring, and the city lived on them. An artist suggested that Venice might again become an art center; it was tried, and after twenty years it has become the resort for all the rich people of the world—and in the summer, too, when it was supposed to be impossible. The city is doing more business than it ever did, and art has done it, as it did in the past. Visitors are given special rates on the Italian railways; special hotels have been erected and are filled. How did the Venetians celebrate the rebuilding of the Campanile? With an international exhibition of art—and they celebrated the end of the war with an exhibition of art. And the uplift of this is to bring people to Venice, and the mission is to sell art. There are no prizes, no medals—just sales; they bring the artists—artists bring their art, and the exhibition brings the tourists—the richest people in the world and those who spend the most money, and spend most of it in and on the city of Venice. At the last exhibition there were over two million five hundred thousand lire of exhibits sold. Mind a lira is a lira in Italy. Was that uplift? No, it was business. And the same is true of Paris, London, Munich. So important is the business of art in those cities that in Paris the artists pay the state a rental of one franc a year for the Grand Palais, and in London they exhibit in a palace of their own and pay no rates or taxes. And the exhibitions of Paris and London are entirely managed by artists. Here we have no national exhibition, though if we get one, it might be possible to find the artists to manage

it, and maybe find a business man with brains enough to sell pictures—but that is doubtful.

We are not allowed a gallery for modern art in the Park; it might take a few feet away from the people's right to foul it with filth. In Venice the authorities turned the people out of half of their only garden, and it paid the people as well as the city.

But we have the place at the present moment. There is a wing of the Metropolitan Museum standing empty, or there was a few months ago—not yet turned over by the city, which built it, to the Museum. Let the city turn it over to the various artistic societies of New York to hold a national exhibition in, as well as exhibitions of their own, including the arts and crafts—while automobile shows and horse shows could be held, as in Paris, in a properly designed art gallery. These shows probably pay now, but they have to find a new home here almost every year. They must pay, for the hotels of New York are already touting for guests. If properly constructed the Metropolitan wing can be used as an exhibition hall for other purposes, though of course, the Metropolitan will say that it is to be their building—and further that the Architectural League tried to show in it last year and failed. There are incompetents even among artists.

Would it pay? Such an art exhibition gallery would bring a million people at least the first year to New York, and ten million dollars would be spent by them in New York City, and soon the whole country would come to the art shows. As for the automobile and horse shows, they are popular enough. You cannot take art to the people—the people must come to it, the rich people of the land. The rest, the rubbernecks who come to New York and don't change a paper collar or a five dollar bill, don't matter; yet they would come in and maybe get uplifted. Anyway they go where they are told.

Did the Liberty Loan art made entirely by artists pay? The Government said so—and had proofs. Did Bartlett's

progress pay? It brought thousands of people to every city through which the statue passed. Organize, as at Venice, a sales department and prove that the best art of modern times is a better investment than bonds. This is proved by the contemporary purchasers of Rembrandt, Velasquez, Turner, and even our Whistler. Yet these are the works the average American is buying, or dealer-boomed unsaleable European modern rubbish, too stupid to know that the rise will be in the works of living artists. If they fall—if certain artists do not turn out to be as great as we know they are, the fall is little. Europeans are now investing in modern art because they get something of real value—not a piece of paper which says it is worth what it is not. An art standard will be set up for the country, and we may get a national art. We can get the best art of the world, if, as at Venice, we can sell it. It's all business, once we get decent things to show and don't everlastingly trot out our same old stuff. And if the Metropolitan will not undertake the work, or the artists will not undertake the work, the most liberal and intelligent institution in the country, I believe will undertake it. In that institution too—the Brooklyn Museum of Art and Science—are unfinished galleries standing vacant.

I do not say art will wipe out artlessness or unemployment, but I do say it will bring more money to New York than anything else. And the people must pay at least five days a week to see it. But the management must be in the hands of artists—not amateurs and uplifters or business men. Under artists, art pays.

I note that five thousand artists of New York are going to show in the city next spring. They have no place to show in, but they have a business man to manage them instead of managing their own business. Under such management art wont pay.

THE POLYTONIC "SIX" OF PARIS

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER



USIC has often stirred up savage strife. For those who invent, and those who review it, are not tolerant. We know what storms were roused long years ago by the fierce rivalry of Piccini, the Italian, and Gluck, the Austrian. We have read of the upheavals caused by "Tannhaeuser" in Paris; and, to come nearer to today, we can remember the disturbances in the same city which attended the production of Debussy's gracious "Pelléas et Mélisande."

But since the uproar which that lovely work provoked, musicians the world over had abstained from vulgar rioting, despite temptations which at times had put their patience—or impatience—to hard tests. A year ago, though, music caused more trouble, and Paris was the scene of a pitched battle.

The outbreak in this case seemed disproportionate to the crime—real or supposed—of a young Provencal, named Darius Milhaud, who, at a Colonne Concert had endeavored to express himself, in an unusual way, in an "Orchestral Suite" (his second) planned as a tribute to the memory of the late Albéric Magnard. The dedication of the work might have assured it a respectful hearing. But M. Milhaud had annoyed some great tin gods by his connection with the group of "Jeunes" in Paris called "Les Six." The opening bars of his "Orchestral Suite" were hailed with protests, in which several of the best known critics joined. And soon his music, good or bad, was drowned in cat-calls. The police were summoned, which made matters worse—except, maybe, for the new "Jeunes,"

the obnoxious "Six," to whom it meant a big and free *réclame*. Next day, and for a week or so thereafter, the music critics raged through many columns. They cast Darius, even as Daniel, to the lions. Nor was it till the offending Suite reached Boston and was played at Symphony Hall, that it was really heard and analyzed impartially. Meanwhile, it had again been played in Paris, as before at a Colonne Concert, and listened to with something like civility. The Milhaud "polytonics" still seemed odious to most persons in the large and restless audience. But the reception given the work was almost decent.

The Parisians have been sorely tried of late, by so-called musicians of all kinds of crazy patterns. They have been baited by weird "Bruitistes," "Futuristes," "Dadaistes" and more faddists. The polytonists of the "Six" were rudely lumped with their unorthodox forerunners. The critics had damned M. Milhaud's Suite off-hand, largely perhaps, because it symbolized the artistic tendencies of the composer, who was looked upon by most as the chief member and the leader of the "Six." The public, egged on by their usual guides, in whom the more innocent of them had childish confidence, rebelled against both the theory and the practice of the polytonic style which was exemplified in the new Suite by the simultaneous use of chords and counterpoint in four tonalities. They did not argue or discuss things with the "Six." They—well, they protested. In their resentment they may not have cared to allow for the intentions of the composer, which were ironic. The work had been inspired by a satiric poem of Paul Claudel named "Protée." In "Protée," M. Claudel had described the unhappy love of an old man for a young girl; sometimes with pity, often with derision. The theme would have amused Igor Stravinsky. He might have found in it a new "Petrouchka," which would have made amends for the perverse brutalities of his "Rite of Spring." In fit surroundings, M. Milhaud's polytonics might have been

liked and praised. They had been planned, not for the classic concert room, but for the open air or for the hippodrome.

It is hard indeed for anyone who meets M. Milhaud and talks art with him to believe him capable of mere sensationalism, or deliberate trickery. He impresses one as straight and honest, though no less virile in his way than noisier rivals. He speaks of music and musicians very frankly, but of his own group and his own work, with engaging modesty. In all he told me of the "Six" and their young efforts, he avoided the provocative Stravinsky attitude. But he clung firmly to his hope and faith in the propriety of polytony, which, as I gathered, is the only bond that links together those who form the "Six." And, in the first words of the chat I had with him near Montmartre a few weeks ago, M. Milhaud gave me a surprise.

"We are not the inventors of the name by which we go," said the composer. "It was a critic, who, after attending some of the concerts we had organized, first referred to the members of our little band of friends as 'Les Six,' in an article published by 'Comoedia' and entitled 'The Five Russians and Six Frenchmen.' We had no objection to being grouped or christened. We had realized that, in the world of Paris, it is not well for artists to fight quite alone. Since the appearance of that article we have remained 'The Six,' although one member of our group may soon drop out, and leave us, for a time at least, but five. Apart from our attachment to polytony, we have little in common."

"What is it that distinguishes you, chiefly, from other composers?"

"We are a proclamation and a protest. We proclaim the death of musical Impressionism. We protest against the unnecessary complexities of contemporary instrumentation."

"Meaning," I queried, "just what by Impressionism?"

"Debussy," he replied. "An enchanting master; an individuality—head and shoulders above those of his suc-

cessors who have imitated him; but a composer whose message to the world of art has been delivered. Debussy was, I admit, both great and personal, even if he did descend to some extent from Moussorgsky."

Then M. Milhaud took my breath away by assuring me that he adored simplicity.

"I admire Mendelssohn," said he, without a tremor (and on that point I at least agreed with him). "Some day I hope to make him the fashion again in Paris. I despise Schumann and I am very fond of Schubert. Wagner, I loathe. I cannot stomach him. To me he is indigestible. He is—stuffy. The composers I prefer are of the moderns, Berlioz and Magnard; and, of the great dead, first and foremost, Bach. In my compositions I use only the instruments of Berlioz. I can't see what Ravel, Strauss, and Wagner gain by multiplying instruments in their orchestra."

A third surprise came when M. Milhaud assured me of his love of melody. I had been told that the "Six" scoffed at melody and worshipped discord. I had thought of them as, shall I say, mere "Bruitistes." And here was this astounding young Provencal face to face with me, assuring me that he hated needless noise and bowed to Mendelssohn. Could all the critics have been dreaming dreams when they attacked the "Six?" Could they have all been bribed?

"I believe in the melodic line," continued M. Milhaud. "I set logic and construction before delicacies and subtleties. I hate needless detail and I love simplicity. Harmony means nothing to me. Counterpoint means everything. I am not a classicist nor a futurist, but a romanticist. Don't mind the critics. One of them wrote whole columns about my poor Second Suite, without even hearing it. Two only had been kind enough to read my scores in manuscript before judging them.

"What do the music critics know of music?" he went on, as if recurring to an old grievance. "They may know a clarinet or flute from a trombone. But is there one who

could distinguish between the percussion instruments in an orchestra?

The "Six" did not invent their polytonics. Indeed, to be candid, they have so far given us little if anything, which, without straining, could be called original. The members of the group are very young, and, if they do annoy some ears, might be forgiven. And, mingled with their more eccentric views, are sane ideas, as old as Bach's and Handel's, as clear as Couperin's. The "Six" are still in their artistic cradles. Among them are at least three men of talent. First, M. Milhaud, next M. Arthur Honegger, and lastly, M. Francis Poulenc. But I have still some things to tell of M. Milhaud, before talking of his associates or followers. He is the only member of his group I met in France. Mr. Irving Berlin would, I am sure, delight in him; for he confesses that "he adores jazz music."

"Some day," he said, "I may compose a jazz sonata. The jazz form has been quite an inspiration. One may at times hear excellent music in the halls, and much bad music is performed in concert rooms. I have told you of my love of melody. By this I mean that in my compositions I try to give equal importance to all the instruments I employ. My orchestra, of course, varies according to the nature of the works I write, and I have tried my hand at a good many styles. One form which I am fond of is the chamber symphony. I have turned out four examples of the sort so far, each scored for only a few solo instruments. I have published various piano compositions, among them a set of six which I grouped under the name of 'Le Printemps.' I have made scores for ballets with large orchestras, and just now I am halfway through a tragic, lyric drama, named 'Les Euménides.'

"I have made a special study of polytony," he continued. "In my fifth String Quartet, all the instruments are given equal prominence. In this work I have used four different tonalities at once. The effect, I think, is rich and in-

teresting. In another composition I have gone farther. I have used twelve tonalities. I write music horizontally, not vertically. The melodic line is always in my mind."

M. Milhaud did not mean that he composed most easily when he was lying on his back, like Rossini and some other spoilt musicians. His words had a more technical significance. Then, by way of illustration, this wild revolutionist played me selections from his "Spring." They were written in the simple, flowing style of Mendelssohn, tempered slightly by Debussy. Innocuous, charming songs of innocence, which would have soothed the most cruel academic critic. And, as I listened, I confess I marveled at the excitement the composer's Suite had caused.

What will happen to the "Six" in France is doubtful. If they are advertised much more, they may grow famous. But in America, and elsewhere beyond France, it seems unlikely that their music will live long. Their polytonic works may please the curious, but they will hardly win the approval of the masses. Americans have not yet swallowed Schoenberg. They are still puzzling over Ornstein and Prokofiew. The polytonic theory is one thing—the polytonic practice is another. I daresay "Spring" will charm most lady pianists. It certainly appealed to me—a critic.

And now a word or two about the lesser members of the group of "Six"—those daring heretics and anarchists of art who are supposed by some to threaten honest music. The most conspicuous of them, next to M. Milhaud, is M. Arthur Honegger. He is said to be at heart a plain Wagnerian. Like others in his group, he is a polytonist. His polytony is however, based on derivations from the dominant chord, while M. Milhaud's is derived from the *accord parfait*. I am assured that there are fine and noble qualities in more than one published work from his pen.

He is more modern than another prominent member of the "Six," M. Francis Poulenc, who, until lately, has devoted himself largely to the piano. According to his

leader, M. Milhaud, he has the merits of simplicity and grace. He is very sensitive and has melodic gifts of an unusual kind. But he has also a keen sense of the sonorities a composer may obtain from a small orchestra. This "revolutionist" goes back in style to Couperin and Scarlatti; both ornaments of eighteenth century music. A Suite by M. Poulenc has been played in London, and damned contemptuously as puerile and trivial. It was too simple to content even a public which loves Haydn, and has long worshipped Mendelssohn. In one respect, this composer seems unusual. He has been writing music since his early boyhood. He acquired the rudiments of art at the Conservatoire of Paris, where, like his friend and warm admirer Mr. Milhaud, he was a pupil for a time of M. Widor.

A fourth member of the "Six" is M. Georges Auric, whose works, so far as I can learn, are marked by brilliancy, but are loud and rowdy. They have the qualities that suit the music hall, and, while Parisian as to style, are slightly vulgar. By contrast with his efforts, M. Honegger's seem metaphysical, while M. Milhaud's might be fairly called poetical. They are linked loosely with the works of the three others I have mentioned by their occasionally polytonic attributes. But they are nearer in some ways to those of Satie, who, to non-Parisians, does not seem a shining light, though to the leader of the "Six" he is much younger than the youngest in that group; so modern that he scoffs at Florent Schmitt as quite old-fashioned.

M. Milhaud, by the bye, has often stooped from poetry to vulgarity. Of this a recent proof was his strange setting of a pantomime devised by one Jean Cocteau—a burlesque or skit on "dry" America. The matter and the manner of this rather ribald work were too grotesque to suit the patrons of a well-known London music hall. But both were fanciful. The title of the skit was still more fanciful; far-fetched indeed. London refused its favors to such frenzied freaks as what the authors had entitled "*Le Boeuf Sur le Toit*" ("The Ox on the Roof").

As for the two remaining members of his group, one—M. Louis Durey—is a mere tyro. The other—Mlle. Germaine Taillefer—is, if you will, a promise, but no more. She is a pupil of Stravinsky and Ravel, and she owes not a little to M. Milhaud, also. Her special quality is her bright, youthful spirit. Thibaut and Cortot may soon play one of her works.

Gustave Charpentier does not scorn the "Six." They may not have accomplished much as yet. But as he thinks, they are trying to do something.

"They are trying," he declared to me some weeks ago, "to renew the music palate. What they have done may seem a bit confused. But they have not failed to produce some tones—some pictures—which can be recognized."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By J. CORSON MILLER

A stag—upon Time's quivering heights he stood,
And sniffed the burning danger of the years:
Herd-leader of a clean, all-conquering brood,
Whose forebears blazed the trails of pioneers.
The new Demosthenes!—work, play that cheers
His creed; the seeds he sowed of brotherhood
Shall grow to trees—an adamant wood,
To stem the tidal-hate of hemispheres.

"Pro Patria!"—his cry; unmoved, unbroken,
He dipped his pen in fire to the end;
His heart was like the oak, and Honor's token
He passed as coin to men; he was a friend
Whose golden words shall live while speech is spoken.
His life's an autograph of deeds well done—
A battle-star that laughs across the sun.

JANE CARLYLE'S LETTERS

Arranged by REGINALD BLUNT

(The first instalment of Mrs. Carlyle's letters appeared in The Forum for November.)



packet of letters, written by Mrs. Carlyle to the daughter of her Chelsea doctor, was last year brought as a gift to Carlyle's house by that lady's daughter, Mrs. Chambers. On collating these letters with the published volumes, I found that nine of them had been printed in the "*Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*," and three of these had also been included in Mrs. Alexander Ireland's biography, but that the remaining fifteen letters and notes, the second instalment of which follows, had not, so far as I could discover, been published.

The intense heat of the August of 1860 was followed by an extremely cold winter, during which Mrs. Carlyle, at her husband's instigation, had embarked on the venture of a second servant, and was not altogether enjoying "the twoness" of it; whilst Carlyle rarely left his garret study and the struggle with Frederick, except for his daily ride. The death of Arthur Hugh Clough was a loss which was perhaps more than offset, for him, by a renewed friendship with Ruskin, whose "*Letters on Political Economy*" were just then appearing in the Cornhill.

Mrs. Carlyle's next letter has a special interest for me, as it chronicles, in her most characteristic manner, what was, I think, the first combined visit of my father and mother to No. 5, Cheyne Row. Lord Cadogan had appointed my father Rector of Chelsea in 1860, and my parents had come into residence at the Rectory (whose garden gate opened into the top of Cheyne Row) in the previous August.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

Wednesday, April 3rd, 1861.

You remarkably *clever* little Girl! I admire this stroke of diplomacy amazingly! My general amiability was not to be relied on, you thought—and I can't say but you thought right, so far as that goes. My special promise about writing "within a fortnight" might or might not form a part of that general amiability, which is not to be relied on, and so, being a sort of little Girl who *will* have her humor out, whatever that be, you just fling a silken *lasso* of politeness round my neck and twitch me up to the point! You *had* the little photograph before you left—you meant to give it me (your father told me so, when he had taken *his* out of his pocket book as tenderly as if it were *the Holy Sacraments*, to show me, and been assailed by a storm of abuse of you on my part for not having given me one "all to myself"). But, if you sent it in a letter, I must of necessity acknowledge *that* letter, as a "woman of England," whatever she does or omits to do, must never neglect "the forms of Society"—never be impolite! Oh you sharp little girl! You knew *that*, calculated upon it, and acted upon it! And so here I am writing to you, whether I like it or not! Anyhow I like the photograph. To such an extent, that my long wavering intention of investing in a photograph book took settled practical shape in the same hour *it* (the tiny Miss Barnes) came to hand; and being so rapid as yourself (!) when I have once decided on a thing, I went forthwith to Regent Street in the rain, and bought a sensible modest-looking volume, with no botheration of embossing and gilt clasps, but *real* morocco and good paper. When I came in I was, if not wetted, thoroughly damped and had to change my dress, and it being within a couple of hours of the time when I was engaged to dine at Mr. Forster's, with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, I thought I had best make one dressing do for all; and thus it happened that as early as half after four, I was sitting on my sofa in the black velvet gown your Father found so "stunning"—with pearl necklace and bracelets (!) and the smallest of make-believe (lace) caps—when, without my having heard any rap, the drawing room door was flung open and Charlotte announced "Mr. and Mrs. Blunt!" Mercy of Heaven! Is that man always to find me in some false position? To your Father I could say, "I am going out to dinner and am so ashamed to be caught with a bare head."

But I couldn't enter into such explanation with these strangers, and had to stand Mrs. Blunt's survey of me, in a broad glare of sunlight with *inward* protest against appearances, and "appeal to posterity." As for Mr. Blunt, God bless him, I don't imagine he could have told, when he left, whether I had on a velvet dress or a strait waistcoat, whether my necklace was of pearls or buttercups! He looked so straight at my face all the time, with such a look of unworldly, profoundly *human, trust* and friendship, that it was all I could do to keep from flinging myself at his feet or into his arms, and saying "Oh yes! I will visit your poor women if you wish it, will even come and hear you preach *if you wish it!*" I restrained myself, however, and for the present went no further than inviting him and his wife to tea!

I didn't go to hear Spurgeon. It rained slightly, and my head ached slightly, and Lady Airlie had told me the day before: "Oh don't, *please* don't go to Spurgeon; it is so—*nasty!*"

Now, little woman, mind that you don't stay away above twice as much longer as the time you fixed.

I like to know you here even when I am not seeing you. I *like* you, my nice little diplomatist, which is more a compliment to your merits than you perhaps think! For between ourselves there is nothing I so much dislike in a general way as a young Miss (Jeune Mees) except indeed, a young Master.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

The next two letters to Miss Barnes have been printed in the "Letters and Memorials." The first, dated Sept. 22, 1861, and beginning "*Carina! Oh Carina! Did you ever?! No you Never!*", came from Harewood Lodge, Berks, a lodge in Windsor Forest to which old Lady Sandwich (Lady Ashburton's mother) had invited the Carlyles. The letter is chiefly a caustic disquisition on lumbago—Carlyle's lumbago, got by "spreading his pocket handkerchief on the grass just after a heavy shower, and sitting down on it for an hour and more, in spite of all my remonstrances." The letter ends thus:

Where are you, then? If you are returned to the paternal roof, no need almost of this letter. But I daresay you are gadding about on the face of the earth, "too happy in not knowing your

happiness," of having a Paternal roof to stay under! If your father would take *me* home for his daughter, and pet me, as he does you, would *I* go dancing off to all points of the compass, as you do? No, indeed! God bless you anyhow. If you are returned, this letter will still be worth while as enabling me to look you in the face, more or less!

The second letter dates from Cheyne Row, January 24, and pinned to it is a tiny scrap of paper on which Carlyle has noted "1862? [ask Mrs. Simmonds the date of her *wedding*, of her *first* child, etc.]", evidently an annotation made when he was arranging his wife's letters after her death. The letter was Mrs. Carlyle's reply to Miss Barnes' petition that she would come to her approaching wedding:

Oh, you agonizing little girl! How *could you?* come down upon me in that slap-dash way, demand of poor weak shivering me a positive "yes" or "no," as if with a loaded pistol at my head!! How *can* I tell what I shall be up to on the eighteenth? After such a three months of illnesses and relapses, how can I even guess? If I am alive and able to stand on my hind legs and to look like a joyful occasion, I shall be only too happy to attend that solemnity.

The letter goes on to beg her not to ask Mr. Carlyle to the wedding, as he had said "it would be a real vexation to me to refuse that bonnie wee lassie what she asked, and to her marriage I *could not go*. It would be the ruin of me for three weeks."

"And that," adds his wife, "is no exaggeration, I *can* say, who know his ways better than any one else."

The next letter was written only a few days before the wedding day.

5 Cheyne Row, Thursday,
February 13, 1862.

Dear Little Girl! that is going to be spirited away from me, into "the house of bondage" (vide Captain Cuttle "and when found make a mark of it!") aren't you coming to see me first? I have been expecting you to-day every minute; and expected you all yesterday. Maria said you promised to come yesterday morning, having just asked at what hour I went out, and she having answered that I "generally went out at one o'clock."

"One o'clock? 'Generally?' What *did* you mean by saying that? Don't I generally not go out at all? Haven't I been out just once in the last fortnight?" "Yes!" "And didn't I go out then at half after two?" "Yes!" "Then what *did* you mean by saying I generally went out at one?" "Well I meant—I don't know!" My dear prospective young housewife! Beware of servants who write poetry. They haven't common sense ever! But are you coming tomorrow morning? or when? I must see you again before—.

Unless the weather mends materially, it would be madness for me to go to the Church in my wedding garments, not having the excitement of going to be married myself to nerve me against catching cold.

Whether even *that* will save yourself from the natural consequences of a low dress and bare head in winter remains to be seen! Mrs. Blunt asked me to go with *them*, and I should like that, and should like to see you made away with! If only it come warm enough to be out so long in fine clothes! But at all rates I hope to live to present myself at the house at one o'clock. I wish you would come and see my *new bonnet* for the occasion—it will be lost on you when the occasion is there. It is lovely.

Your ever affectionate

J. W. C.

The wedding took place on Tuesday the eighteenth of February, and my father, who was to marry the young couple, and who knew how keenly the pretty little bride hoped for Mrs. Carlyle's presence, was determined to get her to the church if it could safely be accomplished. Mrs. Carlyle herself tells the story in a letter to her dear friend Mrs. Russell of Thornhill, dated February twenty-third, which may be quoted here:

The wedding was an immense affair! It was my doctor's little daughter who was being married, after a three year's engagement, and as soon as she was engaged she had made me promise to attend her wedding. I had rather wished to see a marriage performed in a church with all the forms, the eight bridesmaids, etc., etc., but I had renounced all idea of going to the church, for fear of being laid up with a fresh cold; and meant to attend only the breakfast party after, in which I took less interest. But imagine how good the people here are to

me. Our Rector, in whose church (St. Luke's) the marriage was to take place, being told by his wife I wished to go but durstn't, for fear of the coldness of the church, ordered the fires to be kept up from Sunday over into Tuesday morning! besides a roaring fire in the vestry, where I sat at my ease till the moment the ceremony began! I was much pressed afterwards to acknowledge how superior the English way of marrying was to the Scotch, and asked how I liked it. I said my feelings were very mixed. "Mixed?" the rector asked, "mixed of what?" "Well," I said, "it looked to me something betwixt a religious ceremony and a—pantomime!" So it is. There were forty-four people at the breakfast.

Mrs. Carlyle did not catch cold at the wedding; for I see by my mother's diary that she and my father were at tea at the Carlyles' on the Friday after, and met Ruskin there.

The next letter is addressed to Mrs. Simmonds, 82 Oakley Street, where presumably the newly married couple had found quarters after the honeymoon:

5 Cheyne Row,
Friday, May 1862.

"My darlingest Pet"

(As the Marchioness of Westmeath writes to the "Correspondent")—come as you are to-night. I don't mean come in a state of nature, but in your wearing gown, for nobody will be here except possibly Mr. Woolner the sculptor. The other new married lady I spoke of cannot come, because I have not asked her! I set out one day to make the due *call* preparatory to asking her, and was overtaken by the rain in Pimlico, and having no umbrella, and a velvet coat, and seeing no cab or other refuge, I plunged madly into an omnibus that was standing at "The Three Compasses," and was trundled away, I knew not whither, but *eventually* (as the horrid penny-a-liners say) I found myself at the Blackwall Railway station in Fenchurch Street! Then, the rain continuing, I had just to sit still and come back again, and get myself into a cab at Hyde Park, and come home, damped and wretched. I have never been able to get up the steam to go at that *call* since, and to ask her without calling would, I am sure, have been an offence to the new married female Inverness mind. The more's the pity for her.

Affectionately yours,

J. W. C.

(Mrs. Carlyle's letters will be concluded in the January Forum.)

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THE RECENT ELECTION

AN election in New York City is important to the rest of the country because the apparent issues are widely advertised and the victory as resounded is sure to influence other communities. The outcome in New York City was a foregone conclusion from the time that Governor Miller proceeded to take a hand in the directing of the affairs of the City, and the triumph of Mayor Hylan must be interpreted as a repudiation of the Governor and all of his works.

What little chance of success the Republican party may ever have had was further demolished by the unfortunate Meyer Committee with its reckless disregard of the rights of individuals, its blatant press agency, and wasteful expenditure of the people's money.

With a blindness that has hitherto been unequalled, the papers of New York City, with the exception of the *New York American*, endeavored to gloss over these indecencies and herein lies, to the student of journalism, the sad part of the campaign.

It is never a pleasant thing to one believing in democratic institutions to see the practically unanimous press of the City repudiated. That is what has happened, and it must be said that the repudiation was more than deserved, especially in the case of the *New York Tribune*, the news columns of which were so grossly inaccurate and so unfairly partisan as to make that journal, before the campaign closed, the most conspicuous liability of the anti-Hylan ticket.

The Times, as might be expected, was fair in its news reports—if not generous in the amount of space contributed, but the palm must go to Mr. Munsey, whose intellectual and social gyrations are not always easy to follow. Publishing two evening papers he was able to provide the City with news of several varieties.

The Sun provided a full quota of anti-Hylan "news" as did the *Evening Telegram*—"news" that ran the whole gamut of dog-stories known to a cycle of press agents; but the *Telegram* carried in addition and frequently alongside of extraordinary claims for Curran, a daily poll which from the beginning to the end of the campaign indicated that thousands of Republicans were going to vote for Mayor Hylan—a bit of real news that never once elicited a line of comment from either Mr. Munsey or a single one of the anti-Hylan press.

Only one of the Republican papers—*The Evening Mail*—placed the blame squarely where it belonged, and declared that the immense vote was a vote against Governor Miller—calling on the leaders of the party to decide on whether it was to encourage further reprisals by continuing under Governor Miller's uninviting banner. What, however, the clear-sighted editor of the *Mail* did not discern was the fact that many people were attracted to Mayor Hylan out of resentment at his treatment by the press. The American people are as a rule easy-going, but when abuse of a public official is carried to the point of gross unfairness, their resentment is swift and keen.

Another fact in the election and one undoubtedly decisive with many Republicans, was the attitude of Senator Hiram W. Johnson, whose stinging criticism of Governor Miller, stinging as it was, was considered but fair and judicial.

* * * * *

The election in New York City was a Hylan victory rather than a Democratic victory, but along with that Hylan and personal victory there is no doubt but what there was represented in part the disgust of many Republicans at the way their party is being conducted both in the State and in the Nation. This statement does not apply to President Harding who is apparently doing his best, but who should most certainly assume leadership unless he wishes to see his party go on the rocks.

One of the reasons that a large number of Republicans voted for Mayor Hylan was, as we have said, their disgust for Governor Miller, his extraordinary incapacity for judging public sentiment, and his marvelous ignorance of political currents, political tendencies, and even of political history. So opaque an intellect has not sat in a high place in the government of this country since the governorship of John A. Dix.

But deeper even than the feeling against Miller and his hard, harsh, and selfish ways, is resentment against the stupid Republican Congress—stupid because it has not brains enough to evolve a leader when there are men like Reed Smoot, George Moses, Miles Poindexter, and Hiram Johnson, who could lead the party into almost the greatest page in its history, were it not for the fact that the party seems to be broken up into impossible blocs, and the gateway to success choked with the remains of infirm old men whose days of usefulness are long past.

* * * * *

The hopelessness of the situation from the standpoint of intelligent and progressive Republicans, is the inability of the Congressional leaders to see that the taxation program that they are assisting in putting into

action can only result in great distress to the country, and a complete rout for the Republican Party.

They are allowing the Revenue Bill to become the work of a minority of Republicans assisted by enough Democratic votes to thwart the will of the majority of the Republicans. The Democratic leaders declare that the bill which they are enacting with the assistance of a minority Republican bloc is a bad bill, and one which they would not stand for themselves if their party were in power. These deft politicians are assisting in the enactment of this bill only because it will help destroy the Republican Party, and Republican leaders with a fast waning reputation for sagacity are lending themselves to this most obvious and nefarious plot.

* * * * *

Mr. Joseph Tumulty has written an account of Woodrow Wilson "as he knew him" that is singularly unimpressive. Strange to say it is not even interesting. It is not so much that it is in a style made familiar by George Creel, as it is that the very lack of historical sense that marks Mr. Creel's writings and those of his profession, are here carried to the nth degree.

If Mr. Wilson were to be again a candidate for the Presidency we would say that this book was a very effective press agency, but it is impossible to take it seriously as a historical document.

Mr. Tumulty tells us with all apparent sincerity that the reason that Colonel Roosevelt was rebuffed, insulted, and rebuked in his desire to fight for his country was that some subordinate in the War Department thought that Colonel Roosevelt would interfere with the plans that were made for the winning of the war. This too, was at a time when Europe was begging for something to be done and pleading that Roosevelt be allowed to come over that he might hearten the discouraged troops of Europe.

Mr. Tumulty's explanations are a trifle too thin. He wastes words and paper and ink when he says in his preface that Mr. Woodrow Wilson will not read his book. This is very easy to believe. There is no reason why Mr. Woodrow Wilson should read this book. In fact, there is no reason why anybody should read it.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

MILITANT MOHAMMEDANISM*

THERE can be no doubt that the Mohammedan world is now experiencing something in the nature of a racial and national renaissance. There are numerous straws to show that the wind is blowing in this direction. During the last two years Persia and Afghanistan have freed themselves from foreign domination, and the Turks have successfully resisted all the efforts of the Greeks to enforce the terms of the Sevres Treaty by arms. The Moors have inflicted a serious defeat upon the Spaniards; and the Moplahs, a fanatical Mohammedan sect in India, have risen in prolonged revolt against the British Government.

Mr. Stoddard surveys the present day manifestations of Moslem unrest from the vantage point of an intimate knowledge of certain currents of thought and action which have been running strongly throughout Mohammedan countries during the last century. The steady political and economic encroachments of the European powers upon the Mohammedan lands of Asia and Africa have been viewed by pious Moslems everywhere with a mixture of alarm and indignation. All sorts of propaganda agencies have been set in motion for the purpose of checking the threatened complete subjugation of the Mohammedan by the Christian nations. Large and powerful religious secret societies have sprung up, especially in northern Africa. Devoted prophets have traveled from the Atlantic to the Himalayas, preaching the solidarity of all "True Believers", and the need for a united front against the further advance of the infidel West.

Religious Pan-Islamism has recently been supplemented by the new spirit of nationalism which has sprung up among the Turks, the Arabs, and other Oriental peoples. This nationalism found one notable manifestation in the young Turk revolution of 1908—a bold effort to weld the backward, loosely organized Ottoman Empire into a rigidly centralized modern state. The attempt failed, because the subject nationalities of the Empire objected strenuously to compulsory Turkification. And Turkey's subsequent defeat in the World War, followed by the rigorous Sevres Treaty, which stripped the Ottoman Empire of all its possessions outside of a part of Asia Minor, seemed to mark the passing of the last independent Mohammedan power.

Turkey, however, has proved a very live ghost. Taking advantage of the jealousies and dissensions which soon arose between the French and the British in the Near East, Mustapha Kemal's Nationalist Turkish

*"THE NEW WORLD OF ISLAM," by Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's S^r

Government at Angora has been able to stand off the Greeks, and to defy the Sevres Treaty. And in Central Asia the Russian revolution has acted as a powerful stimulus to Moslem intransigence. The Russian Soviet Government, eager to cultivate friendly relations with the neighboring Asiatic peoples, renounced all ambitions for political and economic expansion in countries like Persia and Afghanistan. The Afghans and the Persians, freed from Russian pressure, thereupon forced the British Government to grant them complete independence. Both these Mohammedan states concluded political and military alliances with Turkey, so that a solid block of united Moslem states now extends from the Black Sea to the Chinese frontier.

This block of independent Mohammedan states must be considered a serious potential menace to the stability of British rule in India, especially as the Indian Moslems are co-operating heartily with Gandhi, the Hindu leader, in his effort to break down the British authority by a gigantic campaign of passive sabotage and non-co-operation.

Mr. Stoddard shows how the Bolsheviki have attempted to utilize the Moslem hatred of the European Christian powers as an instrument of world revolution. In the fall of 1920, Zinoviev, a prominent Bolshevik leader and President of the Third International, appealed to a large congress of delegates from Asiatic countries which met at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, urging them to return home and lead revolts against the French and the British. Leaders in the new world of Islam like Mustapha Kemal and the Emir of Afghanistan, are not in the least sympathetic with Bolshevism as a political doctrine. They have no desire to see their own governments subverted by proletarian uprisings.

W. H. CHAMBERLIN.

A PHOTOGRAPHER OF DREAMS*



third of life is sleep—the other two-thirds we are sleep-walkers. This would seem, generally speaking, to be about the conclusion Mr. Maxwell has arrived at in his brilliant and fascinating romance of the psychic underworld.

If dreams—both of pre-natal and ante-natal origin—can influence consciously and unconsciously our waking states, why cannot we so order our sleeping, dreaming, hours by infinite acts of will so that instead of having ugly, disturbing, and horrible dreams we may dream in the manner we wish? Not only, too, for the sake of the hallucinating pleasure, but for the more practical and utilitarian purpose of directing the subconscious will in our waking hours towards the attainment of our darling wish.

*"A THIRD OF LIFE," by Perriton Maxwell. Small, Maynard and Company.

Mr. Maxwell, through his hero, who is a real physician of the soul, not only says it can be done, but expounds the manner of the doing thereof. He solves mysteries, cures dream-victims of their phobias, and in the end destroys in himself a horrible nightly dream which came to him from his mother—by teaching his patients and himself how to turn the marvels of sleep into therapeutic, dynamic forces.

"A Third of Life" is doubly fascinating because it is both a "thriller" and a scientific exposition. There is never a dull page in the book, and the actions of the characters are never lost in the big theme, nor is the theme ever allowed to usurp the movement of the story.

Mr. Maxwell has also done some real dream photography, which makes up the illustrations in "A Third of Life." They are astonishing pictures of our fantastic night lives. This book, under the guise of a fictitious story, evolves one of the most suggestive theories of human conduct that I have ever read.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

WHAT WILL SATISFY JAPAN?*

IF Professor Yoshi S. Kuno had been assigned to "cover" the Disarmament Conference at Washington by the managing editor of a Japanese daily or even a New York newspaper, he could have produced no more timely copy than that which appears in his recent small volume on what Japan wants and will bring before the Conference. His remarks are so close to the times that as they stand they would form an excellent introductory article by any of the correspondents who will attend at Washington. And anyone who has not had the time to do anything short of research work on the questions to be discussed at the Conference, could do no better than keep before him Professor Kuno's book as a complete and handy guide.

The work commends itself if for nothing more than its frankness. Beginning with an outline of what Japan wants in America and with succeeding chapters on what she wants in China, Korea, Siberia, at home, and throughout the world in general, it presents Japan's case so impartially that it shows the terrible seriousness of the so-called Japanese question in such a manner as to prove that a very definite answer will have to be given to that question. And there is no doubt left in the reader's mind after reading the Professor's remarks but that war is inevitable if an answer satisfactory to Japan is not forthcoming.

Unpleasant as the facts may be, one cannot help feeling that the volume under review is worthy because it is free of propaganda, and novel because

*"WHAT JAPAN WANTS," by Yoshi S. Kuno. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

it does not reiterate, as so many works on this matter do, that war between our country and Japan is unthinkable and impossible—protesting, like Lady Macbeth, too much.

In America Japan wants better treatment of her subjects, at least after they settle here. For such of her subjects who insist on remaining with us in spite of open demonstrations of their undesirability, she wants rights equal to those accorded all other foreigners; but, according to Professor Kuno, there are ways of restricting Japanese immigration not entirely odious to Tokio. In China she wants a free hand, not unlike what we insist on in Mexico. In fact, according to Professor Kuno, she desires a Monroe Doctrine for Asia, with herself in the position we occupy in North and South America. Analogous to her wants in Korea are our own in Porto Rico, though this exact analogy is not cited by the author. His exposition of this matter, however, makes it apt. Perhaps it was Japanese irritation with occidental missionaries of the Christian faith which kept him from using it.

In Siberia Japan wants room for her expanding population, as well as a bulwark against the Bolsheviki. In his chapter on this phase of the question, Professor Kuno has made the weakest of the set of cases which his book sets forth. If Japanese expansion is to take place at the expense of Russian sovereignty, even though Russia at the moment is in the hands of madmen, nothing but war can result. And if Russia cannot defend herself, her part shall be taken by others, in spite of the fact that their motives may not be altruistic. This chapter is ended with the threat, still unpleasant though stale, of an alliance between Russian Reds, the Germans, and the Japanese. Fortunately for all of these, the rest of the world has not yet taken this threat seriously. Giving expression to it at Washington is not going to be a factor for permanent peace.

Japan's wants at home are mainly reforms, which with the exception of that concerned with religion, differ not at all from those needed in the other important nations of the world. The desire for greater democracy must be met, her foreign policy must be made more popular with her own people, the franchise must be extended, labor's demands must be heeded, armaments must be reduced, women must be further emancipated.

This work is pregnant with vital questions, none of which can be answered without an amount of sword-rattling, regardless of the pacific intentions of all who would answer them. Nor will they all be answerable within a generation. Professor Kuno is to be thanked for the clarity with which he sets them forth, and congratulated on not having attempted to answer them.

G. S. YORKE.

FROM FATEHPUR-SIKRI TO CONEY ISLAND*

SO many occidentals have gone through the East in order to come back and tell us about what they saw—so many Europeans have put down in print what they thought of things in America, that it would seem impossible to do either of these again—until one has read E. V. Lucas' latest volume. He has succeeded in covering both these fields in one small book in such an entertaining manner that it is to be hoped he will either write more on the same subjects or expand the book under review.

Mr. Lucas' style is always winsome. This is a quality which he succeeds in getting not by the method in which he writes so much, as by the selection of that on which he dilates. In India he is as much impressed by the "noiseless feet" as by Delhi. At Lucknow he does not harp on the rebellion so much as on the evidences of concomitancy between Indian and Britisher now existing on the very spot of the tragedy. His experiences at a tiger hunt and on a day's hawking are something more than expositions of these two sports: they are each of them a drama with the prey as the hero and the author a reluctant spear-carrier.

His stay in Japan was very brief, but not too short for him to be impressed with the diminutiveness of Japanese houses and farms, the beauty of Fujiyama, and the ill-mannered customs of the natives, toward foreigners particularly, and their own kind generally. One gets the impression that he found the symmetrical mountain beautiful not a little because of the contrast between it and the general run of things in the Island Kingdom.

What a different America he discovered as compared with the discovery of Charles Dickens! Or is the difference one between discoverers? To be jostled by a stevedore on a San Francisco dock was an enjoyable first experience with "democracy" as we know it. Did Mr. Lucas ride in an American subway car? He likes our universities, but has not particular love for our roads. He likes our humor and he likes Chicago. We like his humor. He was wise enough not to get angry with our national sport, base ball, unlike so many of his countrymen who quarrel with it because it is a descendant of bowls, but so different.

After what he says about Don Marquis, Oliver Herford, and Irvin S. Cobb they ought to raise a monument to him and not call on the public for subscriptions either. And for the mention which Old Christopher Morley gets, a suitable inscription on the said monument ought to be forthcoming.

* "ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST," by E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Co.

"I should like to go there (America) every other year and have time: time to make the acquaintance of a naturalist and learn from him the names of birds and trees and flowers; time to loiter in the byways; time to penetrate into deeper strata where intimacies strike root and the real discoveries are made; time to discern beneath the surface, so hard and assured, something fey, something wistful, the sense of tears."

This almost holds out the promise of a companion work on New York or another of our cities, to go with those he has written on Vienna, Florence, London, and Paris. We look forward to such a book with pleasure.

JOHN STODDARD.

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